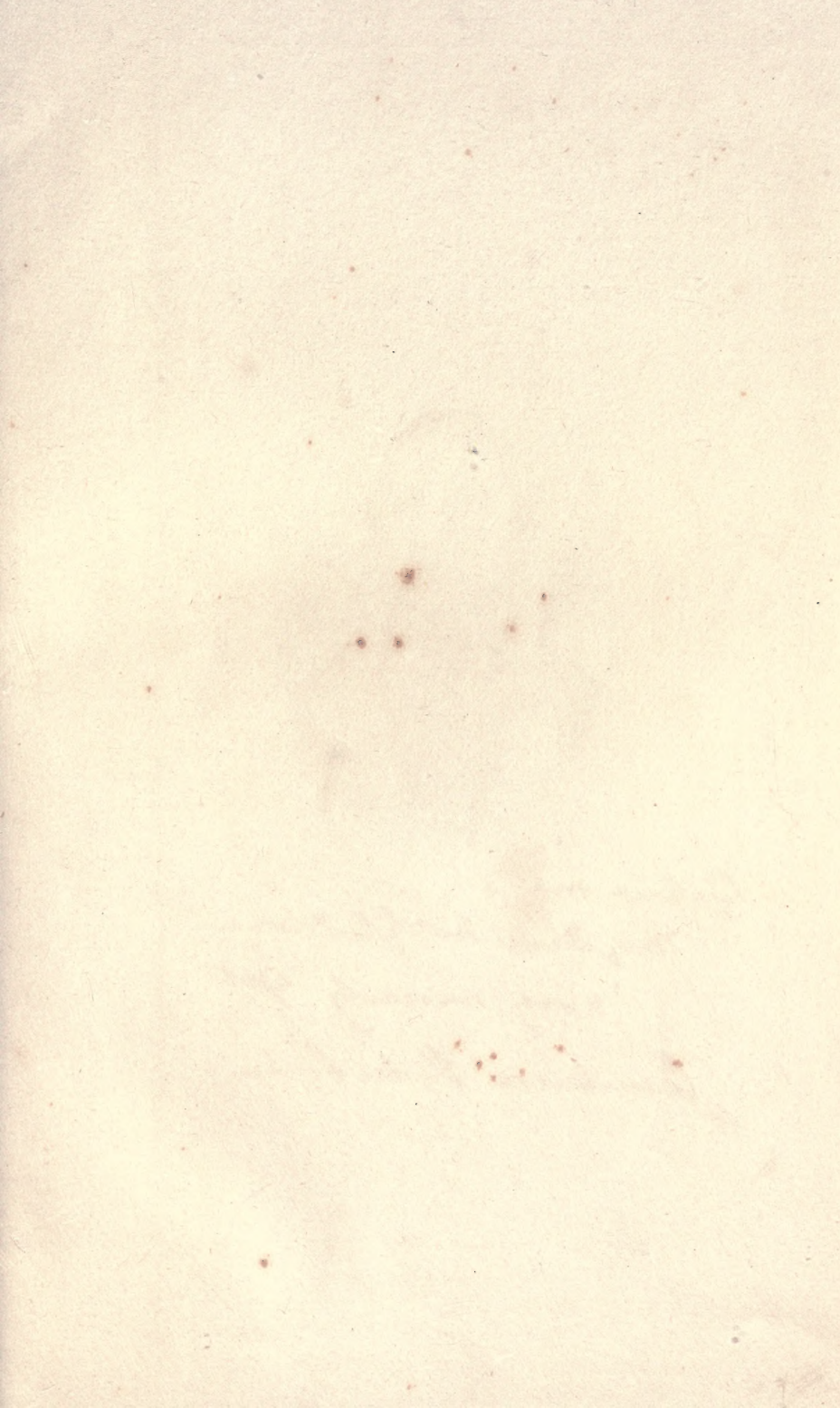






LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
AMBROSE PHILLIPPS DE LISLE







Walter W. Burleigh photo.

Believe me,
My dear Mr Gladstone
very sincerely Y^{rs}
Ambrose P. de Lisle

Life and Letters
OF
Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle

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BY

EDMUND SHERIDAN PURCELL

MEMBER OF THE ROMAN ACADEMY OF LETTERS; ³AUTHOR OF THE
"LIFE OF CARDINAL MANNING"

EDITED AND FINISHED

BY

EDWIN DE LISLE

FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES; SOMETIME MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

. . . Stultus diversa sequentibus esse
nil moror, Eterno meo dum sententia Regi
sit sapiens. S. PAULINUS

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. II.

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"If England is converted to Christ, it will be as much due, under God, to you as to anyone."—*John Henry Newman in a letter to Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle, dated July 30, 1857.*

"I should call De Lisle an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile."—*William Ewart Gladstone in a letter to Edmund S. Purcell, dated June 23, 1896.*

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CHAPTER XVI

1865-1867

CATHOLICS AND THE NATIONAL UNIVERSITIES — THE PROHIBITION OF A CATHOLIC COLLEGE AT OXFORD BY PROPAGANDA—A UNIAT CHURCH.

No sooner had Oxford admitted Catholics to matriculation, which Newman, in October 1864, described as a measure equitable, kind, and liberal in character, than the desire of obtaining the advantages of University education was quickened in the hearts of English Catholics, for since 1845 Oxford University had become familiar to them as the intellectual mother of a new race of Catholics which under God's grace she had given to the Church. The home of so many of their brothers in the Faith could no longer be an alien to their hearts, but was revered and loved as the giver of good gifts, of blessings intellectual and religious. The names of Oxford Colleges became familiar as household words to Catholics as the homes of a Newman, a Manning, an Oakley, a Faber or a Dalgairns. Not as yet—except perhaps Oriel—places of pilgrimage, they may become so in the fulness of time to future generations of Catholics. At all events the National Universities have become hallowed once more; their ancient memories revived; the sanctity of the founders of many a college recalled. It is perhaps scarcely too much to say that these ancient seats of learning, erected by our forefathers, were reconsecrated as it were and restored to Catholics in our day by the wisdom, justice, and benevolence of the Supreme Pontiff, the enlightened Leo XIII.

To Cardinal Wiseman the proposal to establish a Catholic College in Oxford was the very fulfilment of the desire of his heart. It enkindled his imagination and was akin in character to the desire he once expressed that, if not he himself, his successor at all events might celebrate High Mass in Westminster Abbey. The throwing open of its Colleges to Catholics was to him a joy of heart as showing that Oxford had emancipated itself from the bigotry of ancient Protestantism. The Catholic Revival in Oxford meant, as he truly foresaw, a revival to-morrow throughout the land. To him it was an even greater joy, a crown as it were to all his labours, to believe that Catholics would now be able to study once more in the noble Colleges raised by their Catholic forefathers. None knew better than Cardinal Wiseman the practical advantages, apart from all sentimental or ideal considerations, of University education. He was too much in touch with the laity not to feel the deepest sympathy with their desire to share the like intellectual advantages enjoyed by their fellow-countrymen. He had no mistrust of the laity; no apprehension that a Catholic College in Oxford would lead Catholics into heresy or corrupt their morals. On the contrary, with a larger knowledge of life and its dangers or temptations than was possessed by the opponents of Catholic education in the Universities, he believed in the moral force of self-restraint and self-reliance stimulated in the young men in a Catholic College by the confidence reposed in them, and by the consciousness that they represented in the face of the University of which they were members, Catholic principles in faith and action.

De Lisle was of one mind with Cardinal Wiseman in regard to Catholic attendance at the National Universities. His mind had been formed upon this subject so long ago as the year 1852, when he wrote in the course of a long letter upon the Catholic situation to Lord Shrewsbury the following pregnant sentences with regard to the University which was being set up in Dublin, and which so nearly proved the rock upon which Newman's matchless reputation might have foundered. The remarks seem not without a

warning in the present controversy about the state endowment of a Catholic University in Dublin.

As for the Irish University, I wish it well, but I have very scanty hopes of its success. It may creep gradually into life, as a purely Irish institution, though even that is doubtful, but it will never become what its greatest friends desire—an Imperial University for all British Catholics. I never thought that for a moment. Who in his senses would send his children to a Province at a distance for the completion of education when Stonyhurst, and Oscott, and Ushaw surely fully answer the purpose or might be made to do so at home? If even they raised the funds for the buildings requisite where would they get enough to endow the professors and other University officers? It is a joke. An Imperial University in Ireland is a pure absurdity. They may indeed do what the Pope advised, get up a University for Ireland, and that was my reason for contributing my mite towards the undertaking, but I do not at all believe in the wisdom of making it a mixed affair for England and Ireland. Such an attempt will only weaken it, excite jealousy and even opposition in the end. I am astonished at their putting Father Newman at the head, or rather I am surprised at his accepting such a position, if at least he means to remain Superior of the Oratorians in England. I cannot see how the two things are compatible. Then again Newman, though a man of extraordinary ability and prodigious learning, never had anything to do with the management of a University: his position at Oxford was always a subordinate one, and his great repute was rather that of a Preacher and a Theologian than of a scholar or a teacher in the literary acceptation of the term. However, as I said before I wish the undertaking all success. I fully agree with you in all you say about the Queen's Colleges. If our Bishops had taken the measure and made the best of it, I believe the venom of it would have been neutralised and in the end they would have become purely Catholic establishments. Now they will go on, but in spite of the Bishops, and diffusing an element of indifferentism and of spiritual insubordination.

The proposal to establish a Catholic College or Hall at Oxford was communicated by De Lisle to the Cardinal, and the idea met with his sanction and approval. Frequent communications also passed between De Lisle and several of the English Bishops favourable to the scheme, and the difficulties raised by its opponents were freely discussed.

As the plot thickened De Lisle, who never allowed the grass to grow under his feet, by letter and word-of-mouth incited the interest and increased the energy of the Catholic laity on behalf of University education. From an active supporter and fellow-worker in the Re-union Movement, De Lisle received a letter dated July 1863 from which the following is an extract:—"I have long been persuaded that a Catholic Hall at Oxford would be the thing of all others calculated to promote kindly feelings between Anglicans and Roman Catholics, besides being a means of obtaining for Roman Catholic students what on the whole I consider the best system of education that exists, without risk or inconvenience." . . . In another letter, dated October, the same correspondent writes:—"Rome will never interfere were English Catholic laymen united in their wish to send their sons to Oxford and Cambridge; and till they can do so on equal terms, I am persuaded that not only will they never take their proper places in English society, but the popular prejudices existing against the Catholics in England will never be got rid of. Oxford and Cambridge being the seminaries of the English clergy are the hot-beds of these prejudices, and it is there that we must dig up their roots, if we ever mean to do so."

Catholic education at the National Universities unhappily soon became a party question, its opponents were influential and unrelenting in their action, their first aim was to exert personal influence over Cardinal Wiseman in the view of setting his mind against Oxford education for Catholics. Where argument failed in its influence they, or the most influential of them, resorted to persuasion and at times even almost to intimidation. They invoked or recalled to his mind the condemnation of the principle of mixed education so recently pronounced by Pope Pius IX. in regard to the Queen's Colleges in Ireland. In this period of hesitation and distress of mind intimate communications passed between the Cardinal and De Lisle and other supporters of Catholic education at Oxford. De Lisle was informed that Propaganda had called upon

Cardinal Wiseman to convene in the winter a meeting of the Bishops to consider the question.

In the meantime every influence was brought to bear on the Holy See to pronounce a final decision against Oxford education. Propaganda was besieged by letters predicting the evil which would inevitably befall Catholicism in England if Catholics were admitted into Protestant Universities. These predictions were rapidly followed by fierce denunciations against those who advocated and promoted the system. On the other hand blunders were committed by two or three of those who advocated a more enlightened policy in the matter of education. As so often happens in such cases "Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread." Such a blunderer was a certain Mr. Ffoulkes. In his indiscreet enthusiasm and mis-directed zeal he announced a plan of his own for establishing a Catholic Hall at Oxford. For this purpose he sought the aid and influence of De Lisle, well known throughout the country as a zealous friend of Catholic higher studies, and appealed to him to found a committee of influential Catholics. In a letter dated July 1863 Mr. Ffoulkes writes to De Lisle as follows:—

Now let it be made patent at once, that our laity really are alive to the necessity of acquiring their due weight in England through connection with Oxford and Cambridge.

In another passage he says:—

. . . A great man expressed his fears to me that our laity have at present very little thought of using Oxford and Cambridge—for what is so necessary, if we are to have any weight in England—as places of University education for their sons.¹ . . . All that I really want is moral help: and that from Catholics themselves of good position amongst the laity. Can you not form for me a Committee, of which I shall be Secretary and working oar, and your noble son-in-law-to-be² chairman,

¹ This great man spoken of by Mr. Ffoulkes was Archbishop Manning, who wrote as follows: "In truth nobody cared for higher studies. Certain Catholic parents wished to get their sons in English society, and to have latchkeys to Grosvenor Square."

² Lord Edward Howard, M.P., Deputy Earl Marshal, was at that time engaged to be married to Mr. de Lisle's third daughter, Winefred.

yourself and Mr. Hope Scott amongst its members, for the purpose of setting up a Catholic Hall at Oxford. Money is not the question in any sense, as it should and would pay its own way if properly conducted. All that is needed is a complement of well born students—say a dozen—to start it with; and a short bill in parliament (which I have already sketched out) to remove certain disabilities still standing in our way. . . . I own it has sometimes come over me as a dream, that I might take charge of it for a year or two, and that then at length our great Coryphaeus might be induced to try his old quarters once more as the head of such a Catholic Hall, with our premier Duke as his first “alumnus.” Picture to yourself for a moment what the moral effect of this would be on a place like Oxford. It would never do for such a man as Dr. Newman to come forward to start a thing like this. Oxford would sound the tocsin of alarm, and a great name like his ought not to be imperilled. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.*

The experiment failed; its author relapsed into Protestantism. This disastrous issue was made a weapon of offence against the advocates of a Catholic College at Oxford. In an Autobiographical Note, Archbishop Manning has recorded his condemnation of Mr. Ffoulkes and a Catholic College as follows:—“Just before the Cardinal’s death, the subject of our young men going to Oxford was started. It came chiefly from Mr. Ffoulkes, who said to me, ‘Give me a Catholic College in Oxford and I will unprotestantise the University.’ Like Dr. Colenso and the Zulus, Oxford has uncatholicised him. The whole school of whom I have spoken as ‘Literary Vanities’ were all for it. The Cardinal by instinct opposed to it.”¹ Here Manning’s wish was father to the thought. It is quite certain that Wiseman was favourable to Oxford, though possibly in his last illness, Manning’s importunity overcame the dying Cardinal’s convictions. De Lisle saw Wiseman three weeks before his death, and found all his views unchanged, especially on the subject of Corporate Reunion, of which the College scheme was a part, and, indeed, in De Lisle’s eyes the very pivot of the wheel.

¹ Among the Heads of the school which Archbishop Manning stigmatised as “Literary Vanities” were Father Newman, Sir John Acton, De Lisle, and Mr. Monsell, afterwards Lord Emly, and the Rectors of Stonyhurst and Oscott.

Irritated by the failure of his experiment, Mr. Ffoulkes wrote violent pamphlets, anti-catholic in tone and spirit.¹ The opponents of this measure took alarm and appealed to Propaganda to take decisive steps against the whole plan of Catholic education at Oxford. This alarm grew almost to a panic when it became known that Father Newman in September 1864 had purchased five acres of land at Oxford for £8500. Rumours of a hostile character were set on foot in regard to his intentions. Propaganda was informed that it was for the purpose of opening a Catholic College in Oxford. Every foe, secret or avowed, of an Oxford College and of Newman pressed upon Propaganda—always more or less reluctant to move—the absolute necessity of instant action. "Catholicism in England is in danger" was their cry. On the truth of this charge they besought the authorities of Rome to consult Cardinal Manning.² This attempt at creating prejudice against Father Newman as a disloyal and disobedient Catholic was like so many other accusations without foundation. In consequence of this panic, Cardinal Wiseman was, on 7th November, called upon to summon an extra meeting of the Bishops, and though reluctant to discuss again this difficult and vexed question he paid characteristic obedience to Propaganda. Of this meeting of the Bishops held 13th December 1864, just two months before Cardinal Wiseman's death, Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, in a privately circulated pamphlet, gave the following account.

¹ Speaking of the last of Mr. Ffoulkes' pamphlets in a letter to De Lisle, Bishop Ullathorne said :—"Mr. Ffoulkes' pamphlet is being read everywhere and is doing much mischief."

² A year or two later in a letter to Dr. Ullathorne, Newman gave the following explanations :—

. . . "When I first thought of purchasing Mr. Smith's five acres, it was with no intention at all of having in consequence any part myself in any work at Oxford of any kind. I entertained the idea of purchasing it, because I hoped to re-sell it to the Bishops or laity, taking on myself the immediate responsibility of the purchase. Whether it was to be used at once, or sometime afterwards, whether for an academical college, or for an oratory, or for both, or for a monastic house, or for an enclosed nunnery, or for training schools, or for a church and mission, or for several of these. Kept for the future, it did not come before me that I was to have a personal part in any plan." . . .

“The Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda referred the question to the Bishops, who discussed the whole subject in a meeting held 13th December 1864. . . . In the joint letter addressed from the meeting to Propaganda the Bishops expressed their unanimous agreement against establishing Catholic Colleges at the Universities, and on the duty of discouraging Catholics from sending their sons to Oxford or Cambridge for education; but *plurimi* the letter said were of opinion that the circumstances of the moment suggested the gravest deliberation before issuing any absolute prohibition.” . . . This wise precaution adopted by the Bishops against issuing an absolute prohibition to Catholic education at Oxford gave great joy and encouragement to De Lisle. It showed him that the great majority of Bishops were independent, and not willing to be driven into extreme measures. At this critical juncture De Lisle was informed by Father Newman of his resolve to relinquish his intention of establishing a Church and Oratory at Oxford and to re-sell the land. This act, he added, was taken on the ground that confidence was not placed in him.

THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM,
February 13, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I have never forgotten that I owed you a letter of thanks for your most kind and welcome letter of September 22, for which I felt very grateful, but at that time I thought I should have soon to write to you on the subject of our Oxford plan then getting into shape, but, scarcely was I prepared to enter upon it, when the opposition to it commenced, which has ended in my selling the land which I had bought. I could not do otherwise. It was impossible I should provide between £8000 and £9000 myself—and though I made the attempt, I had (naturally) no encouragement that I could raise it from the Catholic public. For some months I have been trying to sell a portion, and keep a portion, but without any success, moreover from the peculiarities of the sale, I found quite true what our surveyor told us from the first, that, unless I sold it as a whole, I must lose considerably by it, that is, if I sold it in lots, I should lose £1000. I had offered the University a part of it, but it would not buy. Then a member of the Oxford Council said to me that the University would take the *whole*.

Such offers do not come every day. I was not likely to have such an offer again, the University, I believe, would not have offered it even six months later. It was now or never. Looking then at the state of things at Rome, considering too the little success I had had in my attempts to raise the money from Catholic gentlemen in the course of six months, only one course was open to me, and it is to me personally a great relief that I have got it off my hands. . . . I have above spoken only of the fact of having sold the land. The reason of my doing so was that I knew that the opposition was not directed so much against an Oratory at Oxford as against me. . . .

Such a blow seemed to De Lisle like the collapse of all his hopes. It was worse. His heart was filled with indignation which he could scarcely refrain from expressing, that Propaganda did not place confidence in such a man as Newman. It seemed an act almost bordering on insanity. Bishop Clifford and Bishop Ullathorne, however, consoled him by pointing out that if Propaganda to-day was active under evil influences, to-morrow it might return to wiser counsels. The two following letters from Newman show how he was beginning to feel "old and tired," worried no doubt by an opposition which he could not understand; at the same time they show the constant spirit of humility and deference to Ecclesiastical authority which were ever the guiding principles of his religious life.

THE ORATORY BM., *Feb. 7, 1866.*

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I thank you most sincerely for your letter. It is a great encouragement to me. I have been full of anxiety about my Pamphlet, there being so many various parties and persons whom I had to keep in view, and to avoid hurting or offending. I have an especial desire to act considerately towards the Catholic movement in the Anglican Church, because they have been severely handled, and because kindness seems a better way of dealing with them.

As to the letter in my *Apologia* of which you speak, I should have written to you for your permission to use them, had I known for certain that they were written to you. I knew that I had written some letters to you, but I was not sure which they were. There were some too which were written and did not go. I have been struck to find in Mr. Bloxam's possession

some in my writing, addressed to you, which either never went to you, from the shifting circumstances of the time, or else are copies of those which went. Let me say, while speaking of Mr. Bloxam, that I was at his house in the autumn, and he spoke with the utmost respect and warmth of feeling of you.

I am now getting old and tired, and have difficulty in laying out work for myself in prospect. You must not forget me in your good prayers. —Most sincerely yours in Xt.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN of the Oratory.

Ambrose L. P. de Lisle, Esq.

THE ORATORY BM., *Feb.* 27, 1866.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—It is a shame that I have not acknowledged your kind present before this—but it has not been from any neglect—for I have daily been writing to you, though I have never written.

I was very glad to have it from *you*, but it was not new to me, and I had intended, but forgot, in a former letter, before it came, to have stated the gratification which I had felt in finding how very much I had in my own Pamphlet run along the same line as you. But it was not merely this personal gratification that I felt in reading it, for every one, equally with Dr. Clifford must admire the spirit and the tone of the whole composition.

I am truly glad to hear you have such encouraging news from Rome. But, besides this, I do not think it right to judge of such publications as the Archbishop's Pastoral, as if they were merely private and personal compositions. An Archbishop has great duties to perform—he has to defend the faith—he must beware of betraying it, and he must emphatically put truth in the first place, and charity in the second. He cannot, by virtue of his office, indulge his feelings; and he seems to be stern, when really he is but faithful to his trust.

I am glad to hear what you say of *L'Union Chrétienne*, and the *Church Times* and *Church Review*. The *Times* is the only one at present which I ever see.

Fr. Lockhart is coming down here to give our boys a Retreat in a few weeks. It is pleasant to see how much better he is.—Ever yours, My dear Mr. de Lisle, Most sincerely in Xt.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN of the Oratory.

Ambrose L. M. P. de Lisle, Esq.

Time at any rate was gained for rallying the more

enlightened among the Catholics of England to claim freedom of education and to petition Propaganda to give ear to their claims, and in its wisdom to consult Bishops individually.

The work was successful. The supporters of University education increased in strength and numbers. Catholic parents continued to send their sons to Oxford, and the priests whom they consulted, knowing that no absolute or general prohibition had been imposed by the Bishops on the natural right of parents on the education of their sons, gave countenance and support to the movement.

Acting in the hope, which a year or two before he had expressed to De Lisle, that Propaganda would return to wiser counsels, Bishop Ullathorne addressed a petition, dated June 11, 1866, to the Pope through Propaganda, for permission to renew the work of building a Church and Oratory in Oxford. In the Rescript granting this petition there was a special instruction directing Bishop Ullathorne to discountenance Dr. Newman's taking up his residence at Oxford in the projected Oratory. This restriction was like leaving Hamlet out of the Play. Bishop Ullathorne, aware that such an exclusion would be fatal to the success of the project, and believing it to have been inserted through the misrepresentations made to Propaganda by Newman's opponents, most injudiciously suppressed the clause in the copy of the Rescript he presented to Dr. Newman. He did so in the confident belief of being able to induce the Roman authorities to withdraw the obnoxious clause. But the opponents of Father Newman and of an Oratory in Oxford, more energetic, quicker in action, forestalled the Bishop of Birmingham's explanations. Mgr. Talbot was warned afresh by Manning of the dangers of "English Catholicism," of "the old jealousy of Rome," of "the desire of independence."

In the meantime Father Newman, utterly unconscious of the "fatal clause," issued a circular, accompanied by a letter of Bishop Ullathorne requesting subscriptions for an Oratory in Oxford. Whilst yet in private circulation the subscriptions amounted to £5000. Among the many donors not the least generous was De Lisle.

In a letter to Mgr. Talbot, dated February 1, 1867, Manning wrote as follows:—

Dr. Newman has put out his circular for the Church in Oxford, saying that it is with the approval of Propaganda. It will be certainly taken as approving the sending of Catholics to the University. There is not a word in Dr. Newman's Circular, or in the Bishop's letter to imply the reverse. Dr. Newman is preparing Mr. John Towneley's son for Oxford, and my belief is that many of the boys at Edgbaston will go there. We are slipping sideways into the whole mischief.

Again,

The time that has been lost, has spread the evil. . . . The English national spirit is spreading among Catholics, and we shall have dangers.

The natural result followed, Propaganda, aroused and alarmed by the alleged dangerous tendencies of English Catholicism, and deeply prejudiced against Dr. Newman, put on the sudden a stop to the whole undertaking by a letter from the Cardinal Prefect declaring that the presence of Dr. Newman in Oxford would serve as a pretext for sending Catholic youths to a Protestant University, and informing Bishop Ullathorne to take heed lest Dr. Newman should do anything which might favour in any way the presence of Catholics at the University of Oxford.

Cardinal Manning was not yet satisfied. An Oratory and a Catholic College in Oxford were forbidden. Nevertheless Catholics still continued to frequent the University. "We shall not have Cisalpinism again," as he wrote Mgr. Talbot, "but we shall have Anglo-Catholicism and Nominal Catholicism acclimatised to English Society."

In a letter, dated 8 York Place, May 3, 1867, to Mgr. Talbot, Cardinal Manning among other statements declared, "That the tendency to send youth to Oxford has increased; that though none have *apostatized*, two have suffered harm; that we ought *each* to publish a pastoral to our flocks against sending to the Protestant Universities; that we ought to lay on our clergy the *obligation to hinder* our youth going to the Universities by all means in their

power; that a prohibition on the *clergy* must come first. They have not yet done their duty in dissuading the laity. Some have even advised them to send their sons to Oxford. Something must be done at once, for *the evil is spreading*."

In another letter dated September 25, 1867, Cardinal Manning said:—"Newman has just put out his circular privately to his friends saying that he is not going to found an Oratory in Oxford because he cannot go there in person, but ends, *I hear*, by saying that, *hereafter perhaps some change may come*." Mgr. Talbot, his energetic correspondent, in another letter said, "The effects of Dr. Newman's circular is to imply that Rome is undecided and influenced by some transient personal cause." Not Father Newman only but Bishop Ullathorne, Bishop Clifford, and many other of the Bishops, as well as the majority of the laity, "believed that Propaganda and the Pope were under transient personal influences, and cherished the hope that some change might come." No change came. Diverse personal influence was not transient, but lasted for a generation.

De Lisle represented the judgment of the Catholic laity on the prohibition of a Catholic College in Oxford in the following letter dated October 31, 1867.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
October 31, 1867.

MY DEAR BISHOP CLIFFORD—I write to thank you for your kindness in sending me your Pastoral, which reached me yesterday. I am sorry to see from it that the Propaganda has put its definitive veto upon the formation of a Catholic College in the great centres of English educational life—Oxford and Cambridge.

I could have sympathised with that Roman Congregation and their Prompters, if they had confined their censures to the sending of Catholic youth to the *Non-Catholic Colleges* of these great Universities. But to hinder the formation of a Catholic College in the heart of Oxford is simply in my opinion to hinder the progress of Catholicism in England under a *mistaken plea*. If the Propaganda people, or those who, as England advised them, knew anything of the working of our great Universities, they would know that the alumni of a Catholic College in Oxford or Cambridge would only be brought in contact with the University

twice during a 3 years' residence, at the two examinations—the little go and the final one for a degree—and as for intercourse between the students of the different colleges, it is but small, and would be entirely under the control and limit of the superiors of a Cath. College. When I was at Trinity Coll., Cambridge, which I entered at the age of 17 as a *Catholic* (which I had been for 2 years previously), I never knew more than *4 men out of my own college*, all of whom I knew independently of Cambridge acquaintance. Of course, in my own college my acquaintance was large, with many who now hold some of the highest places in the Realm—in fact as a rule students seldom know many men beyond the students of their own college. On the other hand a Catholic College at Oxford or Cambridge would serve as an example and a light in the midst of Universities, in which an extraordinary revival of Catholic Principle is manifesting itself, and by its regularity, its piety, and the exhibition of sound Catholic learning would have done incalculable good. As it is the policy of the Propaganda will only augment the evil, which they profess to deplore. The attendance of Catholic youth at non-Catholic houses of education—and under the restrictions now attempted to be enforced, will tend to alienate them from the Church altogether—while the haughty and imperious tone they use in addressing English Bishops as if they were mere servants of a small clique of Roman Ecclesiastics, cannot tend to excite any feeling of affection or respect for the Holy See, but rather to encourage the prejudice which 3 centuries of separation has fostered in the minds of our countrymen.

I am not one of those who would face the flame of such prejudice, but I cannot shrink from telling you what I think will be the inevitable effect of such a policy, and especially at a moment so critical in the History of Catholicity.

As one of the subscribers to Dr. Newman's intended college *under the High Sanction of Bishop Ullathorne*, I could not do less than tell you my mind. I wish at all events that each Bishop had been left to his own individual discretion, and that the odious responsibility of a general measure had not been thrown upon the officials at Rome.—I remain, my dear Bishop Clifford, your affectionate cousin and servant in Christ,

AMBROSE L. P. DE LISLE.

The Bishop of Clifton.

The condemnation by Propaganda in 1867 of Catholic education at Oxford and Cambridge was, it must be admitted, a narrow and pusillanimous policy, which in-

flicted grievous wrong and injury on the Catholic laity of England. For a whole generation they were cruelly deprived of the advantages, social, intellectual, and religious, of University education. In consequence of such deprivation, Catholics lost their national position, weight, and influence in English society. On entering into the life of the world they found themselves more or less strangers to English traditions and associations. Had they enjoyed a three years' sojourn and study at one or other of the national universities, young Catholics would have been as fitted for public life as their fellows.

Such an act of exclusion was regarded by public opinion in England as betokening opposition or indifference to University education on the part of the highest ecclesiastical authorities at home and abroad. This impression was still further deepened when it became known that so illustrious a Catholic as Newman not only did not share such a jealousy or mistrust of higher studies, but on the contrary condemned the restrictions put upon the liberty of the human mind in its inquiries and investigations. He knew well, and had often declared, that the inevitable effect of such a system of education would be to lower the standard and cramp the development of Catholic thought in England. It is perhaps too much to expect that such a policy, bordering on Obscurantism, should be publicly repented of or condemned by those in high places. A pope, like a king, can do no wrong, it suffices; and we are all of us now content and satisfied that a more enlightened policy has been adopted. How delighted De Lisle would have been had he lived to have seen the realization of his hopes—Catholic education at Oxford and Cambridge. Cardinal Wiseman, too, had died before the consummation of the work which he had begun—the establishment of a Catholic College. But it is of no use crying over spilt milk. What, however, is of the highest use and importance is to take a lesson from the past. It is a serious reflection that an unjust and mistaken policy should have been adhered to so long by the highest authorities in the Church. Of course a Roman congregation is not infallible, neither is a Pope, except in

matters of faith and morals, and then only when he speaks within the limits of an *ex cathedra* declaration. It is well also to remember that the Roman authorities did no more than give their sanction to what was made to appear to be the predominant opinion of English Catholics. So great was the respect in which Cardinal Manning was held, and so high did Ward and his intellectual school stand as the representatives of the Catholic flower of the Oxford Movement, that no adequate representation of wider views reached the ears of the Pope. With the exception of the *Weekly Register*, the Catholic Press was entirely in the hands of the Ward-Manning party. De Lisle, though deeply disappointed and even moved to anger, never criticised the acts or questioned the policy of ecclesiastical authority. To reject the views and principles of Newman, and to follow the advice of lesser men, is a blunder of a like character. To avoid such blunders in the future is a matter of grave concern to every Catholic in England. Loyalty to the Church dictates free and open criticism. It must be borne in mind that such critics, in the evil days of narrow and mistaken policy, were denounced as "bad" or "disloyal" Catholics, even though among them was, as I have already shown, such a man as Newman.

It is difficult now to opine what might have been the position of English Catholics generally, and of Religion itself, at the national Universities of Oxford and Cambridge if Cardinal Manning and Doctor Ward had not had their way, and overthrown the most cherished convictions and ardent hopes of the old Catholic families and the heads of the Catholic Colleges, such as Dr. James Spencer Northcote of Oscott and Father Purbrick, S.J., of Stonyhurst, who almost to a man took the larger view of going forth to conquer and to lead captivity captive in the ancient homes of English culture and Catholicism. The *scientia media* is a divine attribute which it is hopeless to attempt to pursue, but this much is evident—the result was to send the young men of the latter half of this century either to take their degrees at the London University, in which not a ghost of any Catholic sentiment or devotion has made itself felt, or

to the Continent; or more fatal still, to deprive them altogether of higher studies and the most useful of early friendships—those, to wit, with our future legislators, leaders of thought, and great men of action. A similar problem awaits solution with regard to the elementary education question. De Lisle held what may be called the confident going-forth-to-conquer view, that the Church ought to reconcile herself with every liberal and progressive movement of modern thought, provided it be not opposed to right, reason, and revelation, and not only to meet half-way but forestall every national endeavour to foster the growth of knowledge and gentler manners amongst the poorest and lowest of the people. Of all the unfortunate speeches made by Catholics at the time of the erection of Board Schools, he thought his esteemed friend the late Earl of Denbigh's *not* the most unfortunate, when he spoke of the probability of making "intelligent devils" of the masses by imparting to them secular knowledge without adequate religious instruction.

In a letter to Mr. Gladstone, dated June 23, 1876, De Lisle said:—

What a fierce article in the Times on Lord Ripon's speech at the Cardinal's Education Meeting! As it only gave a mere sketch of what he said, I cannot judge how far he is really obnoxious to these strictures, but if these be accurate in their quotations, I think Lord Ripon goes too far. What he says about education as distinct from instruction is very true, but what would be the education of any of us, if moulded only at school? Of course if positive evil were taught it would ruin any good derived elsewhere, or run the risk of it; but in discussing this question in fairness we ought not to forget that in the last century the Church on the Continent had the whole instruction of youth in her own hands exclusively, and yet what a generation issued from it! Voltaire was a pupil of the Jesuits. This makes me think of Lord Amberley's Book. Was there ever anything so horribly blasphemous?

To De Lisle's mind, intelligent devils are better than ignorant devils; but the alternative he did not concede, for he had mastered well the words of *the Preacher*: "Omnis sapientia a Domino Deo est, et cum illo fuit

semper, et est ante ævum"; and he read these words in conjunction with, not in opposition to the words which follow: "*Timor Domini, scientiæ religiositas. Religiositas custodiet et justificabit, cor jucunditatem atque gaudium dabit.*" No one indeed could excel him in zeal for true religiousness. He was convinced that sin and ignorance were the only barriers against the spread of the Catholic Faith, and he knew of no modern device more calculated to remove ignorance, and therefore ultimately to diminish sin, than the gradual and universal diffusion of secular knowledge. This explains his action in consenting to establish about this time a board school in his own village of Thorpeacre, near Garendon, to the surprise of some of his friends, who had hitherto thought him more clerical than conservative, more conservative than enlightened. His experience, however, of half a century's work on behalf of the claims of the Catholic Church had convinced him that the first outwork to be captured was that of secular ignorance and mental incompetence.¹

The spiritual side of society, on the other hand, he felt confident, would be built up by the reunion of the Churches and the more earnest striving after personal holiness on the part of the clergy, the real touchstone of the loyalty of the laity—*Sacerdotes tui induantur justitiam, et sancti tui exultent.*

With regard to Cardinal Manning's South Kensington University, De Lisle considered it the most disastrous Catholic undertaking of the century, combining at one and the same time all the evils and all the dangers possible to Catholic

¹ He was fond of illustrating the crass stupidity of some of the Leicestershire folk in his early days by the following story, for the truth of which he could vouch. There was amongst the four-and-twenty gardeners kept at Garendon in those days one much given to Scripture talk, who had a good memory but was unable to read for himself, and from hearing the lessons read out in church Sunday after Sunday had constructed for himself around the neighbourhood of Loughborough the sites of the most striking events in Holy Writ. The Charnwood Hills were to him the mountains of Moab, and the river Soar was a tributary of the Jordan. "And what is beyond Loughborough, far away to the East?" "Oh sir, that is the country of the Philistines." "And who are the Philistines?" "The Philistines, sir? they are a Papish sort of a people, who worship gods of stick and gods of stone."

faith and morals which might reasonably be feared in the older Universities, without any of the countervailing advantages of the noble and Catholic traditions which still linger and remain embodied in the stones and customs of their Colleges. It was to him the still-born offspring of hierarchical assumption and lay obsequiousness, and its governing staff the embodiment of an unhappy but passing phase of London's Catholicism, who represented in one wing an exaggerated other-worldliness—a craven fear of modern discoveries and scientific progress; and in the other wing smart, fashionable, superficial people, who loved to give parties on Sundays to shock their puritanical neighbours, to enjoy extravagantly figured music at High Mass, to attend no Vespers of an afternoon, but only Benediction, with myriads of candles and heavily scented flowers, and who indulged in the most superlative contempt for any benighted layman who ventured to mix himself up with theology, eschatology or ecclesiology—"a congeries of bad taste and worldliness."

It was about this time that a project was started to create a Uniat Church for England, *i.e.* a church essentially *English* in all things not incompatible with the absolute and unchangeable law of Christ and the apostolic traditions, such as they are recognised by East and West. This idea supposed an entirely English Liturgy, taken directly from the Book of Common Prayer, such additions only being made as would validate the ordination service of bishops, priests, and deacons, and make orthodox and perfect the celebration of the Holy Eucharist; communion in both kinds to be allowed at least in certain churches and on certain Sundays in the year; the rehabilitation of those other five, "commonly called Sacraments"; the permission for married men to be ordained priests, and even bishops, if they "be blameless, the husband of one wife, sober, prudent, of good behaviour, chaste, given to hospitality" as S. Paul laid it down to Timothy, maintaining however the apostolic prohibition for men once in holy orders to take to themselves wives, according to the unchangeable practice of the Russian and Eastern Churches—such a Uniat Church to accept jurisdic-

tion and orders from Latin Prelates (in the first instance) with powers delegated for that purpose by the Holy See. The idea was to perfect all that is Catholic in the actual Anglican Church, to eliminate all that is Protestant—*i.e.* the Calvinistic, Zwinglian, Lutheran, Hussite, Wycliffite, or Cranmerian errors and practices which have been adopted by English churchmen in the past, and imposed by Act of Parliament, and reintegrate the whole teaching of Augustine, Theodore, Bede, Anselm, Scotus, Grostête, and Pole, accepting the Tridentine and Vatican anathemas in matters of doctrine, but not of discipline, as the safeguards of the only true and ancient Catholic Faith, identical or equivalent to those of the Councils of old. This in brief outline describes the character of the Uniat Church. The failure of the plan appears to have led to the formation of the Secret Society called the Order of Corporate Reunion, which surreptitiously obtained valid orders on the high seas from Oldcatholic and Jansenistic sources.¹ The Uniat Church scheme met with high favour in De Lisle's eyes, and indeed he always hoped that the day would come when something of the sort would be recognised and authorised by the Sovereign Pontiff, and he endeavoured to enlist the sympathies of Dr. Newman and Archbishop Manning in its favour, as the following correspondence will show. But Manning never felt quite at home with De Lisle as he told Mr. Gladstone, although he visited him at Garendon more than once, and wrote some intimate and cordial letters to him.

GENEVA, *June 29, 1865.*

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—Your kind letter has followed me abroad, and I have been waiting for a quiet day to answer it.

¹ The Oldcatholic Church was founded by Bishop Reinkens, an excommunicated Priest and Professor of Theology at Bonn. He was consecrated bishop by the Jansenistic Archbishop of Utrecht. Although Dr. Döllinger is looked upon as the founder of this new schism, he himself never joined the Oldcatholics or *Altcatoliken*, as they are officially recognised in Germany and Switzerland, although he attended the first *conciliabulum* of Bonn. After his excommunication by the Archbishop of Munich, Döllinger never said Mass or attended any place of worship. This episcopal act was neither ratified nor annulled by Pius IX.

E. DE L.

Let me thank you sincerely for all its kind expressions which I sincerely return.

I have not forgotten our walk in the woods nor the subjects we spoke of, nor our visit to the Calvary. Nor have I ever forgotten your kindness in offering me hospitality whensoever I could come, which I have often thought of in these fourteen years without ever being able to enjoy, from hard work.

I thank you also for wishing in my behalf the spirit of S. Francis of Sales as you did that day; and I do so the more because I am just returned from Annecy when I said mass at his shrine. I believe I may say that, I would lay down anything for the conversion of England, and that what time remains to me shall be spent for that end. I may say too that, all my natural affections, and whatsoever charity I have, are sincerely turned towards those who are still where I once was: and for their sakes I would gladly make any sacrifice except of Truth. Whatsoever it may be in my power to do to spread the Truth without the tone or the taint of controversy I shall count it a grace to be able to do. I endeavoured to express this in the first Pastoral I published. And when I come home I will send you two other little matters in the same sense. Your kind words have drawn that much from me. And I felt it due to you, because of the zeal I know you have for the salvation of souls.

Pray offer my kind regards to Mrs. de Lisle. Wishing you every blessing,—I remain, my dear Mr. de Lisle, yours very faithfully,

HENRY E. MANNING.

8 YORK PLACE, W.,
June 12, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I thank you much for your letter, of which I will only say that it is like yourself.

My whole heart is with the movement which you watch with such charity. It is the flood which cast me on the eternal shore, and I pray for its expansion, and its direction every day. That God has great grace in store for England, I confidently believe.

I am very glad to know from you that since the answer of the Holy See you have withdrawn from open contact with the Association for Reunion.

In so doing I believe you have not only acted filially towards the Catholic Church, but have also promoted the advance of souls towards the truth.

The same abstinence from contact which implied adhesion to that to which you did not assent, applies in the case you put to

me, and I would strongly urge that you write to promise your prayer, and to assure them that you will be the medium of communicating any desire they may express to the proper authority, but that to be personally present would be taken to mean what it did not mean both by Catholics and by others, who knowing the decision of the Holy See, and not knowing all your intentions, would inevitably believe that you were contravening that high decision. This applies to you, by reason of your antecedents, more than to any other person.

May God abundantly help you, my dear Mr. de Lisle, for all your zeal for truth, and for souls.—Believe me, always yours
affectly in J.C.

HENRY E. ARCHBP. OF WESTM.

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, S.W.,
Nov. 23, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—Many thanks for your letter.

I fully agree that any haste or driving would be dangerous. It is the wrong end of the Shepherd's Crook. I say this not in the Corporate Reunion sense which you know I do not believe in. But because I am convinced that the greater part do not see the principle of Divine Faith. If they did they could not delay.

I have answered one of them in the sense that I think haste dangerous unless they see the jurisdiction of the Divine Voice. Then delay would be dangerous—not haste.

Ritualism in Oxford is I hear intensely anti-Catholic. In this form it is like Donatism or the Photian Schism.—Believe me, always, very sincerely yours,

HENRY E. C. ARCHBP. OF WEST.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
Nov. 30th, 1875, *St. Andrew's Day*.

MY DEAR CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP—I thank you very much for your letter—so kindly replying to mine. I read with interest the report of your Sermon at Oxford given in the *Times*, which scarcely even from their point of view seemed to justify their strictures.

The form was surely neither polemical nor aggressive. Yet the latter implied that your remarks had been both the one and the other. On the other hand the bitter line taken by some of our writers on the present condition of the Anglican Church is surely not calculated to encourage a more Catholic tone among those who are inclined to “hark back” to the ancient ways.

This will account for the sinister aspect observed by your informant in the present condition of Ritualism at Oxford. Until men are perfectly converted it is quite natural that an *antipapal* tone should prevail among them more or less—it is a necessity of their position and a necessary ingredient to justify them against the strictures of their own Ultra-Protestant Brethren. But it does not diminish, at least it does not destroy, my hope of the realisation of a grand issue which a holy man at Rome in 1831, who knew nothing of the English sects and parties, made known to me, as he believed, from a Divine intimation. I have watched it ever since, and every year has added to my conviction of its merit from successive fulfilment. And yet will it be entirely accomplished? God alone knows.

Everything seems to me tending that way, and if you would give the whole matter a full and fair hearing and would find it as the late Cardinal assured me only a few weeks before his death, he had done and did still. I cannot help trusting that you might have to do under altered circumstances, and in other ways, what Cl. Pole did more than 3 centuries ago, and that you might have it inscribed on your tomb that through your means “Un grand peuple de la mer a repris vraie croyance en deux tiers parts.” The remaining third part—Ireland—being already true to Catholic Unity. When the “tail end of your visit” (you remember your parting words at Garendon in September) comes off we must go fully into this whole question.

Naaman was put on the right road by his servant, and it is perhaps presumption, but certainly my earnest desire, to make a suggestion, as your Eminence’s devoted and afft. servt. in Xt.

A. P. DE LISLE.

GARENDON PARK, *Jan.* 12th, 1876.

MY DEAR LORD CARDINAL—I congratulate you on the appearance at length of “the Letter,” which is the first public token of the great movement, about which I conferred with you last June.

With you under God it rests to gather in the magnificent harvest, which the Lord has been preparing outside of us—or to use another metaphor, if it be the breaking up of a great moral frost, it rests with you whether this great offshoot from the Establishment shall be joined with the Divine Centre of Catholic Unity, or dispersed like an avalanche from the mountain side in a thousand different directions. I hear from various quarters—all more or less good and reliable sources—the actual number of whom *Presbyter Anglicanus* as the deputed mouth-

piece variously estimated at from 500 to 1000 of the clergy and from 50,000 to 100,000 of the laity. Be this as it may if the snowball is favoured by the Holy See, it will gather round it even millions—all who care for Xtianity in our very dear old England!—and of one thing I am perfectly certain, that WE with our *countless encumbrances* and our *frightful burden of abuses* from *one end of the Earth to the other* shall never win England or any other nation again, but shall continue to lose every day more and more the few that remain to us. But behold the Lord sends us an offer of new Life, which may be a germ of moral regeneration for the whole earth under the fostering care of the Holy See.

Do you remember our walk so many years ago over the rocks of Gracedieu, and the promise you then gave me?

Wishing your Eminence a happy, a glorious, and an ever-to-be-blest new year—I remain, your afft. devoted sevt. in our Lord,

AMBROSE P. DE LISLE.

GARENDON PARK, Jan. 17, 1876.

MY DEAR CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP—I cannot tell you what pleasure your letter of the 15th gave me, for it shows with what great charity and zeal you have welcomed this remarkable publication from the High Church Party, which they have addressed to you and placed under your protection.

But before I say more on this subject I must answer the question which you put and which my letter suggested about that "*Promise*."

In that walk which if I remember right, was not very long after your own reception into the Communion of the Catholic Church, our conversation had turned upon some of the Converts to Catholicism, and among others upon Fr. Newman: and I told you how much disappointed I had been at the severe and sarcastic tone which pervaded a work he had just then published on what he called "*Anglican Difficulties*," and how much it had disappointed and thrown back some of his Anglican brethren, who had not done as he had done in joining the Catholic Church, not seeing their way as yet as he had done, but who nevertheless were always advancing more and more towards the Truth, but from *their standpoint* more or less in connexion with our Anglican Church, in whose communion they were still steadfast. I mentioned a few of my own Anglican friends, now in eminent positions, who had thus expressed themselves, and who were undoubtedly grievously disappointed at the line Newman was then taking, and who had hoped that he would

rather have taken a line to render *Union* more feasible, such a line as Fr. Davenport, the chaplain of Henrietta Maria, had taken in Charles I.'s reign, and this only one among many other conciliatory men. I then went on to say that a grand opportunity was reserved for you: that you were the only one among the Converts who had attained the rank of a Prelate of the English Church (as Archd. of Chichester), and that therefore it more behoved you to deal charitably with her; and that I felt sure that if you adopted the course of conciliation instead of exasperation, a grand future would be before you, so that you would one day be to England what St. Francis of Sales was to Savoy and the Chablais. You then clasped my hand and promised me that your line should be what I desired, one of extreme charity and conciliation.

Now it is a remarkable fact that at this moment there is a general turning of all Anglican England towards you, and there is a feeling that you can reconcile their Church if only you will. Thousands who have their say against Rome even feel this in their inmost hearts, and if only you will but back up this first move indicated in "*the Letter*," you will find that you have England rallying round you, that is the governing class of Englishmen.

As I said in my last letter this is like an avalanche falling from the summit of the mountain—will it be a snowball gathering in size as it rolls down, or will it evaporate in a cloud of vapour? This under God rests with you. If you give it a valiant support the movement will embrace all who are needed, from the Prince who is destined to rule us, to the peasant who waits upon the landlords of England.

I know there would still be the Dissenters and the infidels, but we will deal with them afterwards.

I have advocated and defended this corporate reconciliation of England for 40 years, and every year has rendered it less improbable if not more likely.

What was it, I fancy I hear some one say, that first put so strange a notion into that head of yours? I have my secrets that no man shall wrest from me inopportunately, but the first thing that suggested it to me was a very remarkable Prediction which a very holy servant of God, then living, made to me at Rome in 1831. He told me a very remarkable thing which I have since witnessed, and he told me I should not see death before I witnessed the glorious completion.

My dear Ld. Card. all such Predictions, all such promises are of course more or less conditional. But some of the most eminent Jesuits then in Rome sifted the fact I have just men-

tioned, and concluded that it was for me to believe it and to act upon it throughout my life, and I have endeavoured to do so, the Lord knows how imperfectly with what backslidings and with what shortcomings!

If ever you should care to hear more, and to know some other remarkable things bearing upon this view of mine, I would gladly relate them to you whatever they may be worth, whether anything or nothing, the Lord knows and to Him I commend all for what it may be worth in His sight.

And now it is meet I bring the infliction of so tedious a letter to a close, asking then your Holy and Apostolic Blessing,
—I remain, your very devoted,
A. P. DE LISLE.

It is evident from this correspondence, as indeed it always must be, how differently situated a man in authority is from one who has no such responsibility. It is like the difference between a man propounding a policy and seeking the suffrages of the electors to obtain a seat in Parliament, and a Cabinet Minister, when seated, embodying that policy in a Bill to be submitted to the judgment of the House of Commons.

John Henry Newman's letters will always be of abiding interest; these three refer directly or indirectly to the Uniat scheme:—

THE ORATORY, *Jany.* 19, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—Thank you for the pamphlet. The remarkable point about it is its being dedicated to the Cardinal *by permission*. It seems to me a plausible scheme, but I am told few will feel inclined towards it of the Ritualists.

I suppose the bodies would be considered so distinct that the members of the Roman rite could not receive the Sacraments or frequent the Churches of the Anglican rite, nor those of the Anglican, the Roman. However, it would be very difficult to avoid perpetual collision between the two bodies—each would be incessantly interfering with the other—the father and mother of a family would be of one rite, the children of another. The Roman priests would be complaining that the rich splendid Anglican Church in their mission was drawing away at least the young generation, and sucking from them their poor offertory money, and the Anglicans would be very jealous of the Jesuits, Redemptorists, or Passionists who gave missions in their parishes. Indeed the antagonism which now exists among us between the hierarchy and the regulars would be repeated and that with

greater intensity. A new Sacred Congregation would need to be formed at Rome to hear and settle the disputes which would occur in consequence. If the measure was sure to recover half England to the Church, the Holy See might think of it, but not otherwise. With best remembrances to Mrs de Lisle—I am,
yours most sincerely,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

THE ORATORY, *Jany.* 27, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—Nothing will rejoice me more than to find that the Holy See considers it safe and promising to sanction some such plan as the Pamphlet suggests. I give my best prayers, such as they are, that some means of drawing to us so many good people, who are now shivering at our gates, may be discovered. Yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

THE ORATORY, *May* 21, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—It was not I who returned you the copy of the Abbé Martin's work. I received a copy and have it; I hardly think I knew it came from you. I was very glad to have it—it is very pleasingly written.

I grieve indeed to hear what you tell me about Church matters, and for the severe pain it gives you. It seems to me there must be some divine purpose in it. It often has happened in sacred and ecclesiastical history that a thing is in itself good, but the time has not come for it. Heretics and schismatics have sometimes been preachers of a neglected truth, which they were impatient and disobedient in insisting on in their day.¹ David's reign was a better thing than Saul's; yet he had to wait, and did wait, God's time. And thus I reconcile myself to many, many things, and put them into God's hands. I can quite believe that the conversion of Anglicans may be more thorough and more extended, if it is delayed, and our Lord knows more than we do.

I hope you have all borne the weather as well as I have.
Ever yours most sincerely,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The two next letters from Mr. Aubrey de Vere shall close this subject.

¹ It is difficult to understand and impossible to concede what Newman here says. He gives no example to illustrate what he means. If to insist upon a truth, great or small, is in fact an act of disobedience, it is merely the authority, which forbids, which is at fault, and not the party which disobeys. Every heresy is a lie, else 'twere no heresy; but a half truth is admittedly the most diabolic kind of lie, as being the most subtle.

E. DE L.

CURRAGH CHASE, ADARE, IRELAND,
Sept. 24, 1877.

MY DEAR DE LISLE—I wonder whether you could supply me with one or two copies of the Pastoral lately put forward by the three Bishops (if the “Provincials” be Bishops) of the “Order of Corporate Reunion.” I gave away the copy of the Order sent me. If they have got up any *Serial* would you tell me what it’s called and where it is to be had. I have been disappointed at seeing so little notice taken of this movement. Any *movement* seems to me of importance, because it breaks through the dull quiescence that acts on men like the charm that kept Merlin asleep in the cave: but it is not, I should think till the Body recently formed emerges into the light, and those who belong to it are known, that it can attract much attention. The Established Bishops seem to ignore it. Even the “High Church” people to whom I have spoken on the subject of this movement generally say they have heard nothing about it.

I do not see how their position can become intelligible till they have quitted a Church which, if the description of it given in the Pastoral be correct, can be no Church at all. How can they give any degree of obedience to two opposed classes of Bishops, one class heretical, and servile to the State, the other Orthodox and Apostolic?

Singularly enough, another Episcopal Body has started into existence at the same time as this new “Order,” viz. the “Reformed Episcopal Church” under Bishop Grey, consecrated in America; and I hear there is also a “Free Church of England” with Bishops, and about sixty Churches. Certainly we live in stirring times. The next two or three years will witness much.

With kindest remembrances to all yours, in which my sister-in-law, who has just come into the room, heartily joins—Ever
yours,
AUBREY DE VERE.

The “Church News,” I hear, sneers at the “Pastoral,” but I believe it always sneers; but I regret this, as it seems to imply that the Ritualists *generally* are against the new “Order.” I quite agree with you that it is from an “Anglican” point of view that we must contemplate it in estimating its results: but to be *effective* a movement should clearly represent a principle. If it once fairly separated from an Establishment which is enslaved, the new “Order” would represent Ecclesiastical Liberty and (except as regards the See of Peter) Primitive Doctrine. As such it ought to have a large following.

CURRAGH CHASE, ADARE, Oct. 23, '77.

MY DEAR DE LISLE—Many thanks for sending me the "Pastoral," and the advertisement of the "Serial" of the "Order of C. R." I had previously sent to Burns and Lambert for the Serial (mentioning to them its publisher) but have had no answer; so I suppose it is out of print. I am very anxious to see it; and if you can lend me your copy of it you shall have it back in a few days.

It is as you say, indeed true that great allowances are to be made for those in the trying position of the Ritualists at the present time. They have been most unjustly assailed, especially on the question of Confession, by those to whom they might have looked for protection, and they have seen the Bishops practically surrendering to the State whatever small remains of spiritual liberty or authority their church retained. Catholics are not tempted, I think, to be hard in the judgments they pass on the proceedings of men thus severely tried; and certainly we are the less tempted, if we believe, as I do, that much of the trial to which they are subjected is simply occasioned by the Protestant hatred of Catholicism, the reproach of which they in part bear, and also believe that the course they are taking is one likely to prove highly useful to Catholic progress in England, in many respects, and at the present time.

But may we not have a temptation of the opposite sort, that of allowing sympathy with their Catholic aspirations, and painful position, to dull our eyes as to a portion of the course they seem to be pursuing? Men say that "third parties are the best judges of the game"; and our independent position ought I think to make us see clearly where they see dimly. In that case it is both kindness to them, and a duty, to give them sound advice, as well as friendly feeling, even if a modification of their course should not seem to be conducive to the immediate prospects of Catholicism. When a Ritualist friend first mentioned the "New Communion" to me I was delighted. I supposed that this new Body was to be *exterior* to the C. of E.: and such a position would surely be the true and natural position of advanced High Churchmen, who on the one hand believe the Bishops of the Establishment to be both Heretical and Erastian, and to have lately surrendered their Church wholly into the hands of the State; and who, on the other hand have not yet come to recognise the *Organic* Unity of the Church, and the Claims of St. Peter's See. I have more than once expressed this opinion to my Ritualist friend, both on the grounds of morals and of expediency. As regards the former, surely in the

estimate of Antiquity to which they make their appeal, communion with Heretical Bodies was absolutely repudiated even by those who, like the Donatists, were not in the Catholic Unity. Was it not equally by a self-evident principle that Priests could not profess obedience to two different classes of opposed Bishops—a formal obedience to one class, and a real obedience to the other? Was it not equally plain that for the existence of real Ecc. Authority, there must be genuine *Jurisdiction*, and how could a Greek Bishop confer *Jurisdiction* in England, as well as Orders? This last matter is perhaps more open to debate than the others which I have touched; but those others are *primary* matters of Duty as far as I can see, though if it were possible, I would rather see the thing in a different point of view. But there remains another matter of yet more importance. I allude to the *secrecy* which envelopes this new Body, which though it claims only the name of an “Order” must surely regard itself as a Church, since it is an integral body under Bishops of its own. On this matter I have always had a clear view, and expressed it. It does seem to me the duty of a religious Body to take its stand in the light, and state who are its Clergy and its Bishops. Especially this seems a duty when the Body in question is in connection with another and larger body from which it derives resources, and to the Rulers and Formularies of which it has promised Obedience. There cannot be fair reciprocal dealings between those who avow their actions, and those who conceal their names. When a time has come that renders such concealment necessary, surely a time has also come when all reciprocal connection should cease. This new “Order” ought to be *outside* the C. of E. This seems to me not less certain as regards the eventual interests of that body, than as regards its duty. Just now all is silent: but the storm will break out all the sooner if the new “Order” meets with success; the great charge will be against the “good faith” of its members; and though no doubt their real motive for remaining in the C. of E. is the hope of lifting it out of its present condition, the motive imputed to them by all their enemies, including nearly the whole Press of England, will be that of at once retaining the emoluments of the Establishment, and “conspiring” against its existence. In place of retiring with dignity, like Dr. Newman, and Card. Manning, &c., from a Body in which they could no longer believe, and that at an entire sacrifice of worldly interests, and of much besides, they will be put out with every circumstance of discredit and disadvantage as regards their future, discredit all the greater if they should fight the battle out upon merely legal and technical pleas. They seem to me to have,

in this part of their movement, fallen into the mistake of thinking that they have a right to retaliate some of the agencies used against them by their enemies. They have not this right, as it seems to me; and, if they had it, they could not afford to use it, for their strength must be the strength of Principle; and Principle only appeals to the hearts of men when it appeals to them frankly and with simplicity. It was only when the stake and the gibbet were exhibited that the early Christians fled to the Catacombs: and even then, if interrogated, they were bound to acknowledge that they belonged to the new "Order," though there was no question as to their belonging to the old Order at the same time and acting in its name.

For these reasons I entirely believe that this Body is bound to separate itself wholly from the C. of E. and begin with a great Sacrifice, and the noble courage of Faith, if it hopes to do a great work. I am not speaking in the least for Catholic Interests. No one can see far before him as regards interests: but happily the question of principle is more plain. To this Body the great duty of submission to the centre of Unity is not yet plain: but separation from such a body as the C. of E., according to their own estimate of it, is a duty which they really ought to see; and I think it will be a most friendly act on your part, if you can help them to see it. It is their present *position*, exclusively that I refer to. As regards the *Doctrine* they preach, theirs does not seem more than a claim to act on the Principles of Tract 90. The "*non-natural*" interpretation of Formularies is the one acted on by all the three schools in the Established Church; and if any other were adopted, all three would have to take their departure from it. Pray tell me how far you agree with these views. In the movement, supposing it to separate itself from the Establishment, which I do not at all wish to see "dis-established," I take the greatest interest, both personal and religious. I think it may lead to great consequences. As regards "Corporate Re-union" I do not see why that cause should be prejudiced by this particular body acting externally to the C. of E. An immense majority of the High Church party, remember, would still be working *inside* it; and the new "Order" would be working more efficiently outside it, as well as more creditably.—With kindest remembrances to all yours, believe me, always most sincerely yours,

AUBREY DE VERE.

CHAPTER XVII

THE VATICAN COUNCIL—BATTLE-ROYAL ON “VATICANISM”—
THE COMBATANTS AFTER DOFFING THEIR ARMOUR—
CORRESPONDENCE WITH NEWMAN AND GLADSTONE.

1867-1877

THE Vatican Council is a thrice-told tale. The last time it was told, I think, was in the *Life of Cardinal Manning*; hence I am released from further responsibility as far at least as the main story and the chief actors are concerned. But in the history of De Lisle's public career to omit an account of the active interest he displayed in the Council and its doings, or the important correspondence which passed between him and several of the leading Fathers belonging to the Infallibilist, as well as to the Inopportunist party in the Vatican Council, or of still deeper interest with the illustrious Oratorian, or with non-Catholics like Mr. Gladstone, and Dr. Forbes the Bishop of Brechin, and others, would not only be an act of injustice to him, but would be to suppress matters of public interest and concern.

De Lisle, like the majority of English Catholics, belonged to the Inopportunist Party in the Vatican Council. He feared that what Father Newman, in his confidential letter to his Bishop, Dr. Ullathorne, called “an insolent and aggressive faction,” would push things to extremes, create divisions and discord among Catholics, and throw back, if not destroy, all hope of Reunion.

“Infallibility” Ward, in the eloquent pages of his own organ the *Dublin Review*, was already riding roughshod over

every Catholic—bishop, priest, or layman—who refused to accept his extravagant doctrine of the personal infallibility of the Pope, and denouncing every Catholic, and by implication even Newman himself, as Gallicans and heretics, who showed an independent spirit, and desiring carefully to limit the scope and extent of this tremendous dogma, claimed and exercised the right of opposing doctrines they considered erroneous, mischievous, or inopportune. In consequence of one of these covert attacks, De Lisle wrote one of his eloquent letters of appreciation, expressing also the hope that Newman would not be deterred from publishing his projected essay, which drew from him the following characteristic reply:—

THE ORATORY BM., *March 28/66.*

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I wish I deserved one hundredth part of the praise you give me. I should think myself very well off. I can but act for the day, and leave the morrow to take care of itself. Because I am able to do a thing to-day, it does not follow that to-morrow I shall be able to do another. God has no need of men; He uses His instruments, and suddenly breaks them and takes others, at His Supreme and Most Blessed Will.

No one has directly or indirectly put any spoke in my wheel as regards any projected Essay on the Pope's Infallibility, nor indeed have I had a design of attempting such a work. I *had* intended to write more to Pusey, but I found myself unwell, when my (published) Pamphlet came to an end—and then again, when after a few weeks I returned to the thought of saying more, I found my second Letter would run into the question of the Pope's Infallibility more than I liked, and that such a subject could not be undertaken in a hurry—and then again I thought I had already said enough for the present—so I have left the matter.

Dr. Clifford has done me immense service by his letter—and has laid me under a great obligation.

I have no great love for the Conservatives, as being Erastians of a type which I do not think you can admire—but I speak of them as a *party*—as to individuals, I know what excellent, estimable men there are among them—and I shall rejoice at their coming into power, if, without upsetting the State-coach, they can keep it from running off the highroad, the king's highway.

Begging a share of your good prayers at this sacred season,—
I am, My dear Mr. de Lisle, Most sincerely yours in Xt.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN of the Oratory.

A. L. M. P. de Lisle, Esq.

In the year 1867 the Roman authorities were busy in preparing for the meeting of the Council and in organising the several Congregations. Many Anglicans were deeply interested in the coming Council. Not a few desired that the Bishops of the Church of England might be represented, or at all events their claims to attend a General Council be taken into consideration. Dr. Forbes, Bishop of Brechin in the Episcopal Church of Scotland, in a letter to De Lisle, dated 17th July 1867, brought forward the question of Anglican Orders.

[*Secret.*]

17th July 1867.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND—What you tell me of the prospects of the Council, tho' not confirmed from any other quarter, fills me with hope, and I cannot but feel that before you lies a great unknown, occupying as you do the position, on the one hand, of a sympathiser in Anglican Struggles, and on the other of a devoted adherent of your own Communion.

Why should you not put yourself into communication with Propaganda, or the proper influential quarter in Rome, and state, what I venture to believe is the case, that the Council which would really seek to heal the wounds of Christendom would either draw in Anglicans or leave them without excuse? whereas such a Council as merely registered foregone conclusions would but perpetuate the wounds of the Church.

In the doubt (from a Roman point of view) concerning Anglican orders, we should not demand an *a priori* recognition, as this would be explained to be one of the preliminary duties of the Council when actually assembled—on the other hand we would not tolerate being addressed as “the kindred persons who encourage ecclesiastical functions,” as some of the documents issued by the present Pope have designated the Eastern bishops. We should require to be designated as what we actually are—those who, *ipso facto*, occupy the old sees of pre-Reformation Britain, and those who have been consecrated under certain forms by those who before the Reformation were in actual possession. If Cunhahen

overrates those who call the Council, there will need to be as little as possible that can irritate, and things must be put in as pleasant a way as is consistent with historic truth.

Any hard word that would *unnecessarily* insult (and we know the tenderness of ecclesiastical honour) the Archbishop of Canterbury and his 150 suffragans would at once set their backs up and justify those bishops who are opposed to the whole tone of Cunhahen. Nothing would please Bishop Baring better than any word in the Pope's summons that assumed the non-entity of Anglican orders.

Then something will need to be said about the *Superstitions*. We who admit the Church Catholic as having to deal with every degree of intelligence, however base, and who know that she has passed through the dark ages, accept the Marien-bild of Einsiedeln and Notre Dame-du-Pilier at Chartres as part of a great system, but something must be said on the subject following up the moderation of the Council of Trent. To nine out of ten *advanced* Anglicans these things are real scandals.

Then you see how strongly Dr. Pusey talks of the Italian devotions; and your own experience of English Roman Catholics, especially of Converts, will tell you that it is not the highest order of intellect that look to these things, except in the case of crotchety people like Dr. Ward, who go in for extremes from the delight of reading logic to death, and who would sacrifice Christianity itself to a syllogism.

It is not possible that the schism of 300 years can at once be healed. I shall be content if the Synod leave things better than it found them. Meanwhile I need not say that I pray daily for its guidance, and we cannot doubt the promise of our dear Lord. —Believe me, your faithful servant and friend,

BRECHIN.

P.S.—I have read your letter with great interest. I have dwelt on the way of healing the Anglican orders, because it is a preliminary matter. When I went to Rome I could not present myself to the bishop, because I would not drag my orders thro' the dirt and be presented as a layman.

I enclose for your inspection (which please return) a Roman letter from one who has lived there many years, but who does not look entirely into the present state of things.

Pamphlets on the Council were already being scattered about in hot haste on this side and on that; after the Council they fell like the leaves of Vallambrosa in autumn. In the following letter, dated Garendon Park, 11th June

1867, De Lisle gives the following graphic description of W. G. Ward's method of warfare :—

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
11th June 1867.

MY DEAR COUSIN HARRY RYDER¹—I have already congratulated you on your able and seasonable pamphlet, and I have now just risen from reading W. G. Ward's (D.Ph.) reply. My first impression is, where would he place such a Being as myself when he thinks that nothing but *invincible ignorance* can rescue *you* from the guilt of Mortal Sin and the peril of Eternal Damnation! And yet it was not from any oral Teaching this profound and charitable Theologian learnt the *Dogmas* against which you have sinned, but it was the elaboration of his own fallible Judgement during years of what he calls his Catholic Life, but what he ought rather to call (if his later conclusions be right) his non-Catholic life. In fine it seems by his own confession that when he was converted to what he then was told to look upon as Catholicity, he embraced a hybrid system that was "neither Fish nor Flesh nor good red-herring," and what is worse still, that the responsible teachers of Israel were utterly unfit for their Post, and did not know what to teach their enquiring neophyte. I think, however, in one respect you gave your Inquisitorial Accuser and Judge an advantage over you in the argument. You admitted too much in admitting any *separate and Personal* Infallibility in the Pope; and W. G. Ward has made logical capital out of that admission. No doubt His Physical Doctorship would treat me as a far worse Heretic than yourself, but I fancy he would find it a less easy task to deal with the arguments of *my* School of Catholic Theology.

And what is that school? you call it Gallican, which I find from Ward is nearly extinct. I myself should say that I acknowledge no school but that of the Catholic Church herself in all ages, and no Dogmas but those she has defined. Now I will not say what she has defined about Infallibility, but I will tell you my own belief as to that attribute of Holy Church, which a learned bishop pronounced accurate and orthodox. First of all I believe Infallibility to be a *conjunctive* and *Collective* Attribute of the *Whole Catholic Church*, according to the words of Holy Church in her collect *pro omni gradu ecclesie* . . . Deus, cujus spiritu totum corpus ecclesie sanctificatur et REGITUR . . . etc. In other words the Infallible assistance of the Holy Spirit is given to the

¹ The Very Rev. Henry Dudley Ryder, D.D., now Superior of Newman's Oratory at Edgbaston.

whole Church in its collective capacity, to the Laity as well as the Clergy. To the Latter officially in their collective capacity as the Teachers. To the Former as the recipients of that teaching, giving them an instinctive apprehension of what is or is not in conformity with the Traditional Teaching of the Church. Now in this view of the matter, no one, whether Pastor or Layman, has any *separate Personal* gift of the Infallible guidance of the Holy Spirit, but it is given to all collectively in order to enable them *safely to keep and rightly to apprehend* the Deposit of Faith, and I understand the term Deposit in Ward's sense. Now it follows from my view that all Catholics, from the Pope downwards to the meanest baptized Layman, all are under the Infallible guidance of the Holy Spirit, as long as all in their respective positions, whether as Teachers or Believers, are acting and believing according to the unchangeable Deposit, for the preservation and right understanding of which the power of *binding and loosing* and of *feeding* the whole flock has been conferred upon the supreme Pastor.¹

Bishop Roskell, in a letter dated 11th December 1869, Collegio Inglese, Roma, gave to De Lisle a graphic account of the opening of the Vatican Council and its preliminary proceedings.

COLLEGIO INGLESE ROMA,
11th December 1869.

DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I thank you for kindly sending me the sermon preached by Dr. Northcote at the funeral of your beloved son Osmund. I am not able to read myself, but I got a friend to read to me the two letters printed at the end of the sermon. They are infinitely touching, and give a just idea of the holiness of life to which your son had attained. You cannot but grieve at the loss of one in every way so admirable and dear, yet your consolation in the assurance of his happiness cannot but be correspondingly great. May he rest in peace. The Council was opened on the 5th with great solemnity. The procession moved down the Scala Regia punctually at nine o'clock, and the whole ceremony terminated at three in the afternoon. The spectacle in the transept of St. Peter's, left aside for the Council, was very imposing. The English papers will no doubt give a full description of the ceremonial. So far as business goes the officials of the Council are appointed, and at the first general congregation held yesterday the *Judices Excusationum* et *Judices Querelarum* were elected. On Tuesday next we elect the 24

¹ The remainder of this interesting letter cannot be found.

members of each of the particular congregations: 1, De fide; 2, Disciplina; 3, De Regularibus; 4, Oriental affairs. As far as one can see, the question of the infallibility will not be mooted. It is generally considered as inopportune. Dr. Manning's letter to the clergy of the Arch-Diocese is regarded with disfavour by all. I do not know the precise number of Bishops present, but including the Cardinals they are more than 700. The matter of the 1st Congregation, De Fide, is already in the hands of the Bishops. The second Session is on the Epiphany.

It is needless to recall the conflict carried on with great vigour and no little vehemence between the opposing parties in the Vatican Council. This conflict is a matter of history. The human elements and weaknesses: misrepresentations, false charges, passions, and imputations of evil motives, cannot in the nature of things be excluded even from so grave an assembly as the Fathers of the Vatican Council. In the intense excitement generated by the fierce conflict on some issue or other of vital importance, it was noticed that the faces of some of the more vehement or sinister combatants became as white as the mitres they wore. The Infallibilists were not a whit more reserved or self-possessed than the Inopportunist. No time was really wasted—as at the time the charge ran—for tactical or gastronomic purposes by the Inopportunist Fathers. It was early in March, the third month of the Council, that the question of the definition of Papal infallibility was introduced; and in July, having lasted barely four months, the discussion was closed. On Wednesday, 13th July 1870, Pope Pius IX., *proprio motu*, defined the dogma of the infallibility of the Roman Pontiff.

The Inopportunist party in and outside of the Vatican—among the latter section De Lisle was among the most energetic and effective—did real and lasting service to the cause of truth, religion, and human liberty. His Holiness's Opposition in the Vatican, like Her Majesty's Opposition in Parliament, fulfilled a wise and salutary office in restraining and defeating the extravagant theories of an extreme faction as to the conditions and extent of Papal infallibility. The personal infallibility of the Pope, proclaimed by W. G. Ward

in the *Dublin Review* and by Louis Veuillot in the *Univers*, was not admitted.

After the dispersion of the Vatican Council on the eve of the Franco-German War the conflict on Papal infallibility passed into the outer world. The fray soon waxed fierce and furious. The most illustrious, as well as the most vehement, of the combatants was Mr. Gladstone. Every one has read his famous pamphlets on "Vaticanism," and most people remember their substance, or at least their tone and temper.¹ Among the earliest replies and remonstrances addressed to Mr. Gladstone on his pamphlet was one from his intimate friend De Lisle, entitled *The Council of the Vatican in its bearings on Civil Allegiance*. It was a masterly pamphlet, remarkable for its force and precision, and was highly appreciated by Bishop Ullathorne, one of the Fathers of the Council, as is shown in the following letter :—

BIRMINGHAM, 23rd May 1875.

I have not yet thanked you for your second article in the *Union Review* in reply to Mr. Gladstone. It is singularly good and able and to the main point, and cannot fail to do much good in a circle of Anglican readers. The remark that there must be some one to judge between Council and Council is very happy, and cuts through the whole question. I could almost envy you this remark, so brief, yet so full and so decisive.

It is a great thing that an Anglican periodical, however advanced, should accept dissertations like these on the infalli-

¹ The keynote of Mr. Gladstone's polemic was sounded in his Article on *Romanism in relation to Ritualism*. There is no doubt he was suffering intense disappointment at the wreck, it seemed to him, of all hopes of Reunion, as the following memorable passage shows :—

"At no time since the bloody reign of Mary has such a scheme been possible. But if it had been possible in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries it would still have become impossible in the nineteenth; when Rome has substituted for the proud Boast of *semper eadem* a policy of violence and change in Faith; when she has refurbished and paraded anew every rusty tool she was fondly thought to have disused; when no one can become her convert without renouncing his moral and mental freedom, and placing his civil Loyalty and duty at the mercy of another; and when she has equally repudiated modern thought and ancient history. I cannot persuade myself to feel alarm as to the final issue of her crusades in England, and this although I do not undervalue her great powers of mischief."

E. DE L.

bility. Had I not broken down with illness and been confined to bed on the very day my turn came to speak in the Council, I was prepared to propose the introduction of a clausura in the definition with the approval and concurrence of several of the leaders on the infallibility side, in the hope of conciliation, which would have approached the explanation you cite from the Archbishop of Paris, thus: *quando ex magisterio Ecclesia definit*.

But I could not leave my room on the day when my turn came, and there were sixty speakers on the list, so my turn was lost. For the rules forbade my discourse being read by another unless I was personally present; God disposed otherwise. Of course the Pope speaks the voice of the Church, and takes the means to ascertain it. . . .

In the course of the controversy that arose between Mr. Gladstone and De Lisle on the promulgation of the Vatican Decrees, there was on neither side the slightest diminution in their intimate friendship. In a post-card, dated November 8, 1874, which likewise announced the publication of his famous pamphlet, Mr. Gladstone wrote to De Lisle as follows:—

With all due reserve (*e.g.* on the notes respecting the Decree of 1854) I have read your pamphlet¹ with interest, delight, and love.

I hope you received a copy of the new pamphlet itself² in due course. You see I have blown my penny trumpet.

It is happily beyond my province to dwell on the numerous pamphlets on "Vaticanism." They belong to the public. They have been read and remembered, or long since forgotten. It will suffice here to give the titles of the more important pamphlets or the names of their writers. In the first rank were Mr. Gladstone's fierce and powerful attack on the Vatican Decrees, and Father Newman's masterly exposition in his Letter to the Duke of Norfolk of the rights and liberties of the Papacy, as well as of the limitations of Papal infallibility. In the controversy these two illustrious writers occupied the whole ground. They were in a word the beginning and the end of the controversy.

¹ In 1874 De Lisle published two Pamphlets, one *On the Present State and Condition of Christendom*, the other *On the Future Triumph of the Catholic Church*.

² *The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance*, 1874.

In these pages at all events I may claim for De Lisle a special place. Perhaps alone among the combatants, without lowering by one inch the standard, without abating by one jot or tittle the force of the Catholic argument, he invariably displayed a kindly and sympathetic feeling towards his opponents.¹ Hence it was that De Lisle's defence of the Papal claims had greater weight and influence than the defence of many writers of higher authority. Among the earlier of these writers were Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham; Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton; Dr. Herbert Vaughan, Bishop of Salford; and almost the last, Archbishop Manning of Westminster.

And here is perhaps the place to divulge what I believe has hitherto been kept secret, and that is the arrangement made between De Lisle and Gladstone, that he and Dr. Newman should have advance copies in proof of the Ex-postulation, so as to enable their replies to appear almost simultaneously with the attack. It was a sort of honourable tournament to ascertain and vindicate the exact position in which the Vatican definition had left the perplexing and sometimes almost hopeless question of a *divided allegiance*. In one shape or another this question has constantly turned up and will turn up again so long as the Scripture remains: "We must obey God rather than men." On 4th November 1874, Dr. Newman answered De Lisle's proposal in these words:—

I will gladly read Mr. G.'s proof and send it back to you as soon as possible. He seems to me to have said some very unjustifiable, cruel things in his paper, but I fear we shall have great difficulty in making everything clear and satisfactory to the Protestant mind.

On 6th November, Newman returned the pamphlet with the following letter:—

THE ORATORY, Nov. 6, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I feel your kindness in obtaining for me a sight of Mr. Gladstone's powerful Pamphlet, and I send it back to you by return of post.

¹ See Correspondence at end of Chapter.

I am not at all sorry, that he is publishing such an expostulation as this is; it must turn to good. To-day's papers say that Archbp. Manning is going to have a great meeting, and to bind us all to certain propositions. I cannot think it possible that at such a meeting he can ignore Mr. Gladstone's demand upon him for an expression of civil allegiance, or that he will not notice Mr. Gladstone's appeal to the declarations on that point of the English and Irish Bishops in 1826.

For myself, I consider he is misled in his interpretation of the ecclesiastical acts of 1870, by judging of the wording by the rules of ordinary language. Theological language, like legal, is scientific, and cannot be understood without the knowledge of long precedent and tradition, nor without the comments of the theologians. Such comments time alone can give us. Even now Bp. Fessler has toned down the newspaper interpretations (Catholic and Protestant) of the words of the Council, without any hint from the Council itself to sanction him in doing so. To give an instance of what I mean:—Broad statements, standing by themselves, are open to large exceptions;—thus, St. Cyprian and St. Augustine, as the succession of great ecclesiastical authorities since, have said "Out of the Church is no salvation"; yet Pius the IX., and perhaps the first Pope, has made in addition the large exception to that principle, of invincible ignorance. Obedience to the Pope in like manner has, in the writings of theologians, important limitations. But the subject is too large for a letter.

With my best respects to Mrs. de Lisle—I am, yours very sincerely,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Having glanced at the leading combatants fighting in the public arena, it is pleasant and interesting to look at them after having doffed their armour. We all know how in the Parliamentary arena the most impassioned speakers, having poured out the vials of their wrath on the heads of their opponents, exchange outside of Parliament agreeable amenities and pleasant talk.

In like manner in the private letters which, after the heat and dust of the public conflict, passed between the opponents and supporters of "Vaticanism," there are many interesting details, friendly criticisms, and curious admissions which, given for the first time to the public, cannot fail to awaken interest or excite curiosity.

To these letters written by De Lisle, Mr. Gladstone,

Father Newman, the Bishop of Birmingham, the Bishop of Clifton, Archbishop Manning, and Lord Clifford, we find all the charm of mutual confidence, openness of heart, and simplicity.

In a letter, dated 14th December 1874, Mr. Gladstone writes to De Lisle :—

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I have no time to write to you as I could wish. This Vatican business carries me like a flood ; such is the correspondence of necessity, and the strange heap of reading it has entailed. But I must not any longer delay thanking you for your letter, and for the Pastoral of Bishop Clifford, for which I had already sent to London. It is, I think, eminently the production of a Christian and a gentleman.

I wish also to say another thing to you, which I have already said in substance to Lord Acton. His position is different from yours ; but not *quoad* me and this business.

I should have abused your and his confidence and friendship, if, when I obtained from you two the favour of your looking over my MS., I had had in me a latent intention of assailing the Roman Catholic religion, *such as a loyal R.C. was required to receive it before 1870*. It was my firm intention not to say one word on *that* religion of a hostile kind, though, of course, I could not hold myself bound to any special measure of reserve in language when treating of the *conduct* of its authorities.

It is still my firm intention ; and if you shall hereafter think (for it is probable I shall be forced to say more) I fail in any glaring manner to abide by it, I hope you will as a friend point it out to me, and I will give you the best satisfaction in my power.

With respect to Vaticanism, of course, the case is widely different.

To you I will frankly state that never until about the middle of October had motive forces converged for me to such a point as to produce this the *first* polemical effort of my life. If you will pray for me that my labour of this kind may soon end you will do me a great kindness. May the Almighty be with you and yours in all things.—Yours most sincerely,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

And again on the 13th February 1875 :—

11 CARLTON H. TERRACE, *Feb.* 13, '75.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I find on returning home late your letter of yesterday.

First let me say your article was I thought full of the spirit of a Christian.

I am glad to receive your appeal. I cannot be too often or too earnestly moved to place myself upon trial as before the bar of God, and to try to learn whether the words I write are such as I shall in the great day wish them to have been.

I send you in a proof I have just received the last pages of my second and I hope final pamphlet on this sad subject.

There is a difference in our positions and our points of view.

I think the evils to be contended with run higher and spread wider than you seem to see. Such evils cannot be effectually dealt with in easy phrase: any more than (according to the proverb) revolutions can be made with rose-water.

Moreover though I abhor all wanton insolence, we who are cast out from the communion of the Latin Church by its authorities, though not forbidden a share in the sympathies of many of its members, are not under the *same* restraints of language, as those members, towards those authorities.

You will however I think find first that I have striven to keep the *pledges* I gave you, in a former letter; secondly, from the pages inclosed (in the state in which I wrote them except what the printer may have mistaken) that the solemn thoughts on which you touch have not been altogether absent from my mind. I would have said *more*, but that a sort of sense of public decency forbade.—With more and more thanks, ever sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

I am sorry this cannot go till Monday morning.

If you come to London before Easter, pray announce yourself for breakfast on a Thursday morning—if with a day or two's notice so much the better.

In a letter, dated 28th February 1875, De Lisle wrote to Mr. Gladstone:—

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I owe you many thanks for sending me a copy of your masterly and most eloquent and luminous pamphlet on the great question which is at this moment agitating, if I ought not rather to say convulsing, all Xtendom, that is, the civilised world.

It is indeed, without flattery, a wonderful production, worthy of the colossal mind by which it is conceived, and though piercing through and through with the vigour and energy of its argumentative power, never for a moment failing in good temper or degenerating into bitterness. It is indeed the most powerful indictment against an *element*, which must be acknowledged to

exist in the Catholic Church of the present day, that I ever came across—an element which you call Vaticanism, and which, if I were inveighing against it, it would become *me*, from my point of view, to call by some other, I *know not what*, name.

The truth is, you, as a member of an illustrious Church, alas ! separated, can say, what none of us could or probably ought to say ; and I believe that in saying it you will have rendered immense service to the cause of truth, and, therefore, to the cause of the Church herself. For you will have compelled those who, from their office, ought to do so, to look at certain anomalies, at certain contradictions which, if not of the gravest importance, tend at least to mar the beauty and the *harmoniousness* of our system, as it presents itself now to the thoughtful and educated mind of the modern world. I am ready too, to admit what you claim, that you have rather understated than overstated several points in your argument, specially what you might have said on that which bore on the *right* of the Church to employ *Force*.

And yet strongly as I feel all this, and the kind and friendly way in which you have mentioned my own name, a real honour to me which I deeply prize, I still think that the *whole case* admits of an interpretation on which all charitable Xtians seeking for peace and union with each other might eventually agree, notwithstanding the adverse look of so many things ; and I may therefore say, that tho' I detect no flaw in your argument, I think there are inaccuracies in some of the statements on which you build it. May I refer to one or two ? (1) what you state about the condemnation of Laws and Enactments, where the Pope says they are "null and void." Of course this is only in *Foro conscientiæ*, not in *Foro externo*, or *civili*. It is a warning to Catholic consciences to be on their guard, and in submitting to an unholy law not to omit the due submission to the Church, *e.g.* in submitting to civil marriage to join it as we do in England, and as Catholics do now in Rome itself with the Sacramental marriage blest by the Church. What the Pope really inveighs against is a civil marriage from which the other is excluded. As to his sentence against even the religious marriage of our separated Xtian brethren, assuming your statement to be correct in fact, I agree with you that it is a scandalous abuse, and demands immediate abatement, and if what you say about Benedict XIV. and Pius VII. be accurate, as I doubt not, we may feel pretty sure that it will be reformed.¹ (2) What you say about the nullity of those restraining and limiting influences which are alleged by Bp. Vaughan (as I believe most justly)

¹ See Newman's letter of March 10, 1875, vol. ii. p. 50.

as affecting the whole complexion of what an orthodox Catholic means by the term Papal Infallibility; (3) whether you give due weight in discussing such a purgative, as that of the Deposing Power, to the immense changes and revolutions both religious and political which have come over Europe since the sixteenth century, and which have as completely abrogated it as our own revolutions have abrogated some of the ancient prerogatives of the British Crown.

I might extend these remarks, but it is unnecessary to do so in a letter. I will only say in conclusion that whatever be the abstract merit of the Syllabus,¹ I think it will prove an utter failure in a practical point of view. The idea of the modern civilised world accepting it as a rule of conduct, if it ever entered into the narrow and prejudiced conception of some besotted theologian in the obscure corner of a darkened cell, it is too ridiculous to be entertained by any serious thinker who knows what is passing in the outer world.

As things are, the Apostolic prediction of universal Apostasy is much more likely to be accomplished than that any durable restoration of Papal Power in any shape should be brought about.

I believe the world will go on from bad to worse until the great cataclysm foretold in the Divine Scriptures arrives. After that the same sure word of Divine Prophecy announces the conversion and restoration of the ancient People of God—to be followed by “the great restoration of all things” and the universal triumph of the Church and of Christ.

I will not say more to-day except that I am always, my dear Mr. Gladstone, most sincerely yours, A. P. DE LISLE.

In reply to De Lisle’s very outspoken, if not somewhat startling opinion in favour of his pamphlet *Vaticanism*, Mr. Gladstone said in a letter dated 1st March 1875:—

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I am much gratified by and very thankful for your letter. It warms my hope that I have been less unsuccessful than might have been the case in writing the “Old Adam,” and writing on this most grave matter, as in the great day I shall wish that I had written.

¹ The Syllabus published in 1845 was an *index raisonné* of the principal theological, philosophical, political, and social errors of our day. It was not intended as public manifesto, although it reads like a solemn pronouncement of ecclesiastical Toryism. It was intended as a guide to the allocutions of the Sovereign Pontiff to assist Bishops and Professors in Colleges or Seminaries, to form the minds of students for the Priesthood upon the parallel lines of Catholic antiquity and Christian progress.

E. DE L.

I am one of those who think that in view of the Roman Propaganda in this country there ought to be a much more constant controversial action, especially as a defensive one, on the Anglican side. But I am profoundly reluctant to take part in it. My soul is weary of contention: my career in life has given me a surfeit of it. It was no part of the programme which I sketched to you under your roof. A necessity I can hardly myself explain forced me to deviate into it; but I earnestly hope that chapter is closed for me.

At the same time I should think it a great honour and delight were I at any time enabled to write constructively about historical Christianity as I am fond of calling it, that is the Christianity which derives its titles from the documents (beginning of course with the primary authority of Holy Scripture) and history of our religion: and in elucidation of the great question, what, with reference to the exigencies of the present and the future, is its safe and normal basis?

Here is a point at which our roads would diverge, for I am convinced that those who have not shrunk from bearing the extreme penalty of the Vatican Decrees are by far the best friends of the great Latin Church, and are doing by far the most to improve her chances for the future, though next to these I of course thankfully place such others as are resisting from within what you term the "element"—I, sometimes, the *Curia*.

To illustrate what I mean: I do believe that, in my small way, I am doing more to promote the needed reform of the Roman Marriage Law than those obedient children who ask it and submit to the refusal. However, this sounds too like self-praise, which is not at all what I mean.

I shall be very glad when we can renew our conversations, and I remain always very sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

If you have occasion to write again, pray tell me whether you know anything of a little book called *Harmony in Religion* by a R.C. Priest ab. 1870.

It is important to note well how the sagacity of the practical statesman compelled Mr. Gladstone to admit "that those who have not shrunk from bearing the extreme penalty of the Vatican decrees are by far the best friends of the great Latin Church, and are doing by far the most to improve her chances for the future." Cardinal Manning himself could have desired no more satisfactory admission. The plain fact is, the truth is always opportune, and

nothing is really, taking a broad view, so inopportune as to disguise or keep back, or obscure in matters of public concern, any part or particle of truth. *Fiat justitia ruat cælum.*

Later in the same month De Lisle wrote to Mr. Gladstone as follows :—

GARENDON PARK,
12th March 1875, *St. Gregory's Day.*

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I never came across the little Book you mention in the P.S. of your last Letter, *Harmony in Religion*, and should like to know what you think of it.

I have had some interesting Letters lately on the subject of your "Vaticanism"—one especially from Father Newman. He means to notice it in a P.S. to the next edition of his Pamphlet ; as the greater part of your's referred to others rather than himself, he has not much to say. He considers your reply to Archbishop Manning's contention "that Papal Infallibility was always held as a Dogma of Divine Faith" complete, and that "you are triumphant in your Denial of it"—but he adds, "but that is nothing to me." I conclude because he deduces it, and holds that the Church has deduced it in these latter days out of the 3 Texts he quotes in his *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*.

I confess that would not satisfy me. I am far from going to all lengths with the Archbishop, yet I hold and have held (strange to say), ever since I was fifteen years of age, that Papal Infallibility, restricted as it is by the Vatican Definition, was always a part of Divine Revelation, and ordained for the preservation of the Unity of the Catholic Church of Christ. I maintain it was always believed by the Orthodox from the days of Pope Victor in the early part of the second century downwards, not indeed under the Vatican Title of "Infallibility ex Cathedrâ," but under a more general Formulary, varying in its expression, but always amounting more or less to the same idea according to the successive requirements of the Visible Church of Christ, so that, as I view it, the Vatican Defn. propounds no new Dogma, but only fences in an old and immutable belief within the Limits of an accurate Term, which to my mind excludes many absurd exaggerations that have passed current amongst us in former times, and that even still are striving for existence.

This Thesis I am preparing to prove in the next No. of the *Union Review*. How far I may succeed I must leave to you and others to judge ; but be this as it may, I am prepared to join you and others in a constitutional, *i.e.* Canonical, opposition

to any abuse of Papal Power, as I would have done in the days of Pope Victor, when he unjustly excommunicated the Asiatic Churches, and when S. Irenæus (who had seen those who had seen the Lord) and a majority of the Bishops withstood him to the Face, as Paul had done to Peter himself, and thus saved the infant Church from a Schism on the Question of observing Easter. But I will endeavour with God's help to go into the depths of the Question in my next Article.

My main Proposition is this, apart from Peter and his lawful Successors, there never has been, there is not, and there never can be any real Catholicity.

Outside of this Unity the claim even to the Name of Catholic has always been *felt* to be an unreality, assumed for the moment for a controversial purpose, but immediately dropped as an inconvenient appendage, the unreality of which is too apparent to be kept up.

There are heaps of difficulties to be got over in sustaining my Thesis, but these difficulties may be surmounted, and they are as nothing to those which beset every separated System of Xtianity.

The following letters will show how De Lisle had taken counsel of Father Newman about the line he should take in the Pamphlet in reply to Mr. Gladstone's *Vaticanism* :—

THE ORATORY, March 8, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I should not think of writing a new pamphlet, first because Protestants are tired of the controversy and we ought to let well alone.

Secondly, because Mr. Gladstone says little against my pamphlet, and confesses that he has little to say against those special points which I proposed to maintain. The first was our civil loyalty—the second our moral freedom. He has not answered what I have said about the ancient church, or Divided Allegiance, or Conscience. He has not, much less, attempted to refute my arguments about the Encyclical, or the Syllabus. He has said very little against my two concluding chapters. All I need say will go into a P.S. of the next edition of my Letter.

Instead of answering me, partly from kindness to me and partly from policy, he has gone off in an attack on Archbishop Manning, on the question whether the dogma of the Pope's Infallibility was always held—and I think he is triumphant in his denial of it—but that is nothing to me. I only had to account for the Bishops seeming to break faith with Mr. Pitt's or Mr. Peel's government; and this point

I shall further observe upon in my P.S. But to go to the Council of Constance, etc. would be to enter into the general controversy between Catholics and Protestants, in which each party has its own texts and its own facts, and has had them, and flourished them, for the last 300 years. Gladstone says nothing new—our writers have our answers to all he says. And the general public would be soon sick of such an interminable conflict. Indeed, even now, before things have gone this length, I don't think a new pamphlet from me would pay its expenses.

The marriage case to which you refer is another matter altogether. The Bishops are thinking of taking public notice of it.—Most sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

THE ORATORY, *March 10, 1875.*

MY DEAR Mr. DE LISLE—You must not stop writing in answer to Mr. G. for anything I have said. Recollect I only profess to notice in my P.S. what he has said against *me*.

As to the marriage case—as I hear it, though singularly malapropos, it is not so very bad.

In Brazil the discipline of the Council of Trent is received—therefore Protestant marriage between baptized persons is (*except*, according to St. Alfonso and Archbp. Kenrick, where there are recognised Protestant congregation meeting houses) invalid.

I should have thought that in Brazil, 1, there *was* a recognised Protestant cultus, 2, the Ambassador's chapel was British ground. However the Penitentiaria at Rome has decided that a marriage solemnized between two Protestants in the Brazil English minister's chapel was null and void. Consequently *freedom of worship* is not allowed in Brazil.

This is pretty much the beginning and the end of it, as far as Catholic *law* is concerned. It shows that Catholic authorities may do a great injustice to English people residing in Catholic countries by refusing to acknowledge their marriages. But in the particular case, as I hear it, there does not seem to be any great hardship. The husband was a profligate, who brought some Baroness with whom he was living into his own house. The wife (I think a Brazilian, tho' a Protestant) appealed to the law and got a separation from him, with security moreover for the recognition of her son as heir, etc. Hence the divorce is a great relief for her.

I do not know what can be meant by "horrible incidents."—
Yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

A. P. de Lisle, Esq.

THE ORATORY, *March 12, 1875.*

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—When I said “don’t let me hinder you,” or some such words, I meant, let me not hinder you doing what *I* am doing, viz. replying to Mr. Gladstone’s remarks as directed against *oneself*. This is all that I am doing. The greater part of his Pamphlet is against what the Archbishop has said, and I should not like to interfere with the Archbishop’s quarrel, perhaps he would not thank me for the way in which I did it. And in like manner, if you will allow me to say it, I doubt whether you should interfere with what does not concern you personally.

But if you mean to spread your sails and launch out into the deep, then think what an endless controversy it is—and how can you ever expect one single reader of the *Union Review* to take our view of the Council of Constance and of its significance in Catholic questions? I think we, I mean the Church, has had to be piloted thro’ very difficult straits and shallows with hidden rocks and without buoys and lighthouses, with next to no human means: and, though her Divine Guide has taken care she should not suffer material damage, and she has escaped in every peril, yet she has not much more than escaped; and it is natural and not very difficult for rival shipbuilders and ship-owners to maintain that she has suffered. Three centuries have taught us that a case may be made against us, and, tho’ we have the right on our side, it is God’s will that an opportunity and a call is left for faith.—Yours most truly,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

P.S.—Thank you for the two letters, which I hereby return.

GARENDON PARK,
13th March 1875.

MY DEAR FATHER NEWMAN—I thank you for your Letter of yesterday and its enclosures. I quite agree with you that it would be a great mistake for me in anything I might write for the *Union Review* to exceed my own Province, or to take up the Archbishop’s Quarrel, or to wander into the tangled maze of the Council of Constance and the Council of the Vatican. It is for the Archbishop or Dr. Ward to set the Public right on such matters as these, and if it is not done by some one, and satisfactorily, mischief will ensue, and mischief has been done already; but if I write in the *Union Review*, my course will be simply to make good, if I can, my own proposition—that of my first Article—that *the Papal Infallibility defined by the Vatican*

Council as contradistinguished from vague and exaggerated views of the Doctrine, was always the general belief of the Church in substance, if not in form, and that the Vatican Definition merely fenced it both from denials and exaggerations by an authoritative statement. That previously the same truth had been expressed by different Formularies, all of which contained it, though perhaps leaving room for cavil. Thus the Creed of Pius IV. contained it, when it asserted *Ecclesiam Romanam matrem et Magistram* omnium Ecclesiarum agnosco. So also the decree of the Council of Florence concerning the Pope's office—and to go higher up in History the words of S. Ireneus, which I quoted, as they have been so often quoted by others—and in regard to the quotations made by Mr. Gladstone from our Bishops of fifty years ago, and specially from Bishop Baines, the contradiction is more apparent than real. For they all had signed the Creed of Pius IV., and though that did not present the formulary of the Vatican Def., yet it contained the Substance of which that Definition is now the authoritative expression—for suppose the Definition had been the other way, a denial of the ex-Cathedra Infallibility of Papal Utterances, what would have become of the assertion *Eccles. Rom. Matrem et Magistram* omnium Ecclesiarum agnosco? It would have been either a falsehood, or to say the least it would have involved a greater contradiction than there is between it and the Vatican Definition. Is not that self-evident?

This is the kind of line of argument I thought of pursuing, if I complied with the Editor's request and sent him a 2nd article. The letters I had from several Quarters, both Anglican and Catholic, in reference to the argt. of the first, were encouraging. Excepting of course the strictures of my own Bishop, which Bishop Clifford utterly demolished: and it is possible *some* little good may result from my pursuing the matter one step further, especially as my first allegation is obnoxious to some of Mr. Gladstone's arguments.

I know you will forgive me for thus trespassing on your time and Patience, and as it were submitting to your kind criticism beforehand what I thought of saying: but the Council of Constance I eschew.—Believe me ever, my dear Father Newman,
most sincerely yrs.,

A. P. DE LISLE.

THE ORATORY, March 14, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—Thank you very much for your sketch of your second article in the Union Review. It seems likely to be a very good one. Certainly the word "Magistra" is very strong.—Yours most sincerely,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

In a letter to De Lisle dated Ugbrooke Park, 28th February 1875, after thanking him for his article on Mr. Gladstone's *Expostulation*, Lord Clifford with his usual gentleness and piety wrote as follows:—

. . . I should have done so sooner, but I thought I would wait a few days for his reply, which he has published under the appropriate title of *Vaticanism*, for it is really the worldly conduct of the good gentlemen at Rome, not the decree of the Church on the doctrine of Infallibility which has led to so much confusion and ill-feeling; or as Dr. Newman very happily puts it, that though the atmosphere on the summit of the rock of Saint Peter is serene, there is a good deal of Malaria at the base. I cannot help often speculating what Pius VII., guided by a Somalia instead of an Antonelli, would have done had they guided the policy of Rome at this juncture. However, our Lord will finish His work in His own good time whatever instruments He uses, and I hope that Unity in Charity will not be retarded, but rather advanced amongst Catholics when enlightened, by such articles as yours and others, which this controversy, in other respects unfortunate, has called forth, and which will endure when the differences which called them forth are forgotten. . . .

And De Lisle replied:—

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
2nd March 1875.

MY DEAR CLIFFORD—I thank you very much for your most kind Letter, and the favourable notice contained in it of my little Article on the Gladstone Controversy. It is a touching recollection which you bring before me of your dear Father, on whose anniversary you write, for whom I pray daily, less from any fear that he may now need such unworthy prayers as mine, than from a deep sense of gratitude to him for many marks of true friendship, but above all for that precious gift he bestowed on me on the 25th July 1833, when he placed in my keeping that saintly Laura Clifford whose holy Life and never failing example form a continual witness to the truth of that Religion which I embraced in my Boyhood, and which has been my constant guide and consolation ever since.

As our Saviour foretold, the Lord's Field has been oversown with Tares by the enemy of all good, and the abuses and scandals symbolised by these deter many from entering the outward Fold. It seems to me one great duty to distinguish between the Tares and the Wheat, between what is *in* the Church as contrasted with what is *of* it.

We have been reading with the deepest interest Mr. Gladstone's *Vaticanism*. I quite think as you do, and as the great Newman does about *the malaria*, that so disastrously hovers round the rock of S. Peter, spreading disease and desolation among those who would fain flock to the thresholds of the Apostles. What Gladstone calls "the veiled Prophets behind the Throne" is only another, and perhaps a more poetical, metaphor to express the same disastrous influence.

I think *Vaticanism* an essay of amazing Power, and of great beauty of Language—it must call forth once more the energies of the great Oratorian, who, in spite of the narrow carpings of the "Voce della Verita," must vindicate Truth from *apparent Contradictions* and reconcile the contrast, which an outsider is too apt to dwell upon, between *implicit* and *explicit* Faith. That is, I think, the Keynote to what is still wanting in my dear Friend the Ex-Premier's apprehension of Catholic Truth. He will, I believe, be one day a Catholic, and what a triumph of the Faith that will be!

Bishop Clifford wrote again as follows:—

BISHOP'S HOUSE, CLIFTON, BRISTOL,
17th March 1875.

MY DEAR DE LISLE—I return you the two letters you kindly sent me (yours to the Bishop of Nottingham and his to you) with many thanks. I received a copy of Mr. Gladstone's *Vaticanism*, and it is true, as you say, that parts of it are very powerful; but I do not think he gives any good reason for having raised the cry against the loyalty of English Catholics (which his first pamphlet was certainly calculated to do) at a time when there was not the slightest misgiving in the minds of our fellow-countrymen on the point. The present pamphlet is more polemical, and consequently more legitimate. I have heard nothing about what course Newman and the Cardinal Archbishop and others are going to pursue. If I write anything it will be simply on those points with regard to which Mr. Gladstone mentions my name. But, 1st, I don't wish to continue a controversy if others of more consequence than myself let it drop; and 2ndly, it requires a little leisure to write common-sense on matters of this kind.

In an able and interesting letter to De Lisle, from the Stafford Club, Saville Row, 1874, Lord Emly severely rebuked his old friend and colleague Mr. Gladstone on his Pamphlet *Expostulations*.

MY DEAR DE LISLE—Very many thanks for your sympathy about the *Tablet* attack. It did not affect me. It was a long Figure of misrepresentations, ignorant, malicious, and lying. . . . I can hardly write about Gladstone's pamphlet. It has given me the deepest pain. How curious it is, Mr. Pitt was Ireland's friend. He promised Catholic emancipation. Circumstances prevented him from keeping his promise. Lord Russell then became our friend. He fought for us, made sacrifices for us, conquered for us, and then wrote the Durham letter. But the greatest and most sympathetic English friend which 600 years of connection between the two countries produced was Gladstone. He did more for Ireland in three years than had been done for her in the previous centuries of connection. What wayward fate was it which pushed him to outdo the Durham letter in bitter and baseless denunciations of the religion of the Irish people? Why did he act as if he wished to brand on their hearts the conviction that no English statesman was fit to govern Ireland—who would have expected that *Litora litoribus contraria*, etc. etc., would come from his mouth?

I had a correspondence with him on his article in the *Contemporary*, and pointed out the evils which must follow from his course. He answered me kindly, but he set at nought my warnings. I appreciate his motives. I believe that he is anti-Catholic, because he is Catholic, and that he resents the Vatican decrees because he considers them to be an obstacle to the reunion of Xtendom.

I can see, as you pointed out, the indirect good that may follow from the direct evil he has done, by forcing Catholics to weigh their words and to give up the too common notion that exaggeration is a mark of predestination and of saintship. But there are 120,000 missives flying through the land to encourage the uneducated to prepare their bricks and bats, and to call the educated to devote those energies, which are sorely wanted to resist atheism and infidelity, to war against the most numerous body of Xtians—and the more I read and look into the question the more utterly wanting in soundness G.'s reasons appear.

Infallibility, according to the strongest Gallicans, was attached to ex-cathedra dogmatic definitions of the Popes when not objected to by the Church—a small number of Bishops objecting availed nothing. Such definitions, to use Bossuet's words, were as infallible as the decrees of Miller's concilia generalia. Every dogmatic decree promulgated by a Pope was received by the Church.

The area of infallibility is not extended. It is, as it always was, confined to the depositum fidei. Are we to be told that

the change from waiting for an assent always given, and not waiting for assent, turns us from loyal men into traitors? Then as to the 3rd decree of the Vatican Council it does not alter by one hair's-breadth the previous law of the Church. Does "obey your parents in all things" oblige a child to commit murder at his parent's bidding? Does the 3rd decree of the Council oblige us to commit the sin of disloyalty or rebellion? The fact is, we should deal with a Pope's orders to be disloyal as Stephen Langton and the Barons of Runnymede dealt with a similar order. Stephen Langton and the Barons would have submitted to a Pope's ex-cathedra dogmatic decree just as we should submit to it. *Semper eadem* is our motto still—no better definition of the doctrine of development can be given than G.'s own in the *Contemporary*. I hope you can read this scrawl, for I have to manage my leg. Is it not strange as shewing G.'s animus? I sent him my address—the only defence of his government which has been made in Ireland, and he never even acknowledged it.—I am, ever affect. yrs., EMLY.

A year later, in a letter to De Lisle undated, Lord Emly wrote again:—

TERVOE, LIMERICK.

It is marvellous that Gladstone should direct his energy and abilities against us which should be directed against the phalanx led by Huxley, Tyndall, A. Stanley, and Colenzo.

I see Gladstone is at it again. Newman gave him a desperate fall, and will again if he provokes him to it. I should advise him as a friend to remember the advice given at the Ashby tournament, and to touch the Hospitallier's shield. How good the Bishop of Birmingham's letter was. Coming out at the same time as Newman's, I fear few have read it. Tho' indeed those who have read Newman require to read nothing else.

The Rev. Frederick George Lee of All Saints', Lambeth, speaking as a representative of the Church of England advanced High Church party concerning De Lisle's Pamphlet on *Vaticanism*, thought it most forcible and able, and as more likely than any other reply to Mr. Gladstone to put the question of the Pope's infallibility on ground that may hereafter be occupied by all. He also mentioned the fact that fifteen thousand copies of Newman's Letter to the Duke of Norfolk had already been sold, as evidence of

how great an interest was taken in the subject of it, two days after publication.

But even in these private and confidential letters, alas! for human weakness the spirit of captious criticism intrudes itself here and there, as for instance in Bishop Bagshawe's harsh attack on Phillipps de Lisle.

Smarting under this unjustifiable attack on his orthodoxy, De Lisle turns for sympathy and advice to Father Newman, the most sympathetic of men, from whom he had just received the following letter:—

THE ORATORY, *Feb.* 12, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—Thank you for your excellent Reply to Mr. Gladstone. It is clearly and persuasively written, and I should think must please any one. Fr. St. John tells me that your Bishop has found fault with one passage—well, I suppose he thought he must notice any thing which would not be quite pleasing to certain people at Rome—but I can't believe that he does not like it as a whole; and I do not doubt he has done it as a matter of conscience, if he has given you his full mind on the particular point.

I hope you have forgiven me for not writing to you. My excuse is the heap of letters from strangers, with whom, as being strangers, one cannot take a liberty, and whom one should forget to answer at all, if one did not answer at once.

With my kindest remembrances to Mrs. de Lisle—I am,
most sincerely yours in Xt., JOHN H. NEWMAN.

P.S.—I have not thanked you, as I meant to have done, for your extremely kind reference to my Pamphlet at the end of your Article. I esteem such a notice from you a very great honour.

The other day your son Edwin sent me a letter about the Pamphlet, for which I feel very grateful.

And De Lisle replied:—

GARENDON PARK,
13th February 1875.

MY DEAR FATHER NEWMAN—I owe you many thanks for your kind and favorable notice of the Article I ventured to send you, published by me in the *Union Review*—your valuable letter reached me this morning, to console me for a very different one, which I received from my own Bishop on Thursday last.

From a feeling of respect I had sent him a copy, and two days after he wrote to acknowledge it, but withal in the harshest letter I ever received from any Bishop in my life, and I am 65 years of age, 50 of which I have spent as a Catholic, rendering what service I could to the Catholic cause. He admitted that with the general *substance* of the work he could not find fault, but having said that, he singled out 8 propositions which he condemned. These he prefaced with a severe rebuke for what I had said about ultra-zealots, that though I had not named them every one knew who they were, that they were a "*Prominent PARTY*," mark the word, "to which *he himself belonged*," intimating that I was aware of that, whereas I knew nothing of Dr. Bagshawe. But let me come to the propositions he condemned, or some of them, for I have not space here for all—on p. 5 I had called the Pope "the successor of the *two* greatest apostles, Peter and Paul." This he condemned as a Protestant view.¹ He very strongly condemned what I wrote p. 8 and 9, on Pope Honorius on p. 13, what I said about soldiers and sailors p. 14, my having said, "neither is the deposing Power claimed any longer by the Popes"; he said *it is claimed* and claimed by Pius IX. in a speech he quoted, and only in suspense from adverse circumstances. He condemned what I wrote, pp. 16, 17, 18, about "*Ecclesia vis inferendae potestatem non habet*," on which point he affirmed that I had directly contradicted the Syllabus.

These were some of the propositions he had extracted for rebuke, but he wound up with an expostulation for having submitted my MS. to Bishop Clifford instead of himself, on whom alone the grave responsibility of such a Publication devolved, and that I had done very wrong to publish it without an *official censura*.

Of course it would have been useless and perhaps unbecoming in me to enter into a discussion with my own Bishop, so I sent it at once to the Bishop of Clifton, under whose kind and patient examination of it in MS. it had been pronounced orthodox and safe in the first week of January, when that

¹ It is curious that it is the reformed Anglican Church which has deleted S. Paul from the great Feast of the 29th of June, and called it S. Peter's day. The Roman and Latin Churches keep the feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul that day. Moreover, whenever a feast is celebrated in honour of S. Peter there is a commemoration of S. Paul, and *vice versa* on every feast of S. Paul there is a commemoration of S. Peter. Like as Romulus and Remus are to secular Rome, or Babylon of the Apocalypse, so are Peter and Paul to spiritual Rome, the Rock against which the gates of Hell shall not prevail. "They loved each other while on earth, and in death they were not divided,"
Antiph. ad Laudes, in octava SS. Petri et Pauli. E. DE L.

Bishop was at Garendon. I told Bp. Clifford I should send no reply to the Bp. of Notts until I received his answer, returning the letter.

I make no doubt Dr. Bagshawe will try to get my Article condemned at Rome, but that is of secondary importance. What, however, is of a very grave importance are the statements about the *Deposing Power*, the *Allegiance of soldiers and sailors*, and the power or right inherent in the Church, as such, *to inflict civil pains and penalties independent of any delegation from the State*.

No well-regulated State can, in these days, tolerate such claims as these. Dr. Bagshawe is young, indiscreet and violent, and so he does not mince matters, as some others above him affect to do, in order to throw dust in the eyes of our civil Rulers, but he goes straight to his point, and singles out my unworthy self as a convenient victim. But what can he hope to gain by so doing? He has already convulsed the Cathedral Congregation and the city of Nottingham upon another matter, and the papers of that town have been full of it, and the Ld. Lieutenant of the county spoke about it a few days ago to one of my daughters. What can the Ultramontanes hope to gain for Catholicity by thus justifying not only the Expostulation of Mr. Gladstone, but I might even add the Legislation of Prince Bismarck? And this too at a moment when Faith is almost quenched in the 4 quarters of the globe? It really looks like a Judicial Blindness. That the Church has a further triumph in store for her, I am one of those who fully believe. But I cannot think it is to come through the intrigues of the Ultramontane Party; a severe persecution is much more likely to be *their* fruit.

I was glad to see that they have lately been condemning at Rome some fanatical Books of the *Party*, as Dr. Bagshawe calls it, about the *Blood of Mary* and the *Blood of St. Joseph*, and other kindred absurdities. The course of events on the Continent and all over the world will surely open their eyes some of these days, unless they are doomed, and some people, fervent Catholics too, think there are some dark mysterious hints about all this in St. Paul's epistle to the Romans, to say nothing of other portions of the Divine Scriptures.

When I hear from Bp. Clifford, I shall know better what course to take. Meanwhile I suspect that *I* am not the only person against whom the "Party" mean to take steps, so that it would be as well to be on the look out. The indignation of Government will be tremendous, when the truth does ooze out. I believe "the vacant Thistle" never would have been given to Lord Bute but for your noble reply to Mr. Gladstone. He

(Ld. B.) said the other day to my daughter Margaret, that he quite dreaded the Abp.'s pamphlet (before it appeared) lest it should mar the enormous effect produced by your own. But even the Abp. is guarded in his phraseology—his young Lieut., forced on the Notts Diocese in spite of the Chapter, is less so, and evidently determined to ride roughshod over whatever he deems an obstacle. I think you had better not show this letter to any one except J. A. St. John.

With everything most kind from my wife.—I remain, yours
most sincerely,
A. P. DE LISLE.

GARENDON PARK,
15th February 1875.

MY DEAR BISHOP CLIFFORD—I sent you yesterday a copy of my letter to Dr. Newman, here is a copy of his answer, which reached me this morning.

“THE ORATORY,
14th February 1875.

“MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I am deeply grieved at what you tell me. It is simply shocking, but it really must not discourage you. Be of good heart, there is nothing more to come. It is impossible you can be touched. The Bishop of C. is a good Roman Theologian, and knows when a good book is safe, and when it is not—I have had a most gratifying good fortune this morning, and it concerns you in your present distress, for you have not said nearly such strong things as I have, and if I am safe, much more you. Cardinal Cullen, from whom I have not heard a word since I left Dublin in 1858, in his just published Lent Pastoral, speaks of me thus—‘The grounds on which this Statesman (Gladstone) founded his Expostulation have been admirably answered by the venerable Dr. Newman, for many years the Rector of the Catholic University, whom Ireland will ever revere,’ etc.

“Now, considering that Dr. C. is a Cardinal, that he is a good Theologian, that he has ever been prominently trusted at Rome, and is a personal friend of the Pope's, it is impossible he should use those words of me if there is anything in my Pamphlet which would call for animadversion from Rome—and I repeat, if I am safe, much more you.

“Therefore, however painful the occurrence is, put it aside.—
Most sincerely yours,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.”¹

¹ The indiscretion and party-spirit displayed by Bishop Bagshawe in his youth, of which De Lisle complains in his letter to Father Newman, does not seem to have abated with age, for some twenty years later the self-same

This letter is of course very satisfactory to me to get, but it reminds me of a story I could tell you, which I must reserve till we meet again, for it is too long for a letter, but which tends to prove that because one man escapes a danger, another is not always equally fortunate.

An enraged and disappointed "Party," such as that to which Dr. B. does not *scruple* to declare "*that he belongs*," will want a victim to save its own honor, and as Rome neither knows nor cares for the Position I hold among the Landed Aristocracy of England or its most ancient Feudal Families, or for my connexions, *Friendships*, and acquaintances, the heads of the "Party" there may very possibly think me a convenient, and not a *dangerous* victim, and sacrifice me accordingly, if it be only to the *Manes* of such a devoted though indiscreet band of Adherents.

I use the word *Manes* advisedly, for after your noble Pastoral, which told so upon Gladstone on one side and *Tory* Statesmen on the other, after Newman's glorious effort, after Fessler's English version, we may safely say the English Ramification of this goodly Lot has certainly received a mortal blow.—Ever your affte. Cousin,

A. P. DE LISLE.

Bishop Clifford, in a letter to De Lisle dated 14th February 1875, gratified him with a most consoling vindication against Bishop Bagshawe's indiscreet and intemperate condemnation of his Pamphlet.

BISHOP'S HOUSE, CLIFTON, BRISTOL,
14th February 1875.

Thank you for the extract of Newman's letter to you received this morning. I agree with him that your article will do much good. It is well written, and the points which are not quite accurate are few and not of much importance; whereas the general argument is clearly and ably developed.

1. As Bishop of Rome, the Pope is successor of St. Peter only—for only St. Peter was Bishop of Rome. There is nothing

Bishop being himself a supporter of the Irish National League at a time when it had identified itself with boycotting and the plan of campaign (both later on condemned by the Holy See), forbade the sacraments to Catholics of his diocese who belonged to the Primrose League. This prohibition was issued on the 1st Sunday of Lent 1885, but was cancelled on Mid-Lent Sunday of the same year under the peremptory orders of the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, who admonished the Bishop that before proceeding to such extreme measures he ought to have referred the matter to the Pope. Cardinal Manning and Bishop Clifford both immediately published opinions favourable to the Primrose League.

in your article to gainsay this ; on the contrary you say expressly when speaking of the Episcopacy : "The Pope is the successor of *St. Peter*, and the Bishops are the successors of the other Apostles." But whilst *St. Peter* alone was Bishop of Rome and head of the Church, *St. Peter* and *St. Paul* have always been called by the Church *Principes Apostolorum*, and as such held an authority greater than the other Apostles. An authority which the Pope claims, and which nobody but the Pope can claim. The Bishops may say we are successors of the Apostles ; nobody but the Pope can say I am successor of the Apostles, *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*.

The present Jubilee is published by Pope Pius IX., not auctoritate beati Petri et aliorum Apostolorum ; but the Pope writes *Dei misericordia et Beatorum Petri et Pauli auctoritate confisi*, etc. No other Bishop could use those words, and if they do not mean that the Pope has succeeded to the authority of *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, language has no meaning.

2. The proposition in your article runs thus :—"before the council some ultra-zealots had held . . . that God so preserved the Pope from all error, that even apart from his public official teaching addressed to the whole church, he could not possibly fall into error." Inspiration is necessarily infallible even before the inspired man communicates the inspired doctrine to others. Hence they who asserted that the Pope was *inspired*, as the prophets, not *assisted*, taught he was infallible even in cases when he was not teaching the whole world. Again, the Pope's Spiritual and temporal authority extends over many things besides his teaching the whole church. They, therefore, who taught that the infallibility of the Pope bore reference to his authority in all things spiritual and temporal, were certainly extending the limits of his infallibility beyond *his public official teaching addressed to the whole church*. Which is all that you asserted. I have myself read in print the words, "when the Pope thinks, it is God that thinks in him."

3. This I cannot understand. The passage about "ultra-zealots" occurs at pg. 8 of the article, and is expressly limited by the words : "*had held before the Council.*" The words, "*and which it is hoped will impose, etc.,*" occur at page 20, and have no reference at all to Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet. They form part of a commendation bestowed on Dr. Newman's letter. These words (not the previous ones) doubtless have reference to Englishmen (though not exclusively) ; but surely nobody will say that a Catholic layman is in any way to blame for expressing an opinion in no way censorious, that there are in our body men who allow themselves to be carried away by mistaken zeal,

and that it is to be hoped that the writings of an illustrious divine will be of service in the way of teaching such persons moderation.

4. I stated in my former letter that the passage about Honorius is open to the objection of seeming to say that it is a crime for a Catholic to hold that Honorius was not a heretic ; whereas all that can be said, and which you meant to say, is that granted the accuracy of the statement made that he was condemned by the Council and Pope Leo as a heretic, it would be as much a crime to dispute his being a heretic as it is to deny the Vatican Council. This ought to have been more clearly stated, but I do not admit unreservedly the criticism that the "statement of the article is categorical." The words are categorical in themselves, but they, as well as the whole of the statements about Honorius and the Council, are governed by the previous sentence. "Those who held, etc., laid themselves open to the charge of Contradicting Ecclesiastical History." You then proceed to give your version of Ecclesiastical history, and it is only in connection with that version and dependent on its correctness that the subsequent condemnatory clause rests. Everybody knows that in this, as in many other cases of Ecclesiastical History, there are different views as to *facts*, and you do not claim any authority as a teacher of those facts ; you accept one version as true, and draw your *conclusions* from those facts. You do not deny that others have stated those facts differently (though you may not agree with them), and that granted a different version of facts, a different consequence would follow. Your proposition is categorical, not absolutely, but only *secundum quid*. Nevertheless, as I have said, your mind ought to be more accurately stated.

5. I cannot accept those words, "The Pope, etc.," as a fair summary of this portion of your article. The question is one which cannot be stated in a summary way. All that I can say of your treatment of the question is that I consider it on the whole good and fair. It is a question upon which free men have a perfect right to speak, provided they do so in a becoming manner ; and I see nothing that is otherwise in your article. I do not say that I would agree exactly to all you say, or to the way you say it, though I do agree in general terms, but neither would I with all that Dr. Bagshawe says. I would not, for instance, admit that in questions of this kind the Pope's authority is *always* in possession.

6. To pillage is not part of the *duties* of a soldier—it may be permitted in war but not commanded. Therefore, if a soldier pillages in a *just* war he commits no theft, if in an *unjust* war

he commits theft, for neither the nature of the war nor the command of his officer covers him. He is free from sin only in so far as he adheres strictly to what military discipline obliges him to do: *innocentem militem ostendat ordo serviendi*, says St. Augustine. The moment he steps beyond the obligation of strict duty, he becomes of his free will a co-operator in the sin of his chief. Just as the man who pays the war-tax does not sin, but the man who subscribes to aid the war does.

7. The condemned proposition, *Ecclesia vis inferendae potestatem non habet, neque potestatem ullam temporalem directam vel indirectam*, is a *general negative proposition*, and therefore according to the rules of logic its *contradictory* is the *particular affirmative* proposition: *Ecclesia vis inferendae potestatem aliquam habet, et potestatem aliquam temporalem directam vel indirectam*. The 1st proposition being false, it follows that the 2nd is necessarily true. The *contrary* proposition to the first, that is to say any affirmative proposition which asserts *more* than the *contradictory* one, may be true or may be false. For though two contrary propositions cannot both be true, they may both be false. The fact of the first proposition being condemned does not establish either the truth or the falsehood of the *contrary* one. There is no denial in your article of the fact that the Church has some right of using restraint, and that she has some temporal power either direct or indirect. On the contrary you state that the Church rightly makes use of those secular powers with which in Catholic countries the Ecclesiastical Courts are invested. You therefore in no way fall under the censure of the condemned proposition.

What the Bishop says about the Church imprisoning priests, etc., *may* be quite true, or partly true, yet to deny it would not be to assert the condemned proposition. The case itself is treated in Dr. Newman's letter.

I do not mean by this to say that all you have said on the subject is quite correct. But first there is nothing contrary to faith in what you have said, and secondly I fully agree in the general drift of it, and thirdly if there are sentences which are not written with theological precision, it must be borne in mind that it is a question in which theologians are not unanimous in their explanations, and, moreover, that it is a layman that writes. In matters of this kind which affect our position as Englishmen, it is most important that laymen should write and write freely, so that they write respectfully, as I am sure nobody would suspect you of not doing. Nobody expects to find that degree of precision that they justly expect from a theologian—though we know how to make allowances even for

them. Your letter, I am sure, has done much good, and its few defects are not of much consequence.

With kindest remembrances to Laura and all at Garendon.—
Your affate. Cousin, WILLIAM CLIFFORD.

The following letter from his very old and valued friend, Father Lockhart, who had recently purchased and restored the pre-Reformation Episcopal Chapel in Ely Place, commonly called S. Etheldreda's Church, to Catholic worship, did much to soothe the irritation and pain caused by Bishop Bagshawe's onslaught:—

14 ELY PLACE, *Feb.* 18, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I hasten to thank you for your masterly treatise on “the Council of the Vatican in its bearings on Civil Allegiance.” I think it is one of the best things you have written, and the best lay-utterance that has appeared in the controversy raised by Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet. I pray God it may do a great deal of good. I hope you will let me know if you come to London. My best regards to all your circle.—
Your affect. in Xt., W. LOCKHART.

And Lord Emly wrote to him from Tervoe, Limerick, the very same day.

TERVOE, LIMERICK, *Feb.* 15, 1875.

MY DEAR DE LISLE—I am very much obliged to you for your article. It is really excellent. You put the unanswerable argument in favour of infallibility most clearly and powerfully. Gallicanism is if carried out into practice which it never was Mezentranism—*mortua quinetiam jungebat corpora vivis*—or rather *viva mortuis*. How can it be one's duty to keep in communion with error? What you say of Gladstone would have been good, if he had not used insulting and bitter rhetoric—as to the deposing power, in Fenelon's sense, I do not agree with you that it did harm on the whole—without it the world would have fallen into Bismarkianism or Paganism. What you say of Liddon is excellent. From his cockleboat he refuses to take the rope thrown out to him by the ship and rushes without a compass into the dark and stormy ocean.

And on the 19th of the same month, a few words of approval from the great Oratorian himself once more put De Lisle in good heart, for he never abandoned the belief

that the day would come when Newman's transcendent ability and goodness would be fully recognised by the Holy See. But De Lisle did not live to see him created a Cardinal of the Roman Church.

THE ORATORY, *Feb. 19/75.*

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I found your letters on my table last night, on returning from London too late for the post.

There is nothing in Gladstone's conclusion, (which is written in a religious tone, as one would expect) to throw light upon the probable contents of the pages which preceded it. So one must wait patiently. He ought to have proved a good deal in what goes before to assume so much in the peroration.

I hear many accounts of priests, etc. who like your article, and not one of readers who dislike it. To me the question is, first is the *scope* and substance of the whole good? secondly, is the tone and object good? and thirdly, the opinions in it do they transgress that liberty which the Church allows? This is what I think most candid men would ask, and would answer in the affirmative. I return G.'s letter and proof.—Most truly yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

With his wonted reverence for Episcopal authority, De Lisle wrote in a most mild and temperate manner to Bishop Bagshawe as follows:—

GARENDON PARK,
22nd February 1875.

DEAR BISHOP OF NOTTINGHAM—On my return home last week I found your letter with its enclosure in reply to Bp. Clifford's remarks in defence of my Article. That enclosure I have forwarded to Bp. Clifford.

I thank you for kindly assuring me that you "had no intention of offending" me.

It was my wish, as it still is, to avoid any personal controversy with you upon my Article, as I thought it might be unbecoming in me; and as the Bp. of Clifton had examined and approved it before it was sent to the Printer, I ventured to devolve upon him the task of saying what he thought might be said in reply to your strictures.

The Article itself was not published in this Diocese but in a London Review—and the copy I sent to you was one of a lot printed for me but not published.

As a Layman I can have no pretensions to the knowledge or

accuracy of a professed Theologian, and though I have often at the request of others, as in the present instance, ventured to write on subjects more or less impinging on Theology, *I have never done so* without previously showing what I had written to the best Theological Authority within my reach.

Had I known you better or had I had the pleasure of seeing you here when I invited you, I might have ventured to show you my MS. before committing it to the press.

My sole object was to serve the Church of God, and to answer Mr. Gladstone, who is one of my intimate friends, in such a way as might be useful to him without offending him, and might also be publicly serviceable to those who have entered into the present controversy.

The sentence you referred to in my Art. p. 8, by its wording: "BEFORE the Council" expressly guards agt. any application to a "Prominent Party" *now* amongst us.

The Ultra-zealots I referred to are to be looked for all over the world, not in England alone, and they carry their extreme opinions far beyond even the limit I suggested of "personal Infallibility," some even holding that "when the Pope thinks it is God who thinks in him," etc. The Pope himself referred to these extreme people in a conversation he had with a relation of mine not long ago; adding that they did the Church more harm than even her professed enemies.

If hereafter I should be asked to write again, I shall venture to ask you to look over my MS. before it is published.—I remain, with much respect, your Lordship's dutiful servt. in Xt.

A. P. DE LISLE.

Apart from their intrinsic importance, some of these confidential communications possess a very special interest as affording materials for the study of character, especially—what most concerns the writer and reader of this "Life"—that of Phillipps de Lisle himself. There is much in the character of his mind which calls for study and explanation. From time to time we come across contradictions, sometimes only seeming, but sometimes so real as to be startling. In studying De Lisle's character it must ever be remembered that two guiding factors were at work in his mind, often struggling, as must needs be the case, for mastery. These two were fealty to the Catholic Church and an intense personal devotion to the Sovereign of these Realms. Hence the slightest doubt cast upon the loyalty of Catholics to the

Crown if it seemed to be justified by Republican or ultra-Papal sentiments uttered by responsible Catholics upset his equanimity. Few Catholics had a higher reverence for the rights of the Papacy than he had, and yet at the very moment when Mr. Gladstone, with impetuous vehemence, was assailing the Vatican Decrees, De Lisle did not scruple to urge him on in his course, not as Mr. Gladstone told me a year or two ago, because he had, as was the case with some other Catholics of note, a quarrel with Pope or priest, but because he feared that unless restrained by external influences the extreme party might be tempted to interfere with the rights or the independence of Catholics more moderate than themselves. He felt that Catholicism was meant for all ages and for all nations, and he dreaded the use of terms or the evolution of customs, such as the "toasting of the Pope," either before or after the Sovereign (the eccentric, not to say offensive, combination-toast of "Pope and Queen" was not invented in his day), which might place Catholics in a compromising light, and make of them a sort of peculiar people, to be only tolerated like Quakers, because insignificantly few in numbers and position. It was this apprehension, made more acute by the dread lest extravagant theories urged in a harsh and hostile spirit might throw back the hopes of Corporate Reunion that brought about what might otherwise seem paradoxical—a friendly alliance or fellowship between so fervent an upholder of the Papacy as himself and so formidable an opponent as Mr. Gladstone. Further, it must be admitted that there was an occasional strain of exaggeration in De Lisle's mind; his imagination, always quick and vivid, was peculiarly liable to be carried away by sudden transports. In such moments or moods his hopes, for instance, in regard to Reunion were so transmuted as to take the form of absolute predictions. In like manner in his friendships, gratitude, admiration, affection, as shown in many of his letters to Lord Shrewsbury and Mr. Gladstone, were expressed in such exaggerated terms of laudation as almost to border on the fulsome.

It would perhaps be difficult to find outside the range

of professed panegyrics or the epithets recorded on too many a tombstone, a more absurdly exaggerated estimate than that formed by De Lisle on Mr. Gladstone's notorious pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees. He speaks of it in a letter to the author as "most eloquent and luminous"; "a wonderful production worthy of the colossal mind by which it is conceived"; or as "never for a moment failing in good temper or degenerating into bitterness."

In writing, on the other hand, to the Bishop of Salford (now Cardinal Vaughan), De Lisle took a less favourable view of Mr. Gladstone's *Expostulation*, looking upon it as the result of an accident rather than of any pre-meditated design. It was provoked in De Lisle's opinion by the numerous remonstrances made by Mr. Gladstone's Catholic friends on the offensive anti-Catholic statement which had appeared in his article on Ritualism in the *Contemporary*.

On the famous Pamphlet itself De Lisle wrote to the Bishop as follows:—

Be this as it may the results may be serious to us, and for himself it puts him (I should say) in a false position as a sort of unwilling Leader of the No-Popery Party.¹ I should think too it would hopelessly damage any chance of a future return to Office.

In a letter dated Lancaster, 5th September 1876, Cardinal Manning wrote to De Lisle:—

. . . I think Mr. Gladstone's intervention and Pamphlet to come at this crisis a simple disaster. It will heat men's passions and blind their understandings as he did about the Neapolitan Prisons and Garibaldi. . . .

It will not be inappropriate to conclude this interchange of criticisms, some favourable, some more or less hostile, on Mr. Gladstone and *Vaticanism* with the following characteristic letters, two of which refer to subjects painful to Catholics; but they show with what frankness De Lisle

¹ Cardinal Manning expressed himself very similarly in a private letter to Mr. Gladstone about the same time. "You are not at the centre of Protestantism, but of the British Empire."

opened his mind to Mr. Gladstone,—even when the great minister might be supposed to be exulting over the secession from Catholicism of such distinguished ecclesiastics as the ex-Dominican Father Rudolph Suffield, the author of a widely popular prayer-book, entitled *The Crown of Jesus*, and Dr. Ignatius von Döllinger, the great historian and theologian of Munich, who at one time ranked as the first Catholic divine of the century.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,
Oct. 10, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I have referred to the passage in Dante and it is even more remarkable, I think, than as I described it. It assigns to doubt a great and noble office in promoting, as a provision of Nature, the upward progress of the intellect towards its complete repose in God. It is part of the Fourth Canto of the *Paradiso*, vv. 124-32.

Io veggio ben che giammai non si sazia
Nostro intelletto, se 'l ver non lo illustra,
Di fuor dal qual nessun vero si spazia.
Posasi in esso come fera in lustra,
Tosto che giunto l' ha : e giunger puollo,
Se non, ciascun disio sarebbe frustra.
Nasce *per quello*, a guisa di rampollo.
Appiè del vero, il dubbio : ed è natura,
Ch' al sommo pinga noi di collo in collo.¹

A more remarkable product of the human mind than this passage I think is rarely encountered in literature : either for its depth or its compression.

I have not got here a copy of the little tract I promised : but I enclose a note to Mr. Hine. I send it with this through

¹ Well I discern, that by that truth alone
Enlighten'd, beyond which no truth may roam,
Our mind may satisfy her thirst to know :
Therein she resteth, e'en as in his lair
The wild beast, soon as she hath reached that bound,
And she hath power to reach it ; else desire
Were given to no end. And thence doth doubt
Spring like a shoot around the stock of truth ;
And it is nature which, from height to height,
On to the summit prompts us.

Cary's Translation.

London where the proper initials will be ascertained and attached.

As you and Mrs. de Lisle sometimes go into Wales, my brother-in-law hopes that you will take Hawarden on your way. I think you would like him much.

With my agreeable recollections of my visit I remain,
sincerely yours, W. E. GLADSTONE.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
October 13, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I was delighted to receive your letter containing the passage from Dante in full, and your kind introduction to Mr. Hine, for which pray accept my best thanks. It is indeed a most remarkable passage and quite worthy of what you say about it.

Since you went I have been reading Mr. Suffield's Letters on "A Conversion to Roman Catholicism" which you gave me. I must say they are a most melancholy specimen of the change from Faith to Doubt, the very reverse of the process described in those beautiful lines of Dante. It made me think of an awful Passage of St. Paul's, "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened and have tasted of the Heavenly Gift and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good Word of God and the Powers of the World to come, if *they shall fall away*, to renew them again unto repentance."—Heb. vi. 4.

It is indeed an awful fact that none so horribly blaspheme the Truth, none so maliciously misrepresent it, as those who have once possessed it, but failing to profit by it have renounced it. I never read such a tissue of blasphemies and misrepresentations as those contained in Mr. Suffield's Letters, except many years ago in Blanco White, who like Mr. Suffield subsided into mere Theism, if it was not really Atheism. Poor Lamennais was another example, I remember Montalembert once told me that he died actually doubting his own existence. Mr. Suffield seems utterly to forget our Saviour's Parable of the Tares: He fastens upon the abuses of Catholicism, and puts them forward as if they were its essence. What he says about *Directions* is the grossest exaggeration. In the first place not one Catholic in a thousand ever thinks of putting himself under what he calls *Direction*, though no Catholic can be either a good one or maintain himself in goodness, who does not go to confession, aye and often too. Then he caricatures and exaggerates what we mean by ecclesiastical infallibility, whether in our Chief Bishop or in the Church Corporately. It is perfectly distinct

from inspiration, and consists simply in the assistance of the Holy Ghost promised by our Divine Saviour to the Apostles and their successors to maintain them in the true Doctrine, as He gave it to them, and to enable them rightly to define and explain it when controversies arise in the Church concerning its meaning. It is not any Power of revealing new Truths, it is only to make old ones clear amid the gainsayings of those who swerve from the sense always and everywhere received in the Catholic Church. Mr. Suffield would deny the Doctrine of our B. Lady's Immaculate Conception or of Papal Infallibility to come under my description. I should maintain that they both do, and that the definitions in regard to both only express in distinct terms what was always held at least implicitly by the great mass of Catholic Theologians. The *παράγναι* of the earliest Greek Liturgies, which Neale traces to the Apostles themselves, would be simply an untruth if the mother of Jesus Christ had been conceived in Sin—and so to believe, as all Catholics have ever taught, that communion with the chair of Peter was an indispensable condition of *Catholic Communion* would seem inconsistent with the liability of that chair to fall into grievous error in its authentic teaching. As we believe that the Catholic Church in her corporate capacity, as the Teacher of "All Nations," cannot err, so likewise it is now defined that the centre of Catholic Unity is also preserved by the same Divine assistance of the Holy Ghost from teaching erroneous Doctrine. But this privilege does not exempt the Pope personally from falling into error, which, as in the case of Honorius, he may communicate to his Brother Patriarchs and Bishops and so render himself worthy like Honorius of condemnation. But I do not believe that if Honorius had been solemnly addressing the Universal Church, he would have been permitted by God to say what he did, when he wrote to the Eastern Patriarchs, what was rightly condemned by the 6th Œcumenical Council.¹ This may of course to many appear a forced distinction, still it is a distinction which to Catholics appears very real and just. Archbishop Manning denies that Honorius fell into Heresy, but in denying this he appears to me to injure the Catholic cause, for he denies History, and what is worse sets himself up against a general Council which is universally received and which in

¹ Pope Honorius in the incriminating epistle which gave an opportunity to the Greek Fathers to pronounce "*anathema Honorio heretico*" at the 6th General Council, especially guarded himself against the conditions of what would now be termed an *ex cathedra* utterance in the memorable words with which he prefaced his expression of heterodox opinion, "*non nos oportet definientes prædicare.*"—E. DE L.

this very particular was solemnly confirmed by Pope Leo the Second, Honorius's next successor but one.¹ It is quite sufficient for Catholic consistency to show, what I have no doubt whatever can be triumphantly shown, that Honorius, though personally Heretical, never attempted to impose his own view upon the Universal Church. Nevertheless as the Monothelite Party tried to turn his authority to their own account, it was necessary for the Church to do what she did and to condemn his Heretical Letters to the Eastern Patriarchs. And I should say the very fact of the Monothelites trying to exaggerate the force of those Letters to their own advantage is a proof of what was thought in that same period of the authority of the Chair of S. Peter, and the very language of the same Council in reference to Pope Agatho, when they said "Peter spoke by his mouth" proved how clear the distinction, which I have drawn, was in their mind. But I really ought to apologise for writing thus on matters suggested by Mr. Suffield's Letters—for I am sure I shall bore you. But I shall long to see Mr. Wilkinson's Tract on Prayer, if you can procure one for me.

And now let me ask you to thank Sir Stephen Glynne very much for his most kind invitation to Mrs. de Lisle and myself, and if all be well next year on our way to Merionethshire, I will then write and propose to profit by his kind invitation, and a great privilege will it be for me to have such an opportunity of making an acquaintance I shall so deeply value, as also of seeing the beauties of Hawarden Castle, of which I have heard so much. I had a Letter this morning from your Secretary, Mr. Hamilton, enquiring whether I could throw any light upon the case of Mr. Galloway Gill, in reference to which he enclosed some Letters for me to look over. I replied that I knew nothing of the case, and had never heard of his various theological movements—I only wish I had it in my power to give any information.

It is so good of you to speak so kindly of your little visit here, but how can I sufficiently express what a privilege and pleasure I felt it to entertain you under my roof and to listen to your most interesting Conversation, which I can never forget, and shall always treasure up as among my most precious recollections. My Wife and Daughter beg to join me in kind remembrances to you, and I remain, my dear Mr. Gladstone, very sincerely yours,

AMBROSE P. DE LISLE.

¹ Bishop Hefele in his *Kirchengeschichte* says: "Die Briefe Leo's präcisiren nur die Schuld des Honorius genauer und expliciren dadurch den Sinn, in welchem die Conciliensentenz zu fassen sei."

E. DE L.

10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL,
Oct. 28, '73.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I am concerned to have been the occasion of your being called upon to write me so good a letter, but I do not deny that I am glad to be relieved from the charge of having visited you for ten days without an invitation.

Had I been less occupied I should have written to thank you for your precious letter; and should have ventured, perhaps, in a qualified manner, to defend Mr. Suffield, grievous as is the fact of his having become a Professor of Unitarianism. But I do not suppose he ever had an intelligent belief in the Incarnation; and I must own it is to me a great comfort and satisfaction under all circumstances to see those who have changed their religion much governed by a spirit of kindness towards the systems or the persons they have left: while I cannot but think that he states with much force, and point, some things that are true, and that require to be stated. I trust it never may be my duty or desire to enter upon that field, but you must I think have noted it as a singularity that the controversy between the Latin Church and the Church of England has been for 30 years with the rarest exceptions one-sided. One-sided, I say, because I do not allow Exeter Hall opposition (as I would call it) to be any opposition at all. It is not with or to you, certainly, that I should desire to open such a subject: and much would be the gain, both of Faith and Charity, if the spirit which rules you was more widely diffused.

You will be surprised at my feeling more acutely the imputation of discourtesy than that of a leaning in religion which would for me be dishonest. But the truth is I am so accustomed to be accused of Popery, Greek Orthodoxy, and Rationalism, alternately or together, that I have grown very callous.

I am surprised that so respectable a Journal as the *Morning Post* should have copied the paragraph of the Record.

With my best compliments to Mrs. de Lisle, believe me,
always sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Ambrose de Lisle, Esq.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
October 31, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I thank you very much for the kind and interesting letter I received from you yesterday; by the same Post I had ventured to send you directed to Hawarden Castle a copy of a Book I wrote some years ago (1855) "on

Mahometanism in its relation to Prophecy." I do not know whether you will ever have time to look it over, but I should be very much flattered if you did; at all events I hope you will accept it, as also in a few days, when I get a copy from my Bookseller, of an ascetical work I translated from the Italian called "*Il Diario Spirituale*"—which I suppose like the other I had better send to Hawarden Castle.

You will have seen a Paragraph in contradiction to the other we were writing about, in the *Morning Post*. As I feared, they did not publish my Letter, brief as it was, and in condensing its substance take no notice of my denial about "the uninvited guest," which I am very sorry for. It is really wonderful what fabrications your visit here has given rise to; the "*Daily Telegraph*" of the day before yesterday announces "that you are still at Garendon!" and the *Pall Mall* that you are "about to assume the cowl of a Monk!" To be the victim of absurd reports is no doubt one of the Penalties of greatness, and one to which as you justly say, you are growing callous. Still I am grieved that the Privilege you conferred on me should have been the occasion of such a fresh outburst.—I remain, My dear Mr. Gladstone, ever sincerely yrs.,

AMBROSE P. DE LISLE.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
Nov. 6, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—How can I sufficiently thank you for your very kind Letter, and the truly golden Book of Abbot Blosius, translated by the Attorney General, which you have given me and sent with it? I have long known it in the original Latin, for 40 years Blosius has been my constant companion; I first fell in with him, while travelling on the Continent. It was a thick Folio containing all his works, that I picked up at a Book Stall on a Bridge, and it was a great kindness of Providence for me, for which I can never thank God enough. How delightful, how consoling to see such works appreciated and presented to their fellow countrymen by such men as the Attorney General, and that the Prime Minister of England should himself have concurred with others in advising it! This is indeed a wonderful and consoling fact. What a contrast between it and some others which we witness at this moment in Italy—it makes me remember those words of the old Roman Prophet I told you about, spoken in 1831, when he said "*Qui (in Roma) si perde la Fede, la si guadagna (in Inghilterra).*" But how wonderful every thing is, which is going on now in the

whole world! How mysterious are the ways of Providence. I cannot help feeling that we are rapidly coming to one of the most tremendous epochs in the History of Mankind: What is it to usher in? Is it to be good or evil? I am not one of those who think we are coming to the end of the world, in the full sense of the term—but I do think that we are coming to the great break up of all the secular kingdoms and Powers foretold alike by Daniel and by the Royal Psalmist, and that this is to usher in the glorious Kingdom of Messiah upon earth, which is the great triumph of Christ's holy Catholic Church, which will last for many ages and perfectly fulfil all the glowing predictions of God's Prophets, but which alas! will in its turn be succeeded by the last great falling away of mankind notwithstanding such glorious manifestations of Divine Power and goodness, and this will bring the judgment of Fire upon our Earth and the termination of Man's probational State.

I have not seen Bishop Reinkens's Letter to the Evangelical alliance to which you refer, though I saw some mention of it in a High Church Paper. Where is it to be got? I should like to see it, and also that treatise on Prayer you spoke about, in answer to the Sceptics. There is one thing which delights me in the midst of all the unbelief and all the evil that prevails so largely, Christians of different communions are beginning to understand each other better and to sympathize with one another. I do rejoice in this, for I view it as a step to a still more perfect Union, grounded upon the basis of true Orthodoxy, not on the quicksand of Latitudinarianism or Indifferentism. I believe we are entering on the Church's last conflict, that with the Rationalistic element—we are already in it, but we are coming to its fiercest onslaught, when that has done its worst, there will be a great triumph of good: but it is not likely that any who are now alive will see this.

I liked those Lines of Miss Noel on Bishop Wilberforce very much. They are really beautiful, and I was charmed with that deep reverence and devotion, which you expressed in referring to that truly worthy sentiment of the illustrious Dante, not to allow any other word to rhyme with "Cristo." He was full of the spirit of the Apostle Paul "in nomine Jesu omne genu flectetur" and you partake of it also, how I thank God that you do.

But it is really too shocking that I should trespass thus on a Prime Minister's precious time, and in such a critical moment in European History, as without pedantry I may but too truly say—so let me end, and believe me, my dear Mr. Gladstone, very sincerely yrs.,

AMBROSE P. DE LISLE.

The following correspondence passed between the ex-Premier, during his short retirement from public life, and his sanguine friend De Lisle, who even persuaded himself that he was about to land this big fish upon the shores of the Petrine rock. But he was grieved to find Mr. Gladstone's mind had been alienated for ever by the bitter spirit which he had imbibed from Dr. Döllinger,¹ to whose subsequent dismay Gladstone's Catholic tendencies eventually flew off at a tangent in the direction of American-Irish nationalism, culminating in the Home Rule frenzy which finally disembowelled the Liberal party and shattered Mr. Gladstone's unique reputation as the greatest statesman of his day.²

¹ Newman remarked in a letter to De Lisle, dated May 8, 1875: "I wish I could believe that Mr. Gladstone would lay to heart what you say, but the suspicion of tyrannical conduct and double dealing at Rome seems to absorb his whole mind."

² On the 28th January 1897 Mr. Purcell had an interview with Mr. Gladstone at Whitehall Court on the subject of this *Life*; he made the following notes of his conversation.

NOTES OF CONVERSATION WITH MR. GLADSTONE.

WHITEHALL COURT, January 28, 1897, 11-12.30.

Speaking of De Lisle, Mr. Gladstone said, "I should call De Lisle an Israelite indeed in whom was no guile." Then, "Here are fifty of his letters. Had any one told me that I had so many of his letters I should not have believed it possible." Speaking of De Lisle's early days, he said De Lisle was an ardent proselytizer. He possessed a singular insight into the character of men; and hence he only attempted to make converts of whom he had formed a high opinion. In Rome, in Jan'y. 1838, he met an American clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Connelly, in whose conversion he was deeply interested. In this view, he took his friend to see an old monk in the Franciscan Convent at Ara Coeli reported to be a Saint, dead to all human infirmities, bedridden, spending his days in meditation and prayer, full of the love of God and of charity towards all men.

De Lisle was persuaded that the presence of this holy man, humble of spirit, mortified in the flesh, his words of love and charity would inspire the Rev. Mr. Connelly with feelings of reverence and remove the few remaining prejudices that stood in the way of his conversion.

No sooner, however, had Mr. de Lisle explained his friend's calling, than the Old Monk started up, threw out his arms and shouted "Ministro Protestante, Ministro del Diavolo!"

Hurrying his astonished friend out of the monk's cell, De Lisle in his perplexity and disappointment, on reaching the foot of the hall, sought consolation at the Gesù. Father Bridges, an English Jesuit, universally esteemed in Rome, on learning the terrible rebuff the Rev. Mr. Connelly and

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
April 1, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I have long been desiring to write to you, but thought it scarcely fair to add to your burdens at such a moment, when you must have been already too much engaged with every sort of business.

What changes have come over the face of this Country, since we last exchanged a Letter! not however probably greater than what a sentence in your Letter to me of the 2nd of January showed that you expected to be possible—I know too from what you said to me at Garendon that these events in some respects will not have been unwelcome to you—and though for a season you relinquish the cares and anxieties of such a high office, there can be no doubt that e'er long it will again be in your power to resume them, if you are inclined to do so. For myself, having all my Life professed Conservative Principles, I feel that one source, and not the least, of satisfaction to you must be the consideration, that you are now set free from the trammels of that extreme portion of the Liberal Party, which must have been a most galling burden to you in directing its movements—and adding for myself that though a Conservative I have never been able to make myself a strong Party man. I cannot help hoping for the arrival of a Time, when all good men whether Liberals or Conservatives will be able to rally together under the banner of a true Patriotism to support measures really conducive to the welfare of our country, and to offer a strong and effectual resistance to the destructive schemes of infatuated and designing men. I should like to see the day when you could be placed at the head of such a combination, for I believe that you are the only man worthy or capable to hold such a Position.

I must trust to your friendship to forgive me for writing with such freedom, and hoping to see you, if I come up to Town with my Family in May or June.—I remain, My dear Mr. Gladstone, very sincerely yrs.,

AMBROSE P. DE LISLE.

11 C. H. TERRACE,
Apr. 2, '74.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I have often thought, during these weeks, of our conversations at your house last autumn.

De Lisle had received from the old Franciscan monk, said, “The Franciscans are an order that have produced a few most holy Saints, but a great many blackguards.”

Were I a creature less deeply unworthy than I am, I could not hesitate to acknowledge in the present state of things, so far as I am concerned, the answer to my prayers. Looking at it from the outside, I find at least its correspondence with my life-long wishes. Convinced that the career of strife, and tension in strife, which alone my political position offers me, is not the right food for the latter stages of my existence upon earth, whatever it may be for others, I have ever desired that a way of escape might be opened for me. And here it seems to be offered, in my not retirement but emphatic dismissal, and in the absence of any great public cause demanding my aid. Truly if this is so it is true even of me that "by the help of my God I shall leap over a wall," that "my feet are set in a large room," and that I now have hope of opportunity and recollection for the great battle, in my case, oh how great, the battle with myself.

I do not say I shall disobey calls of political duty, indeed I am pledged to the contrary, but they will be obeyed if at all with great reluctance, and I hope they will not come.

As to its politics, this country has much less, I think, to fear than to hope; unless through the corruption of its religion—against which, as Conservative or as Liberal, I can perhaps say I have striven all my life long. But, of such political danger as exists, the main part does not, in my opinion, come from democracy, which this nation does not desire; it comes from plutocracy, which is even now doing us great mischief.

I fear, shall I rather say I hope, you will not find me in London; but will remember your disposition to entertain favourably the idea of a visit to Hawarden.—Believe me, most sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
April 10, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I read your last kind letter to me with the deepest interest, I ought rather to say edification and admiration, for assuredly it would be difficult to imagine nobler or holier sentiments than those it expresses. I quite feel with you that seasons of rest and solemn recollection before God are necessary not only for those who are called, as you have been, to preside over the destinies of the mightiest empire on earth, but for even those who are placed by Divine Providence in a humbler sphere of duty; but such intromissions may be, and probably are, the preparation for further and perhaps still more brilliant services. I look forward very much to the prospect of the visit to Hawarden which your Brother in Law so

kindly proposed for me and Mrs. de Lisle, and you will, I have no doubt, let me know when it might suit Sir Stephen's convenience best for us to avail ourselves of it. I think in August we are to go to visit my son-in-law, Howard of Glossop, at Dorlin, his place in Scotland, and we might go to Hawarden Castle either on our way there or on our return, whichever was most convenient, or, if, as I saw in the papers, you intended to make a tour on the Continent, and were perhaps to prolong your stay there, we could defer our visit to another year. In fine you must fix all this, and not let the great pleasure we anticipate from such a delightful visit be in any degree in your way.

Two of my Sons are now in Rome, and in a letter from my eldest, received this morning, he tells us that he went along with a large number of foreign Catholics to see the Pope last week, when his Holiness made them a most striking address both in point of wording and manner, and they were all charmed with their visit. He is really a wonderful man to be able to do all he does at 83, and after having suffered so much and so long. Have you seen the remarkable Letter of the Bishop of Orleans to his Clergy on the supposed visions and miracles, which have been so much talked about in France of late? I have got it entire in the "Correspondant," and it seems a very judicious and not unneeded warning, though it is far from denying what has ever been taught in the Catholic Church that the hand of God can never be limited either to time or place in those marvellous interventions which He mercifully permits, when they are needed, to confirm a failing Faith and to manifest His will to those who seek to fulfill it. I trust you are in perfect health, and praying that every blessing of God may attend you, —I remain, my dear Mr. Gladstone, most sincerely yrs.,

AMBROSE P. DE LISLE.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
April 21, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE — I thank you very much for your kind Letter, and Sir Stephen Glynne for his kind message about the visit to Hawarden Castle to which we are looking forward so much, but if there be any chance of your not being there in August, I would rather, if I might, postpone it till our return from Scotland, when perhaps you might be returned. But about all this between now and then you may be able to tell me more definitely a little later.

It is very interesting what you say about having heard from Dr. Döllinger, and that you contemplate visiting him at Munich.

I never think of him without pain : about 30 years ago he was so kind and hospitable to us at Munich, and gave me an introduction to the Prince Bishop of Trent in order that I might visit the *Estatica* of Caldaro—of whom more some other time. After that he paid us a visit at Grace-Dieu along with Lord Acton, who was then his pupil, and kindly sent me several Books from the Royal Library at Munich for me to study while composing my Book on Mahometanism, of which I sent you a copy. He was Tutor too to our cousin the present Lord Clifford, who very largely sympathises with many of his views, though not in his *separation* from the Catholic communion. In fine I have a deep interest in that very remarkable man, and feel very much indebted to him for all his works, up to the period of the Council, at least for those of them which have been translated into English, for I am ignorant of German.

Last week we spent a few days at Lichfield with Archdeacon Moore, the Precentor of that beautiful Cathedral. I need not say how charmed I was with its restoration which is still proceeding in admirable taste. I was delighted also to witness the same progress in several other Churches of the City, that dedicated to St. Mary has been almost rebuilt by Street, and over the high Altar an exquisite Fresco has been placed in 3 beautiful Compartments representing our B. Lady with the Divine Child in her arms in the central one, and on either side the Magi in adoration—all the Figures life-size : the Church was full of flowers, and the chancel admirably arranged for choral Service. We also saw the Church of St. John's Hospital lately restored, and equally Catholic in all its arrangements and decoration. But nothing pleased me more than the new chapel in the Bishop's Palace, and all the Bishop's arrangements for his Ordination Candidates. No Catholic Bishop could have done it better. I have always said God-speed to the great restorative Movement in the Anglican Church, and I believe fully, as you expressed it when at Garendon, that that Church has a great work to do in the Vineyard of our Lord. You will remember that that remarkable Catholic writer De Maistre said of the Church of England "notwithstanding all her faults she is *very precious* to us." It was poor Montalembert who showed it to me, and who was himself very much struck with all he saw in England, though the religious movement was not near so advanced then as now. I have been writing a short article in the next No. of the *Union Review* which will be out in May "on the present condition of Xtendom." It is an Anglican Periodical, that advocates Reunion, and takes my view of the German schism, adverse therefore to that of Dr. Döllinger.

I have been terribly vexed at the Exeter Reredos Decision, but I was somewhat reassured in reading the leading article on it in last Friday's Times. I think with that writer that the public opinion and taste of England will hardly endorse it, or be ready to enter under the leadership of such a man as Phillpotts on a fresh Iconoclastic crusade worthy of the days of John Knox. I hope that beautiful monument of Xtian art will not be destroyed.

I do not wonder that from your present point of view the Pontificate of our Venerable Pius IX. should give you some pain, though your personal intercourse with him has left such a pleasing reminiscence, as that which you mention. We are not bound to his Political views, and as a fact the Catholic world discards them perhaps too much—but after all it strikes me, that the excesses of the Revolution have done far more to discredit and obstruct the sound progress of civil Liberty than any propositions put forth by our aged Chief Pastor.

In case you should like to glance over the Bishop of Orleans' Letter on Miracles and Visions, I send you a number of the *Correspondant* which contains it. Pray again offer my best thanks to Sir Stephen Glynne for his most hospitable Invitation which I trust may be carried out when you are at his Castle, and believe me, my dear Mr. Gladstone, ever sincerely yrs.,

AMBROSE P. DE LISLE.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,
Apr. 26, '74.

DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I thank you for the various notes of your recollection and kindness which I have received through the post during the last few days. None of them I assure you are unappreciated, though I may not be able at once to give them the attention I could wish. Indeed I am a creature living his whole life in the midst of arrears of all kinds.

As a good Conservative you probably see the Quarterly Review, and if you have the opportunity on no account omit to read the Article on Bishop Wilberforce. It is very well done and I knew the illustrious subject of it well enough to testify to its general fidelity. He was strongly anti-roman but the article does not dwell on the polemical side of him. His diocesan power and work are what it chiefly exhibits and in these I cannot but believe that he has rarely if ever been surpassed in the Christian Church. And this is a subject in which your interest will I well know not be marred by any narrowness of feeling.

I have sixteen days before me, then another run to London

but I hope a short one. Old as I am I really feel rather like a bird out of his cage.—Believe me, sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,

May 20, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I have to thank you for a kind and interesting Letter, which I received a few weeks ago, since which I have read with great pleasure the article you spoke of on Bishop Wilberforce in the Quarterly Review. I think it does justice to the Bishop and is a deeply interesting article in itself. He certainly was a most remarkable man and a high Type of a Xtian Bishop. I of course wish he had been less Anti-Roman, at least in the only sense in which I can understand it as really used by him—*Anticatholic*. I have often wondered at the sort of sympathy expressed, or affected, by some members of the Church of England towards the Eastern Churches, in the same breath in which they denounce the errors of Rome. Unless they are prepared to accept every doctrine of Catholicism except the Pope, all the rest are held in a more pronounced form in the Eastern Churches, than in the Western. Take Images as one sample—we Westerns in our Liturgy publicly venerate the Image of Christ only once in a year, on Good Friday—while the Easterns do so in every Mass all the year round. In the Liturgy of the Latin Church there is scarcely an invocation of the B. Virgin or the Saints to be found. The Greek Liturgy is full of such Invocations. Compare for example the Marriage Services of the 2 Churches, that of the Greek Church is full of references to the Holy Mother of God and the Saints, the Latin Service does not mention her once. I might say as much on other points also, but this is enough to justify, as I think, my regret for the bitter feeling which Bishop Wilberforce so often expressed towards the Roman Communion. Perhaps the secession of 3 of his Brothers and at length of his own daughter to that Communion may partly account for it. In one sense I might agree with him, I regret that ultra zeal for *Uniformity*, which makes some of my Brèthren endeavour to root out all the characteristic differences of Rite, which have prevailed in the Catholic Church even from Apostolic Times, and to bring all the Parts of the Church into perfect conformity with Roman usage. The greatest and wisest of the Popes have deprecated this mistaken notion, as S. Gregory did in one of his Epistles to S. Augustine the Apostle of the Anglo Saxons. Unity is a very different thing from Uniformity, and in the old Prophetic description of the Church as given in the 44th Psalm of the Latin Vulgate, she is said to be “*circumdada varietate*.”

I read with great interest your beautiful Article in the Contemporary Review for this month along with your admirable translation of the speech of Achilles. Homer, as you handle his verses in that translation, has certainly no right to complain of his appearance in the English Language. And if he could learn it and read your translation, I think he would say he had lost nothing in your rendering. With your intense love of Poetry and of classical Literature I fancy you must feel like one emancipated, now that you have laid aside the toils and slavery of high office. Though I am not one of those, who think it is for ever. I was in Town for a few Days in last week, and called at your House, but found you were not there. I went about a Railway Bill, for a Line through my estate, which may be very beneficial to us—and I am going up again about it to-morrow, though I am delighted to say all opposition has been withdrawn. What wintry weather we have had ever since the 1st of May, as extraordinary as the lovely summer we had all through April. In Leicestershire we have suffered much, fruit and early potatoes having fallen victims: we want rain too—What extraordinary Times these are: a scientific man, a Clergyman of your Church, told me the other day that the Polar Star had vanished from the Heavens! a most sensational announcement—is it true, or was he hoaxing a credulous Papist?! I have not yet been able to ascertain the answer from personal Inspection. But I must not trespass on your attention any longer.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,

June 1, '74.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—My brother in law desires me to say that he will be at home between the 20th and the 26th of July and that if it should suit you and Mrs. de Lisle to come here at that time he would be most happy to see you. This long notice will I hope enable you to consult your own convenience fully with reference to your other plans.

I return with many thanks the *Correspondant* containing Bp. Dupanloup's paper. It is written with the ability, eloquence, and piety, which might be expected from him. Yet I am a little sorry he has no guard or remedy to propose except the simple missive of clerical authority.

I am extremely glad that you were pleased with my translation in the Contemp. Review. I am as busy as other matters will allow with Homeric Studies which derive a considerable part of their interest for me from my conviction that the establishment of the entire truth respecting primitive times alike as to their history their morals and their religion is a matter

intimately connected with the highest interests of man. Revelation, Reason, and History are a Triad which I can never bear to see dissociated.

Your remark about the Eastern Church raises some most interesting points. Let us try to touch them when we meet. I am greatly cherishing my retirement which I feel to be very good for me even partial and much broken as it is.—Believe me, with warm regard, sincerely yours, W. E. GLADSTONE.

Ambrose P. de Lisle, Esq.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
June 2, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—It is so kind of your Brother in Law to have given us this long notice of his movements, in order to arrange our plans so as to enable us to profit by his hospitable Invitation to Hawarden Castle.

As he will be at home between Monday the 20th and Saturday the 26th of July and able to receive us at that time, I think we will settle to come to him on Tuesday the 21st to remain until Friday, or if it would not be too much trespassing on his hospitality until Saturday the 26th.

Mrs. de Lisle is looking forward as much as I am to this delightful opportunity of making Sir Stephen's acquaintance and in her case that of Mrs. Gladstone, and of seeing the beautiful scenery of Hawarden of which we have heard so much, and of again seeing and conversing with you on so many topics of the deepest interest.

I am glad you liked Bishop Dupanloup's Article, which is certainly an important and useful one at such a moment as the present, though I agree with you that if no safeguard can be found for the evil he complains of but the mere exercise of Episcopal or Clerical Authority, it will be a very insufficient one. The truth is everything is in an unhealthy state, and perhaps nowhere more so than in France—at this moment I am told that the greatest excitement prevails in even influential Quarters about a Prophecy of Nostradamus, which a modern commentator has worked up, perhaps to suit his own ideas and politicks—according to this version of a very old Prophecy, the summer, we are entering on, will not pass away before witnessing the restoration of the Napoleon Dynasty in the person of the Prince Imperial, but before the close of Autumn he will be assassinated, when MacMahon to save France from the horrors of Anarchy will proclaim Henri V. After which there is to be a 12 years' triumph of what the French call, but rarely enjoy, order and religion! I suppose in these days of railways and Revolution

12 years is a very long period for anything, and I should fear more than they are likely to get in France—but time will show. Everything is on the move, I see Pilgrims are flocking even from America to the centres of European Devotion. In these days of locomotion, why not consecrate a few journeys to God and to Devotion? though for my own part I am very much of Thomas à Kempis's mind, who said of the medieval Pilgrims "*Qui multum peregrinantur raro sanctificantur*"!

I have had to run up to Town several times lately about our proposed Charnwood Railway, about which I think we talked when you were at Garendon. I think we shall carry it, the Midland Company, which threatened opposition have withdrawn it I am glad to say, and if it be realised it will be beneficial to me, and a relief to the ill-treated horses and donkeys that disfigure our roads in this part of the Country. We want rain for our crops hereabouts, perhaps the contiguity of the Welsh Mountains may have ensured for you a better supply. The Labour disputes have not yet invaded Leicestershire, at least in its agricultural Department for in our collieries they are no novelty: but even here there are many Farms without Tenants, though on my estate only in one instance, which I have just remedied. But really everything is in an unsettled and precarious state, and one feels a vague fear of coming evils, which even the Conservative Reaction will fail to hinder.

I am so glad you find, as is very natural, the benefit of comparative rest and quiet—it must be an immense boon for you, and with your love of the country and all its charms I can fancy how you relish it.—I remain, my dear Mr. Gladstone, most sincerely yrs.,

AMBROSE P. DE LISLE.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,
June 20, '74.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I thank you much for your kind note and I sincerely hope as you are good enough to hope that the visit will be only postponed. I lament however that you will not know my very dear brother in law in the flesh, for I am certain you would have highly appreciated one another. He was a loyal, *almost* a stiff, Anglican: but a noble lofty tender spirit. We do not grieve for him: he sleeps the sleep of the just: I echo your good prayer.

To us the shock and the change are greater than can well be conceived, for our union, ever close, had been singularly cemented by trying circumstances of family history. And at a certain time of life the spirit of a man grows timid in the face of changes. But we are all in the hands of a wise and loving Father.

Heartily wishing you every blessing, and begging my kind regards to Mrs. de Lisle, I remain, ever sincerely yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
July 8, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I write one line to say how I rejoice to hear that you mean to oppose the Archbishop of Canterbury's Bill for the Regulation of Public Worship. I trust it will be so, and that you will forgive me for writing about it. If ever a reunion is to be brought about between the National Church of England and that world-wide Church to which we (her members) give the exclusive Title of Catholic, it can only be by the Regular Development of those Theological, Ritual, and Patristic Studies which, commencing so wonderfully at Oxford in 1833, have gradually worked through the length and breadth of the British Empire in such a way as to renew the face of the old English Church, and to prepare her for the mighty work of Reunion, which the great De Maistre foretold more than 70 years ago was to be one day wrought out by her—so that even then he hesitated not to say "*L'église Anglicane est très précieuse.*" I trust there is no truth in a report I read in the Church Herald that our Catholic Members of Parliament were going to vote for the Bill, as a Macchiavelian means of driving your High Church men into our Fold. It would be a horrible disgrace. I am looking for your speech with I may say breathless interest. In your name I read an omen of what is to *gladden* the *Rock* on which Jesus Christ built His Holy Church, and I believe that you have still a great work to do, the grandest that ever fell to the Lot of an English Statesman. Earnestly praying that God may guide and prosper you in all things, I remain, my dear Mr. Gladstone, ever very sincerely yrs.,

AMBROSE P. DE LISLE.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
Oct. 20, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—It seems a long time since we exchanged a letter, altho' I have often thought of you in the meanwhile, especially since I read your article on Ritualism.

It is not wonderful that I should have admired its eloquence and ability, for no production of yours could be wanting in these qualities, but from the point of view, in which you contemplate the question, the argument is simply overwhelming and leaves not an inch for your opponent to stand upon. Of course you

will not be surprised that one Paragraph, not less eloquent than the rest, should have wounded the feelings of your Catholic friends. As one claiming a place among their number you must let me say, that while I agree with you in designating the Reign of Mary as a Bloody one, while I agree with you in abhorring all Persecution for conscience sake, I cannot admit that my Church, as such, is in any degree more compromised by the atrocities of Mary, than the Reformed Church of England has been by the bloody deeds of Mary's sister Elizabeth. I am perfectly aware that in both Communions Divines and even Bishops were to be found aiding and abetting in these violations of Christian Charity and true Catholic principle, just as at the present day the Protestant Empire of Germany can boast to itself the solitary credit of reviving Persecution against the resistance of aggrieved conscience. But why then should we recall evil deeds, that were not the exclusive characteristic of either Church, as an internal and insuperable bar to that reconciliation of Xtians, which is surely needed to complete the evidences and to fulfil the hopes of Xtianity? No Catholic, certainly not myself would wish to achieve such a blessed Union by forcing on the Anglican, or any other separated branch of the great Xtian tree, a Uniformity which is not necessary for Unity, and which the whole History of the Catholic Church has never ceased to repudiate—witness as one striking proof the celebration of the Epiphany in the College de Propagandâ Fide at Rome, when at least a dozen different Rites may be annually witnessed, and yet all testifying to one and the same Faith.

No I have no wish to Romanize your church, but she must be Catholicised or her doom is certain and inevitable. I will not argue the charge brought against Converts, that "they renounce their Moral and Mental freedom," or that "they place their civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another," for I cannot believe that it will affect the feelings of my countrymen in general, until I witness an overwhelming cry echoed in Parliament by the repeal of the Act of 1829. And as for "modern thought" what belonged to it do we repudiate, which you would not repudiate also? And if we differ in our construction of Ancient History at least we do not dispute about its Facts.

You will pardon me for expressing my own ideas not only in my general admiration of your Article, but in demurring as a Catholic, to one of its most eloquent Paragraphs, and in giving my reasons for so doing.

I am always looking forward to the promised pleasure of a visit to you at Hawarden Castle, but I shall wait for you to fix a time for it, and if we ever renew the conversations we com-

menced at Garendon they will be in the interest of mutual Peace and not of an internecine war discreditable to Xtianity and fatal to all its grandest hopes.

Mrs. de Lisle joins me in kind regards, and I remain, my dear Mr. Gladstone, very sincerely yrs., AMBROSE P. DE LISLE.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,

Oct. 24, '74.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—Your remonstrance, even if it had been sharp, would have commanded my respectful attention: much more has it claims upon me being as it is mild, and I might say tender.

The truth is that I think a vast change has been brought about in the position of the Roman Catholic Christian, which as a rule he does not seem adequately to appreciate.

I cannot make this a matter of charge against them. But I think all the world may justly bring a charge against that Party, with Rome for its headquarter which has made the change.

However the only part of it with which I can properly deal is the civil effect.

This I have expressed rather roughly in a few words of the Article on Ritualism.

Remembrances which I have received (more pointed than yours) make me consider whether it is not my duty to set forth the case fully. It would then be shown what my charge is, how it touches the Roman system simply in its impact upon the political sphere, and who are the persons—the Roman authorities—at whom it is really aimed.

I have put down my thoughts: but I shall ruminate upon them, at any rate for some days, before preceeding further.—I often have to write a thing, in order to see whether it ought to be written.

After my brother-in-law's death, identified as he was with this place, my wife makes her excuse for not seeing company this year. Next year I hope you and Mrs. de Lisle will fulfil your kind intention.

But, having no reserve from you, and if you could bear it, I would willingly tell you all my mind, if you would run over here on Monday or Tuesday for a night-or-two. If you are so very good, your station would be *Broughton Hall* 4 m. on this side Chester: when I would send for you.—Believe me, with great regard, sincerely yours, W. E. GLADSTONE.

I have seen much of Dr. Döllinger at Munich.

GARENDON, Oct. 26, '74.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—Many thanks for your kind Letter, which I have read with deep interest, and about which we will confer more at length, when I reach Hawarden Castle, as I trust I may do to-morrow (Tuesday), as you have so kindly put it in my power to do. I assure you I feel it a great privilege to have this opportunity given me of thus conferring with you, before you publish your further remarks on "the altered civil position" of Catholics in consequence of recent ecclesiastical Legislation within our own communion. My own view is that the change, if any, is greatly exaggerated by two Parties, those who are the sworn enemies of the Holy See, and those, whose friendship is, if possible, more injurious and even fatal to its interests, than the open hostility of the former.

Between these my position would be to make what capital I could towards the promotion of Peace and reconciliation among those Xtians of both Communions who share the feelings of neither extreme.

Looking forward with deep interest to this little friendly intercourse for an object about which I am sure we both agree, I will not say more until we meet. And I feel exceedingly Mrs. Gladstone's kindness in allowing me thus to come to you alone in so early a stage of her bereavement.—I remain, my dear Mr. Gladstone, very sincerely yrs.,

AMBROSE P. DE LISLE.

I propose leaving Loughborough at 9.25 A.M., and I hope therefore to reach Broughton Hall Station at 3 P.M. It is so good of you to send there to meet me, for which I thank you very much.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,
Nov. 2, '74.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—The description which you draw of us I must attribute in great part to the colouring power of your own kindly and loving spirit, which I well remember in the letter read to me by Abp. Manning some 35 years back, and which has only ripened with the lapse of years into a larger expansion.

Your views of the future are more sanguine, and perhaps more enviable, than mine. The proceedings of what I call "Rome" since the Pope's return in 1849 have filled me with a grief and pain I cannot describe. The rampant unbelief of the present day is I think too irrational to last: but how the difficulties in the other quarter are to pass away I know not. "The Lord will provide."

Last evening I sent my MS. to Murray. Of four friends who

had read it no two quite agreed, except that all agreed in this that the argument is not frivolous but real. I have deliberated much: not because I feel certain that the publication will prove to be of importance, but because I feel that it *may* from the circumstances assume that character. And I have felt that it is a case in which the whole responsibility must rest with me, for there is no one I think who can entirely put himself in my place, so as to obtain my point of view.

The same thing has happened to me before: in the case of some letters which I wrote about Naples, and (partly) in the case of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.

I sincerely hope that all the visits contemplated between us may in due time take effect: and meantime I am thankful to you for your kindness in coming last week.

On Wedy. I go to London.

On Saturday or Monday next, I am to visit Lord Acton. Is he not a remarkable man.—It will I trust be allowed me, after this *break* to return to my peaceful studies on Homer, which have been asleep for a length of time.

I earnestly commend to your thoughts and prayers the interests of civil and religious peace, and with kind regards to Mrs. de Lisle, I remain, very sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

I hope to send you a proof possibly on Wednesday: in any case not later than Thursday.

Read the "Month" on "Mr. Gladstone's Durham Letter." Evidently inspired.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
Nov. 14, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I shd like to have F. Newman's Letter again if you have not destroyed it—but if you have done so, it does not signify. I don't think I have thanked you for yr P. Card of the 8th in wh you speak so kindly of my old Essay on Reunion. I quite understand the reserve you express for the Note I appended to pp. 44, 45, on the Definition of the immunity of the B. V. from original sin. But I believe that none of these later Definitions will ultimately turn out to be insuperable bars to the Reunion of Xtians.

We were all very much astonished, if not shocked, at Ld. Acton's Letter to you in the Times. I do not believe what he states about S. Pius V. and the Assassin he deputed to kill Queen Elizh. Why did he not give his authority for so grave a charge? Dr. Döllinger makes a similar one in his Lectures on Reunion, but equally without reference to authority. When

I read it in D. a year and half ago, I looked to see whether Hume or Tindal or Macaulay or Lingard referred to it, and I was unable to find any mention of it in their Histories. If it were true it surely would have been known and recorded at the Time, when for Party and Religious purposes it wd have been invaluable. But the silence of so many historians seems conclusive that nothing was known at the time about so atrocious a fact. Then his citations from the Canon Law can scarcely be brought into harmony with the Rubrics in the Pontifical wh I showed you.—Our Saviour's Parable of the Divine Field and the Tares that grew therein prepares me for any amount of wickedness in the Church of God, whether among the mass of Believers, or among the Pastors of the Flock, but I do not like to exaggerate its atrocity. If Lord Acton had announced his secession from the Barque of Peter, I shd understand the Line he is taking better than I do.—As it is, the only gain I anticipate from all these discussions is for the Unbeliever or the Political Destroyer.—With kindest regards to Mrs. Gladstone and the rest of yr family circle, I remain, ever most sincerely yours,

A. P. DE LISLE.

GARENDON PARK,
LOUGHBOROUGH, Dec. 23, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—Would it be possible to persuade you and Mrs. Gladstone with your two young Ladies and your Eldest Son to come here on Monday Jan. 4th and to remain until the following Friday? We shall only have a quiet family party, one of the number being Bishop Clifford, whom I think you would like.

If this were possible, my wife begs me to say how much she desires to make Mrs. Gladstone's acquaintance and that of your Daughters, and to introduce to them our youngest daughter Margaret, the only one who remains to us at home.

I should like too to shew you something I am writing for the next number of "the Union Review" on the subject of your pamphlet.

Though the weather is very severe and may remain so, we might still be able to get about a little, and show Mrs. Gladstone something of our Charnwood Forest scenery.

Wishing you and your whole family a most happy Christmas, I remain, my dear Mr. Gladstone, most sincerely yrs.,

A. P. DE LISLE.

I think you will be glad to hear I had a much better account of poor Sir George Grey yesterday. Sanguine hopes are enter-

tained of his recovery. His Life will be very precious now for the poor Grandchildren.

HAWARDEN CASTLE,
CHESTER, *Xmas Day*, '74.

May the blessings of the time descend in abundance on you and yours.

Your kind invitation, my dear Mr. de Lisle, tantalises me extremely, both on general grounds and because I should have greatly prized an opportunity of making the acquaintance of Bp. Clifford, whose reply to me confirms the sentiments of respect which I had previously been led to entertain for him. But I have not the least hope of being in any degree liberated from my present many engagements by the time you name; indeed I must expect to add to them from several sources, one of which will be a survey of the political situation.

If I can avoid widening the Theological field on my own side of the controversy, it cannot last long; but you see that Dr. Newman, as well as Abp. Manning and Dr. Ward have yet to come into the field.

My son unfortunately expects his cousin Charles Lyttelton as his special guest at the time, or he would have been most happy to visit you.

I trust that when we next meet I may have resumed the pacific attitude which, so far as religion is concerned, it had been my happiness to have pursued through life up to the present autumn.—Believe me, very sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Every one, especially those familiar with the beautiful Hymn No. 254 in the book of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, "Art thou weary, art thou languid," will be delighted with the exquisite Latin version of it given by Mr. Gladstone as a Postscript in the following letter, dated 2nd November 1875 :—

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,
2nd November 1875.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I do not know whether you are acquainted with a Hymn (No. 254 in the book of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*) beginning "Art thou weary, art thou languid." It purports to be a *translation* by Neale from a Greek original by St. Stephen the Sabaite, of the eighth century. In order to prove, and if need be correct, a Latin version I have

made of it (see over leaf) ¹—*If* you know the Greek, or how to get at it, I am sure you will kindly help me.

I understand there has been an announcement in some newspaper that I am writing a Book on the History of the claims of the Papacy. I fear it must be my own fault, but I am, I believe, the subject and “victim” of more rumours than any man in England. Forty-three years I have spent in a life of political

¹ RESPONSORY HYMN

(*Art thou weary, art thou languid.*)

1

Scis te lassum, scis languentem
Malis inhærere?
Audin’ “Veni, veniensque
Pacem consequere.”

2

Habet notas, quas agnôrim
Istum consecratus?
R̃. “Manus, plantæ cruentatæ,
Cruentatum latus.”

3

Eequid portat, pro coronâ
Quæ monarchus ornat?
R̃. “Diadema, sed spinarum
Frontem hanc adornat.”

4

Sin obnitar, sin attingam,
Quî remunerabit?
R̃. “Luctus, fletus, ac laborum
Largitatem dabit.”

5

Sin obstrictus adhærebo,
Quis in fines status?
R̃. “Viae meta, luctûs fuga,
Labor exantlatus.”

6

Si receptum supplicabor,
Votum exaudiret?
R̃. “Quamquam Terra, quamquam Cœlum
In ruinam iret!”

7

Persistentem, perluctantem
Certus est beare?
R̃. “Quisque Vates, Martyr, Virgo,
Angelus, testare!”

contention. The last of them has been also a year of polemical strife. But my taste would be singular indeed if I meant to turn me from secular controversy to spend the residue of life in a hotter and busier strife. I hope that others may repeat, in a better way, the protest I have made: but my work in that arena is, I trust (though no man is *master* of his own future), at an end.—Ever sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

I am going to Aberdeen, to return here on Friday.

De Lisle answered by return of post that he would look to see whether he could find the original Greek Hymn, but failed to identify it, as the following letters show:—

GARENDON PARK,
LOUGHBOROUGH, Nov. 11, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—What beautiful Lines are these which you have sent me, so musical in their Latin rhyme. I wish I could find the Greek original. I have a copy of all the Greek Office Books in 18 volumes, procured by me at Venice some 30 years ago, but I have not the least idea where to find the Hymn which Dr. Neale translated; I should much doubt whether it is in the Office Books of the Church. I should be more inclined to think that he must have found it in the works of the Holy Father, who composed it. I wish you could come here and examine anything I have got. Is there any chance of that? There are a great many beautiful Greek Hymns in Dom Gueranger's *Année Liturgique*. Unluckily at this moment I have not got a copy of "Hymns Antient and Modern," the one I had I gave to my daughter Alice, who delighted in them. I mean to get another with the musical notation, which is quite worthy of the Hymns. I ought to have said Dom Guéranger does not give his originals, but only translations, so that would not help us. I send, if you will accept it, a copy of a little vol. of Sermons, preached by Father Collins, one of the Monks of Mt. S. Bernard's Abbey in Charnwood Forest. I think you would like them for their unction and simplicity.

I have seen in the Papers an interesting record of many events at Hawarden,—a brilliant marriage of your niece just after that of your eldest son—and I sympathized in your affliction for the Death of a Brother. What a chequered Life this is, like a fitful April Day, but it is well for us, we could not bear uninterrupted Prosperity, and we should sink under trials, that were unmingled with gleams of sunshine.

With kind regards to Mrs. Gladstone and all your Family, I remain, very sincerely yrs.,

A. P. DE LISLE.

GARENDON PARK, *Dec. 5, 1875.*

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—It was very good of you to send me the Printed Copy of your admirable Latin translation of Dr. Neale's English Version of that beautiful old Greek Hymn.

Though I have not yet found the Greek Original I have very little doubt that Dr. Neale's rendering is as faithful as it is poetical and devotional, but everyone must be struck with the exquisite beauty of your Latin Stanzas. I have a German priest in the house as tutor to my youngest son Gerard, a very good scholar, and he has been excessively delighted with them. They appeared to him not only worthy of your reputation as a Scholar, but what he and I value even more in the crown of our most brilliant statesman—a Piety and a Faith worthy of the best ages of the Xtian Church. It is on this ground that we can all meet and bury the remembrance of controversies, that set Brethren against each other. To-day's Post brought me a really eloquent sermon from the Bishop of Kerry (Moriarty) on the Laying the Foundation Stone of the New Church of Maynooth, with some commemorative verses, which I think you would like, so I send the Pamphlet for you to look at—it was Aubrey de Vere who sent it to me, and you may return it to me at your Leisure.

And now would it be possible to persuade you and Mrs. and Miss Gladstone at this inclement season to pay us a little visit here from Monday the 20th to Thursday the 23rd? How delightful it would be for us, if we could persuade you to do so.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Gladstone, very sincerely yrs.,

A. P. DE LISLE.

The last letter that I will quote, and it is the last letter De Lisle wrote to Mr. Gladstone, reviews in the spirit of an eirenicon this long and absorbing controversy. De Lisle, with his usual hopefulness, brought all the divergencies of thought and belief and interest back to his central idea—the Reunion of the Churches, and in the coming marriage of the Duke of Norfolk at a Mass to be sung in his beloved Gregorian Tones he thought he perceived the dawn of happier, more peaceful days. *Diligentibus Deum omnia coöperantur in bonum.*

GARENDON PARK, *Nov. 15, 1877.*

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—Your kind Letter of the 13th interested me more than I can easily say, especially in its

remarks on what you saw and heard in Ireland. I am very glad you were pleased, and that your reception, which was not more than what your benefits to Ireland demanded, was as cordial as it was. As for the controversy on Vaticanism, conducted by you with consummate ability and learning, however different its estimate in the minds of Catholics from their various standpoints (for they are various), I think there can be no doubt that most among them will acknowledge sooner or later, allowing even for some misconceptions on your part, that you have contributed largely to a sane and moderate interpretation of the Vatican decrees, and that we are indebted to you for the valuable fact, that a Limit has been put to the revolting extravagance with which some amongst us would have used them in favour of their own aims and opinions. You will remember that I anticipated as much as this, when first I read your "remonstrance" in MS. in that pleasant visit to you at Hawarden Castle, the recollection of which is one of the most cherished of my whole Life. What I felt then in the reading of that memorable morning, what I feel still, is I am sure a sample of what millions have felt with me, and I doubt not in Ireland as in other countries. You have rendered priceless services to us all, and I trust you will be spared to render many others, and amongst them to the great cause of the future Reunion of Christendom, with which you sympathize so deeply, and which you have powers and means of serving beyond perhaps any other Living Man.

(Nov. 19).—I wrote the above a few days ago, having been interrupted since. Let me now say how delighted I was with that sentence in your Letter which holds out to me the hope of seeing you here before the Meeting of Parliament, if you can find a few leisure Days. I do hope this may be realised, for it would be a true and precious Privilege, and it would afford an opportunity of going into several subjects on which I much want to hear what you think—it was too most kind of you also to talk of my coming again some time or other to Hawarden Castle—but I hope we may see you here. This time of the year is not the best for seeing Leicestershire, and would not repay Mrs. Gladstone or your Daughter, but if they cared to come it would greatly enhance the charm of a visit from you.

I think you would be delighted with Father Tondini. He is here for the present as tutor to my 2 grandsons. He is a man of large ideas and a truly Liberal mind, and profiting I think by what he observes every day in the development of sound and charitable feeling between the members of our respective Communions.

I will not touch upon the great Political and International

Questions the solution of which is now being so terribly worked out both in the East and in France. I only long to hear you discussing them. I received to-day a copy of the Funeral Panegyric preached the other Day on the late Bishop Moriarty in Killarney Cathedral. His loss is great, I fear irreparable. To-morrow we are going up to Town for the Duke of Norfolk's marriage. It is an important event. We shall return here the same afternoon. You know what a poor Church the Oratory is¹; but there will be one redeeming feature. The Mass is to be sung in the Gregorian Tones, which are so much more devotional and grander than the miserable figured compositions of Haydn and Mozart, which would be admirable for the Theatre, but singularly unsuited (as I think) for the celebration of what S. Chrysostom calls "the tremendous Mysteries" of our Eucharistic sacrifice. Pray remember me to Mrs. and Miss Gladstone, in which my Wife would desire to join if she knew I were writing, and believe me ever, most sincerely yrs.,

AMBROSE P. DE LISLE.

¹ This was Father Faber's second Oratory, on the site of the present magnificent structure slowly approaching completion.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE GREAT ANTI-CHRISTIAN STATE—THE TEMPORAL POWER
OF THE POPES—THE PREDICTIONS OF PROPHECY—
THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR—CORRESPONDENCE WITH
MR. GLADSTONE.

ON the 27th of December 1876 De Lisle wrote to Mr. Gladstone the following letter, which appears to sum up, in a remarkable way his politico-theological views, views upon which he had consistently acted for forty years, and of which he had given to the world a basis *raisonné* in an inquiry into the prophecies concerning Antichrist, in a book entitled *Mahometanism in its Relation to Prophecy*, with some reference to their bearing on the events of the day. It was published in 1855 :—

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I cannot easily thank you, as I could wish, for your kind Letter, good Xmas wishes, and most valuable remarks on my Book on Mahometanism under its Prophetical Aspect. It is an immense privilege for me to have your sympathy and concurrence on this part of my Treatise, for I think there is no man in Europe, not even the Emperor of Russia himself, more visibly raised up by Almighty God to work out His great Designs, than yourself. I believe that all your past career, brilliant as it has been, is nothing but the Prelude of what you still have to do. The overthrow of the Turkish Power, the Reunion of East and West, the Restoration of Catholic Unity in England—all these are to be worked out as I think in great measure by your instrumentality—and you must prepare for it by much Prayer and deep humiliation and the most profound self-abasement before the Lord of Hosts.¹

¹ See correspondence at the end of this chapter, preceding and following this remarkable statement.

With regard to that part of my Book which concerns the Papacy and treats of the signification of the *Wings of the Eagle* which were given to the Woman in the Wilderness for 1260 Days, if I were to bring out a second edition, I should be tempted to add much, now that events have already corroborated my anticipations concerning the duration of the Temporal Power. As for Dante, I entirely agree with him in what he says about the Roman Church, and I think there is very little difference between yourself and me on this head, tho' I draw a strong Line between the Office and Chair of S. Peter, and the Roman Church as its present dwelling Place, and the Personal Conduct of very many Popes.

I have been lately studying deeply and with the most intense edification a work, which I read for the first time above 30 years ago, on the great Scripture Prophecies that relate to the Second Advent of our Divine Redeemer, a work written in Spanish by the learned Jesuit Father Lacunza, about the middle of the last Century, and translated into very readable English by that remarkable and excellent man the late Edward Irving.

It is a work of marvellous Illumination, and throws more light on the whole History of the Church than any Book I ever read, while his conjectures as to the future seem to be warranted by the wording of the Divine Prophecies of our sacred Scriptures. Lacunza wrote it after the suppression of the *Society*—when he and all the members of his order were under a dark cloud—it certainly seems to me to give a clue to many of the strange events of the present times.

I was glad to see that Lord Salisbury, as reported in the *Times* of yesterday, rose to protest agt. the infamous statement of the Turkish President of the Conference as to the suppression of the rising in Bulgaria. I hear on what seems good authority from some leading members of the Tory Party, that in the event of war and certain issues springing out of it our Govt. have determined on seizing Constantinople—if so, I trust it will not be to garrison it in the name and on behalf of the Sultan, but to hand it over in due time to the Greek King. Otherwise it would only be a repetition of the abominable "*Traditional Policy*." My son Rudolph is in the Fleet in Besika Bay on board the *Pallas*. The Duke of Edinburgh took him out there to join that ship, to which he had been previously appointed, and was very kind to him on the passage. Some very strange ideas seem to prevail in the fleet.

And now let me wish you and Mrs. Gladstone and all your

Family every Christmas blessing, and again thanking you for your Letter,—I am ever, very sincerely yours,

A. P. DE LISLE.

This letter explains to some extent the deep veneration which De Lisle, in an increasing degree towards the end of his life, entertained for Mr. Gladstone in his double capacity of polemical writer and prime minister. Catholics ignorant of Divine prophecy and of what may be termed mystical views of Church History, will find it hard to reconcile what may appear to them to be peculiar views with De Lisle's known piety and zeal for his adopted religion; but a deeper study of sacred things will easily convince them that De Lisle did but share his convictions with holy and learned orthodox commentators and thinkers of all Christian ages, although he doubtless might appear to be an enigma to those who take their ideas from the ephemeral writers of a shallow and half-informed Catholic press.

The reader will also remember¹ how De Lisle attributed his conversion to the Catholic Faith in no small degree to a vision he saw in the heavens when he was still a schoolboy at Maizemore Court, near the banks of the Severn, when the mysterious voice which in broad daylight announced to him that Mahomet was the Antichrist of Prophecy "because he denied the Father and the Son," relieved him for ever from the superstition in which he had been partially brought up, that as Rome was the Babylon of the Apocalypse, so was the Pope the Man of Sin of S. Paul, the False Prophet of Revelations, the Antichrist of S. John, and the Little Horn of the Prophet Daniel. One of the great questions which henceforth occupied his mind was to test by study the truth of this Revelation—that Mahomet is the Antichrist, which in the opinion of most modern Catholic writers is held to be not proven, for the very reason that they hold that the Son of Perdition has not yet appeared, and that he will not come until close upon the end of the world. The chiliastic or millenarian exegesis, foreshadowing a thousand years' reign of Christ on earth, or at least the establishment of a universal Christian Theocracy, which the early

¹ See Appendix I., Note B, vol. i. p. 28.

Fathers adopted almost without exception, is not generally admitted by modern approved theologians. As an example of this attitude, in acknowledging the work, Cardinal Newman, then Rector of the Catholic University in Dublin, wrote, March 16, 1855, as follows:—

I have been reading your new book with great interest. I believe you have been kind enough to send it to me—if so, accept my best thanks. Anyhow, I have to thank you for the pleasure and the instruction, which I have gained from its perusal—and for the honorable mention you have made in the course of it, of my little book on the Turks.

It is important, over and above the sound views you put forth, that Catholics should handle the Apocalypse. Protestants are too apt to think that we *give it up* into their hands, as confessedly their weapon, not our property ;—as Dr. Pusey's low-church friend, who, when P. quoted some text of St. Paul in expounding the Catholic view of baptism, said "Stop—stop—you have got hold of one of *our* texts," just as if he had taken off a friend's hat or umbrella, on purpose or by accident.

My only difficulty in following you absolutely and altogether is, that Catholic tradition seems to teach that Antichrist will come shortly or immediately before the coming of Christ. That Mahomet is our most special type of him, I do not at all doubt.

Another suggestion which he received in a letter dated September 22, 1857, from his old friend and correspondent, the late Earl of Dunraven, gave De Lisle much pleasure, for he was not at all disinclined to the view that Mahomet might be the Antichrist in the same sense, that is, in the truest possible sense, worthy of Him who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," in which our Saviour said that John the Baptist was Elias: "For all the prophets and the law prophesied until John; and if you will receive it, he is Elias that is to come" (Matt. xi. 13, 14).

THE ATHENÆUM, *Sept.* 22, 1857.

MY DEAR PHILLIPPS—Thanks for the letter you enclosed me. The idea of your coming to Rome or rather of the possibility of it rejoices me. Sorry however I feel at the cause which may urge you to leave England, but if you do, pray come to Rome; I wish it very sincerely. The expressions of affection which your letter contains are quite refreshing. William Monsell is

at Tervoe and is entertaining his constituents, a matter which he has not indulged in much of late.

I cannot help smiling at your thinking me a great reader ; why my poor eyes wd. not allow of this, even had I much time. I saw *Holzhauser* by mere chance at Mr. Bodenham's, and took it up with great avidity : were I not going away I should read it with great attention. I tell you what strikes me about your view of Mahomet being Antichrist : that he was so just as John the Baptist was Elias : our Lord himself said he was Elias. Yet we all believe Elias will come in person and restore all things, &c.¹ Now Mahomet was in one sense Antichrist : he was the forerunner, and he founded the Anti Christian Kingdom which Anti Christ himself will revive and rule over at the end and will fulfil all predicted of him, just before our Lord's coming. Think of this idea, which came into my head lately : but alas ! poor man you have written a book, and have no free will any more ! poor fellow !

Anyhow the reign of Antichrist will not be so easily over : I believe the world has never seen anything approaching to the marvels which will then be displayed : the horrors, the perplexities, the confusions : the iniquities which will confound *if possible the very elect* ; nothing like what has been described in this way has as yet occurred in the world.

We expect to go on Friday. Good bye. I hope to meet you in Rome and your dear wife, to whom give my affect. regards, and believe me,—Yours, affy.,
DUNRAVEN.

The politico-religious system of the great Antichrist of which Mahomet was the cardinal impersonation was to last therefore two and forty months, or 1260 prophetic days, according to the text Apoc. xiii. 5, which is to be interpreted of years according to the analogies of the Messianic prophecies of Isaiah and Daniel, and so brings us down to the end of the present century. The Mahommedan era, it will be remembered, dates from the Hegira or Flight of Mahomet from Mecca in A.D. 622, and the false religion of the false prophet has been chiefly maintained within the borders and on the confines of Greek and Latin Christendom from that day to this, in the first instance by the great and powerful and highly civilised Saracenic Empire, and since then by the cruel and warlike, for a time seemingly irresistible, Turkish Empire. The Caliph Omar, however, did not take

¹ Cf. Eccles. xlvi. 10 ; Matt. xvii. 11 ; Mark ix. 11.

Jerusalem until the year 638, when he built his celebrated Mosque on the ruins of Solomon's Temple. Constantinople again was not captured till A.D. 1492, when Santa Sophia, the third church in Christendom in point of dignity, and outside of Rome the first, was turned into a Mahommedan place of worship. After the establishment of the *New Rome* at Byzantium by Constantine the Great, the Pope conferred the dignity of the patriarchate upon its Bishop, which was to rank immediately after the other two apostolic sees of Antioch (S. Peter's first see) and Alexandria (S. Mark's, S. Peter's companion). Later on by reason of the Imperial dignity, the second position was transferred to Constantinople, the New Rome; and Santa Sophia ranked next to the Lateran Basilika, *Omnium Ecclesiarum urbis et orbis mater et caput*, and the Vatican, or *Limen Apostolorum*. The prestige of the Greek chief Patriarchate is therefore entirely Roman or Petrine in its origin. If 1492 is to be taken as the date of the complete establishment of the Kingdom of Antichrist, then the Mahommedan power would last till A.D. 2752; but De Lisle thought the building of the Mosque of Omar on the site of Solomon's Temple to be the *abomination of desolation* standing in the Holy Place. This brings us only down to A.D. 1898; but Mahommedanism has not yet collapsed, and the pilgrimages to Mecca, the plague centre of the earth, still foster slavery and the slave traffic in all its most cruel and revolting forms. I claim for De Lisle a not unimportant share in the public writings and personal influences which have so reformed and fashioned public opinion as finally to sever the sympathies of the English nation from the degraded and degrading Turkish system of government, and which have taught the minor Christian bodies of this country to begin to look upon Islam rather than the Papacy as the abode of Antichrist, and to consider the Religion of the Sword the great evil to be overcome by the Religion of the Word.

The greatness of this achievement which is perhaps the most abiding result of Gladstone's magnificent oratory and indefatigable political activity deserves a record in these

pages; and it will be right to illustrate by considerable extracts from his book, the reasoning with which De Lisle suggested and fortified the convictions of the great statesman, and added fuel to that fire and eloquence which broke down the fatuous policy which is now admitted to be a mere *formula*, to give breathing time to the Powers, when men still venture to utter the condemned shibboleth, "the integrity and independence of the Turkish Empire."

To omit or curtail this chapter would be to give a very inadequate idea of Ambrose Lisle Phillipps de Lisle. The study and contemplation of divine prophecy was part almost of his everyday life, and if his views, which are not generally known or appreciated, are really true and well founded in fact, then he deserves a very high and worthy niche in the great reredos of ecclesiastical restoration.

But now it is time we should reply to the question, Is Antichrist still to come, or is he already come? I answer, he is come: and if the further question be put, Who then is he? I answer, without any doubt or misgiving whatever, Mahomet is he: Mahomet is the great Antichrist foretold in the Sacred Scriptures: and this is what I shall endeavour to prove in the following disquisition.

St. John the Evangelist, he to whom our Lord made His special Revelation of what was to come to pass even to the end of the world, tells us, in his first Epistle and the second chapter and the eighteenth verse, "Little children, it is the last hour,"—that is to say, *the last period of the world*, or the *last dispensation of God to men*,—"and as you have heard that Antichrist cometh, even now there are many Antichrists, whereby we know that it is the last hour." . . . "They went out from us; but they were not of us. For if they had been of us, they would no doubt have remained with us; but that they may be made manifest that they are not all of us." And again, in the twenty-second verse he continues, "This is Antichrist, who denieth the Father and the Son." St. John here gives us an unmistakeable clue to discover the great Antichrist. He tells us that the very basis of his teaching will be "to deny the Father and the Son." He says, and he says most truly, that even when he wrote his Epistle, there were already many Antichrists, and that they were heretics, who had left the Apostolic Communion: "They went out from US." Hence it is evident that any spirit that opposeth the authority of the one Catholic Church founded by

the Apostles at the command of Christ, who said to them, "Go ye and teach all nations," is a spirit of Antichrist, whether such heretics were forerunners of the great Antichrist, or whether they have arisen since, and have trodden in his footsteps. All such spirits have a natural sympathy for one another, and they all are linked together by one common design: the spirit which actuates them is a spirit that "*denieth the Father and the Son.*" It will not be difficult to explain, why it was quite reasonable for Antichrist, on his false principles, or rather for Satan who inspired him, to deny "*the Father and the Son:*" and why this denial of "*the Father and the Son*" should be the highest act of human impiety. For assuming the truth of Divine Revelation, and of the statement it makes to us of the Fall of Man, and that man having sinned, and so fallen from God, could never by any act of his own recover the favour of that God, but that God provided a way for recovering His grace by the incarnation of His own Son, God like Himself, who by His meritorious obedience, and by His patient endurance of sufferings, and even of a cruel death upon the cross, obtained for mankind, what otherwise man could never have merited for himself, a restoration to God's favour, and the power of "working out his own salvation with fear and trembling;"—I say, assuming the truth of all this, which all Christians do assume, is it not clear that the denial of the Persons of "*the Father and the Son*" in God denies the whole scheme of human redemption and salvation, undermining thereby the whole system which Christ came on earth to teach, and consequently doing the utmost to undo what was done by Christ,—in a word, doing that which all common sense and analogy would lead one to expect that Antichrist, when he was fully revealed, would do? But this is not all; we shall hereafter have occasion to show, from prophecy, what other things this great Antichrist was to do, and how completely all these predictions have been fulfilled in Mahomet, and his religion and empire. But St. John tells us that even in his day "there were many Antichrists," and it is remarkable how all the heresies that sprung up in the early Church tended to that great denial "*of the Father and Son,*" which received its fullest development in the very words of the Mahometan creed, "God is one. God is eternal. He hath neither *begotten*, nor *is begotten.*" Chapter 112 of the Koran, being the first of the last three Revelations, which "the False Prophet" impiously pretended that God had revealed to him at Mecca. These words emphatically deny the whole doctrine of Christ, the whole scheme of human redemption, and the Personal distinction and existence "of the Father and the Son" in the Godhead. "God hath

neither begotten nor is begotten," says Mahomet: "This is ANTICHRIST, that denieth the FATHER and the SON," says the inspired Evangelist and Apostle St. John, he that leaned on the bosom of Christ at His last supper, and drew in from the Sacred Heart of his Lord and Master the stream of Grace and Truth. Is it then too much to say that in this special feature, attributed by St. John to Antichrist, Mahomet literally fulfils the predictions of Holy Writ?

The truth of this will become more and more apparent as we trace the links between the early heretics, of whom St. John said, "Already there are many Antichrists," and the great arch-heresy promulgated by Mahomet in his Koran, in which, summing up and carrying out all the denials contained in previous heresies, he affirmed "that God *hath neither begotten nor is begotten*,"—that is, that there is neither "the *Father* nor the *Son*" in the Godhead.

In the very days of St. John the Evangelist, there were heretics, who, separating themselves from the Apostolic communion, and resisting the authoritative teaching of the Church, affirmed that Christ was not come in the flesh; that He only assumed a phantom of human nature, no real body. The effect of this heresy was to deny and overthrow the reality of the atonement: and when Mahomet came, one of his principal heresies was to deny that Christ had died upon a cross, or had redeemed mankind by his death. By this heresy Mahomet adopted those of the Gnostics, of Cerinthus, of the Marcionites, the Ebionites, and the earliest recorded in Church history. As these earlier forms and varieties of the same great fundamental heresy died out, they were reproduced in still more definite shape by the celebrated heresiarch Arius; he, like his predecessors, overthrew the doctrine of redemption through Christ, by denying the Divinity of our Lord: for though he allowed a sort of Godhead in Christ, he denied the eternal Sonship, and the equality of the Son with the Father. Nestorius, too, while agreeing with the Catholic doctrine of the blessed Trinity, overthrew the Divinity of Jesus, by denying the hypostatic or personal union between Christ and God the Son; he affirmed that there were two *Persons*, absolutely distinct in Christ, so that God the Son was not Christ, nor Jesus God the Son: so that, according to him, the all-holy Mary was not the Mother of God, but of a mere man, and consequently he virtually overthrew the doctrine of the atonement; for how could one *mere man* atone for sins of *millions of men*? and yet Nestorius was not aware of the consequences of his own heresy. Then followed Eutyches, who in another way came to the same impious con-

clusion of the virtual denial of the atonement ; for he denied the distinction of natures in Christ. Running into the opposite extreme against the heresy of Nestorius, who affirmed not only the distinction of natures, but of Persons, in Christ, he (Eutyches) denied that Christ had at once the nature of God and the nature of man, and he affirmed that the manhood of Christ was altogether confounded with the nature of God the Son, so that he was not truly man, as well as truly God : and by this heresy he overthrew all the reality of Christ's merits and sufferings, for the Divinity can neither merit nor suffer, although the creature cannot have infinite merit (such as the Redeemer of all men must have) unless hypostatically united, as the Church teaches us the humanity of Christ was, with the Divinity. Then the Manicheans, uniting in themselves all previous heresies, carried on the tradition of impious denial, till at last, when the Roman empire had been removed, and the world was once more plunged in barbarian anarchy, Mahomet came forth from his obscurity, to usher in a new religion, and to found a new empire. His religion was to supersede Christianity, and his empire was to be universal, so he said, and so he promised his deluded followers. He admitted that Christ was a Prophet, but he denied that He was God, and he spurned at the doctrine of the atonement, and he proclaimed himself to be the last and the greatest of the Prophets, consequently greater than Christ : and as Christ had founded a religion and a spiritual empire, to embrace one day within its sacred bounds the whole extent of the world, so did this "*Father and Son denying*" Antichrist found a carnal and sensual religion, connecting it with a brutalizing and carnal empire ; and as Christ had connected the establishment of His empire with that of every virtue, especially with the Divine gift of continence and virginity, so did this beastly Antichrist associate his empire with the reign of promiscuous concubinage, and of every sensual gratification. What he adopted and retained of revealed Divine Truth was but the mask and the cloak for his impious blasphemies, to deceive the unwary, and if possible to lead captive even the elect. And how many millions and hundreds of millions of men has he not led captive from the first dawning of his career up to this very hour, in which we see England and France ranging themselves in battle array to uphold his old, now worn out, cursed dominion !¹ How many fair provinces of holy Church has he not trampled down ! how many millions of Christians has he not slain during more than twelve centuries ! how has he not desolated the richest and most beauteous provinces of the earth, diffusing

¹ This was written on the eve of the Crimean War.

barrenness and desolation over lands flowing with milk and honey, stopping the current of civilisation, and realising to the letter all the hideous descriptions of Antichrist and Antichristian dominion contained in the infallible prophecies of God's Word !

It is a remarkable fact connected with the spiritual affinity, of which we have been speaking, between Mahomet and the early heretics, that Mahomet was actually assisted by Nestorians and Jews in compiling the first outlines of his religious system. This fact is attested by all historians, and it is another fulfilment of the conditions of that spiritual genealogy of Antichrist indicated in the passages of St. John's Epistle, which we have already cited.

But if we turn from the words of St. John to the writings of St. Paul, who also predicted many things concerning the great Antichrist, as all commentators unite in affirming, we shall find all that he foretold no less literally and strikingly fulfilled in the person of Mahomet.

St. Paul, in his second Epistle to the Thessalonians, and in the second chapter, writes as follows : " And we beseech you, Brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus, and of our gathering together unto him ; that you be not easily moved from your mind, nor be frightened, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by epistle as sent from us, as if the day of the Lord were at hand. Let no man deceive you by any means ; for unless there come a revolt first, and the Man of Sin be revealed, the Son of Perdition, who opposeth and is lifted up above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, so that he sitteth in the Temple of God, showing himself as if he were God. Remember you not, that when I was yet with you, I told you these things ? and now you know what withholdeth that he may be revealed in his time. For the mystery of iniquity already worketh : only that he, who now holdeth, do hold, until he be taken out of the way ; and then that wicked one shall be revealed, whom the Lord Jesus shall slay with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming ; him, whose coming is according to the working of Satan, in all power, and signs, and lying wonders, and in all seduction of iniquity to them that perish : because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved. Therefore, God shall send them the operation of error, to believe a lie."

If we examine these very remarkable words of the Apostle, we shall see that his object was to instruct his Thessalonian disciples that the day of our Lord's second coming was not so near at hand, as some, who had misinterpreted our Lord's words

(St. Luke, xxii. 32), "Amen I say unto you, this generation shall not pass away, till all things be fulfilled," had supposed.

He tells them, therefore, that many things are to happen in the world before that day arrives : that it will not come "until there has been a *revolt* first." Now this word, which our English Catholic version thus renders, is in the original Greek termed "*ἡ ἀποστασία*," and in the Anglican version it is translated a *falling away*, which comes nearer the expression of the Latin Vulgate, which words it "*discessio*," than either the original Greek or the English Catholic version, although the latter professes to follow the Vulgate. But the English word "*apostasy*" would certainly come nearer to the Greek than any other, and we must not forget it was in the Greek that the Apostle wrote. The Apostle then foretells, that before the day of the Lord, that is the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, shall arrive, there will be "*the apostasy*," that is, "*a great apostasy*:" and this apostasy is coupled with the revelation of "*the Man of Sin*," evidently showing that the two are identified together, and that the apostasy will be his work ; in other words, that there was to be a religious system instituted by the Man of Sin for the purpose of superseding Christianity, and of inducing all men to *apostatize from it*. Further, the Apostle tells the Thessalonians that the Man of Sin, and the great apostasy he was to usher in, would not be manifested "until that, which now *holdeth*," or *restraineth* their appearance, "be taken away" or *removed* : and then, he concludes, "*shall that wicked one be revealed*."

At the same time St. Paul declares that "the mystery of iniquity *already* worketh," which agrees with the statement of the Evangelist St. John, "*already* are there many Antichrists." It is evident, therefore, that what St. Paul calls "*the Apostasy*," which he identifies with "*the Man of Sin*," and what St. John calls "*Antichrist*," was to be ushered in by the heresies that prevailed in the earliest periods, the connection of which with Mahometanism we have already shown. But St. Paul's prediction to the Thessalonians gives us many other marks by which this *Man of Sin* was to be known. Now the first of these is the period of his appearance. This is distinctly noted by the Apostle. "That which *now holdeth* and *restraineth* shall be removed, and *then* shall that wicked one be revealed."

Now what was it that withheld, and that was to be removed ? so as to make way for Antichrist ?

The early fathers with one consent declare that St. Paul referred to the Roman empire : as long as this empire lasted, the coming of Antichrist was to be delayed, but when once this was

gone, then "was that wicked one to be revealed."¹ "Who holds," says Tertullian, "but the Roman empire? the division of which into ten kingdoms will bring on Antichrist: and then, according to the Apostle, that wicked one shall be revealed." (Tertullian, *de Resurrect. Carnis*, cap. 24.) And that great doctor and most learned ancient Father St. Jerome, commenting on these same words of the Apostle, "*only he who now holdeth doth hold, until he be taken out of the way*," writes thus: "The Apostle by this expression, *He who now holdeth*, signifieth the Roman empire. He says it in obscure terms, for if he had spoken openly, he would by his imprudence have excited the rage of the persecutors against the Christians, and against the Church, which was then in its very infancy." (Hieronymi in *Jeremiam*, cap. 25.) And again the same holy doctor, on another occasion explaining the same passage, says: "Only that the Roman empire, which at present holdeth all nations beneath its sway, be taken away, and then shall Antichrist come." (Hieronymi, *Epist. cli. ad Algas*, qu. xi.) The illustrious Patriarch of Constantinople, St. John Chrysostome, commenting on the same text, speaks thus: "It may be asked, what is the meaning of St. Paul, when he says, *you know what withholdeth him from being revealed*; and why does the Apostle speak so obscurely? It is because he has in view the Roman empire: and on that account, with good reason, he speaks in obscure and enigmatical terms, for fear of irritating the Romans. The Apostle then on this account says: *only that he, who now holdeth, doth hold, until he be taken out of the way*; that is, when the Roman empire shall have been removed from the face of the earth, then shall Antichrist come." (Chrysost. *Homelia iv. in Pauli Epist. ad Thessalonicenses ii.*) A still earlier father of the Church, the great Lactantius, speaking of the latter period of the world, says: "At that time desolation will overspread the whole earth, destroying everything: the cause of which desolation will be that the Roman empire (I shudder to say it, but I must needs say it, because it is to be) will be taken away from the earth, and the empire will return into Asia, the East will domineer again, and the West will be subdued." (Lactantii lib. vii. c. 15.) These expressions of Lactantius are most remarkable, and their fulfilment is equally remarkable: for they have been fulfilled to the very letter. The Roman empire was no sooner overthrown, than it was subdivided into a number of comparatively small states, whereupon Mahomet arose in the Asiatic provinces of the old Roman empire, and

¹ See also *A Comparison between the Prophecies of the Apocalypse and the History of the Church*, by Professor Bickell, D.D., translated into English by Edwin de Lisle.

founded upon its ruins another mighty empire, which was for ages the terror of the West, and the scourge of Christendom. The holy patriarch of Jerusalem St. Cyril also thus writes: "The devil will raise up a famous man, who will seize upon the domains of the Roman empire. That man Antichrist will appear, as soon as the Roman empire shall have come to its conclusion." (Cyrilli *Cateches.* 15.) And we may well say these words of St. Cyril are still more remarkable, and still more literally fulfilled, when we remember that the very diocese of Jerusalem, over which this great father of the Church was at that time presiding, was destined to become a province of the Mahometan empire, and Jerusalem itself was to be captured by the Caliph Omar, within a few years after the destruction of the Roman empire, and no very long period after the saint had uttered these remarkable words: but about all this we shall have to say more by and by. We might add other citations from the holy fathers to the same purpose, but we have already given enough; we will therefore conclude this part of our subject with the following remarkable passage from St. Jerome (Hieron. *in Daniel*, cap. vii.): "Ergò dicamus, quod *omnes Scriptores Ecclesiastici* tradiderunt: in consummatione mundi, quando regnum destruentum est Romanorum, decem futuros Reges, qui orbem Romanum inter se dividant; et undecimum surrecturum esse Regem Parvulum, qui tres Reges de decem Regibus superaturus sit: id est, Ægyptiorum Regem, et Africæ, et Æthiopiæ: sicut in consequentibus manifestius dicemus." From this passage of the great St. Jerome, we learn that the tradition was universal in the Church of his day, that immediately after the breaking up of the Roman empire it would be parcelled out into *ten* kingdoms, by which number might be intended either the literal number into which the Roman territory would be subdivided, or as other fathers often explain the Scripture numerals, it might mean simply to express *the whole number* of states into which the possessions of the old Roman empire would be subdivided. But whether the Holy Ghost intended this number to be taken literally or in a more general sense, St. Jerome declares that the tradition of the whole Church handed down that amongst them a king would arise, who was to subdue three of the others, and he adds that these three were, according to the same tradition, those of Egypt, of Africa (or the northern provinces of that continent—for so the Romans termed that portion), and of Ethiopia (that is Babylon and Asia). How remarkably all this has been fulfilled by the conquests of Mahometanism we shall hereafter see more fully.

It is clear, therefore, that according to the unanimous teach-

ing of the Primitive Church, St. Paul's expressions to the Thessalonians indicated that *Antichrist* (as St. John calls him), or *the Man of Sin*, as St. Paul here terms him, would not be revealed until the Roman empire was removed, but that very shortly after that event was consummated, and its ancient territory subdivided into ten kingdoms (as the Prophet Daniel had foretold), this *Man of Sin* would be revealed.

Accordingly we find the Roman empire was no sooner broken up and subdivided, than a most extraordinary person arose in Arabia of the name of Mahomet, a person of obscure origin and of but little consideration in the beginning, and this person pretended that he was sent by God as the last and the greatest of His prophets, and that his mission was to overthrow the Christian religion, to found another religion on its ruins, and also to found a universal empire, to which he was to subdue the whole human race, forcing them, under pain of temporal death and everlasting condemnation, to embrace his new religion and submit to his dominion. Within an astonishingly short period after the first promulgation of this new religion and the foundation of the temporal sovereignty connected with it, we find that either Mahomet or his immediate successors had subdued the greater part of the East and of Africa, had established his infamous apostasy in the fairest dioceses of the Eastern and African Churches, and had filled all Christendom with terror. St. Jerome had written the different passages we have cited between the years 331 and 422 of the Christian era; in 476 the Roman empire was extinguished by the deposition of its last Western emperor, who bore the ominous name of Romulus Augustulus; out of the political chaos there had arisen a number of new states, amongst which the emperor of Constantinople for a long while held a sort of primatial dignity; and in 612 Mahomet commenced the publication of his Koran. That this was the revelation of the *Man of Sin* foretold by St. Paul we shall now proceed to show: we have already shown how the fundamental doctrine of the Koran fulfilled St. John the Evangelist's prediction of the fundamental teaching of the great Antichrist, it remains for us to show how the conduct of Mahomet agreed with St. Paul's prophetic description of *the Man of Sin*, as given in his second epistle to the Thessalonians.

The Roman empire had been broken up, the whole Christian Church was looking forwards (as the testimonies we have already cited from the holy fathers sufficiently prove) with terror and anxiety to the predicted appearance of the Man of Sin, when in the year 609 a fearful sign was sent by the Almighty to warn Christendom, and especially Eastern Christendom, of the visita-

tion that impended. The powers of darkness were let loose; and as Satan had furiously raged against Christ in His passion and death, so now he directed his fury against the image of Christ crucified, and against the true cross, which the holy Empress St. Helena had discovered and deposited in a costly shrine at Jerusalem. In the year 609, as the bishops and clergy in divers cities of the province of Galatia were making solemn processions, preceded by the holy cross, all at once a great prodigy was beheld. The crosses reeled to and fro, and no human force could keep them steady; an evil feeling seized upon men, and all felt conscious that a new power of wickedness was coming upon the earth. The account of this awful sign is given at length in the history of St. Theodore Siceotes, one of the most illustrious saints of the Greek Church. (Baronii *Annales*, tom. viii. pp. 203-205.) At that time the most blessed Saint Thomas was patriarch of Constantinople. The intelligence which the bishops forwarded to him of the prodigy, which had been witnessed by vast numbers in so many places, greatly alarmed the holy father. In his distress, he wrote to the man of God, St. Theodore Siceotes, bidding him come to Constantinople, that he might consult him. The patriarch then asked him, as the king of Babylon had formerly asked Daniel the Prophet to interpret his dream, what this sign meant. The man of God seemed unwilling to answer the question; but on the patriarch conjuring him for the love of God to do so, St. Theodore bursting into a flood of tears, thus addressed him: "Most holy father, it seemed to me that I ought not too much to grieve you, for it is not well that you should know the meaning of these things; but since it is commanded by you that I should explain the mystery, be it known unto you that this movement of the crosses foretokens unto us great and numberless calamities. Myriads of Christians will shortly abandon our most holy religion; on all sides the barbarians will attack the territory of the faithful; there will be such bloodshed as hath not been seen before, with great destruction and seditions all over the earth. The churches will be abandoned, and the ruin of God's worship and of the empire approacheth. Know, moreover, that the coming of THE ADVERSARY is at hand." No sooner did the holy patriarch hear these words, than he melted into tears, and falling on his knees, he besought the man of God to intercede with the Lord, that He would take him out of this world before these horrible calamities came upon the Church. The saint replied, that rather he would pray to God to preserve his holiness for the good of his flock, and of so many churches over which he presided. Shortly after this, the Persians, having

declared war upon the empire, ravaged it in many of its richest provinces, took the city of Jerusalem, and carried away from the famous church of the holy sepulchre the true cross, which had been enshrined there by the blessed Empress St. Helena. This deplorable event took place in the year 615; and two years before this it was that Mahomet first published his famous Koran, thus fulfilling, as we shall soon see, the prediction of the blessed St. Theodore Siceotes. (See at length, *The Life of St. Theodore Siceotes*, by the Monk Eleusius; also, *Surius*, April 22.)

Let us now examine how far the character of Mahomet agreed with St. Paul's description of *the Man of Sin*. The apostle calls him "*the Son of Perdition*." The elect are called in Scripture "*the Children of God*," "*Sons of God*," and "heirs of everlasting life." It is not wonderful, therefore, that the apostle should call Antichrist a "*Son of Perdition*," a "*Man of Sin*." Such a name rightly belongs to him, for he is the child of the devil; he springs from the source of perdition, and his ways are those of sin and wickedness. As Christ is termed by all the Prophets "the Just" and "the Righteous" above all others, so Antichrist would naturally be the very type of sin and injustice, and his teaching would open wide the gates of perdition. Now what heretic has ever arisen in the world, of whom this was so true, as it was of Mahomet? Other heretics retained at least the outward profession of Christianity, the belief and use of the sacraments ordained by Christ. Many heretics, and we may say *all the earlier* heretics, who lived before the coming of Mahomet, retained the daily sacrifice of the holy Eucharist; and though there could be no hope of salvation for the miserable heresiarchs themselves, still many of their followers might be *invincibly ignorant* (to use the phrase of Catholic theology) of their state of heresy or schism, and so by God's mercy, and the merits of Christ applied to them by the sacraments of baptism or of penance *in articulo mortis*, they might be saved. But Mahomet abolished Christianity root and branch; he took away the daily sacrifice, which the Prophet Daniel expressly foretold that Antichrist would do, and instead thereof he established vain repetitions of unmeaning prayers, in which there was no love expressed for God, nor any hope in the merits of a Redeemer. He utterly denied the passion of Christ, which he considered a disgraceful doctrine, and he abolished all the seven sacraments of grace, which our Lord had instituted as so many fountains, whereby he might apply and communicate to mankind the fruits of His passion and death. Could Antichrist establish a more appropriate work than this? or one which more completely could undo the work of Christ? Was not, then, the work of Mahomet

precisely what all analogy would have led us to expect for the work of Antichrist? In other words, if Mahomet be not Antichrist, be not the Man of Sin, the Son of Perdition, it is not possible that any heretic can ever arise who would more literally fulfil the predictions of God's word concerning that awful personage than has been done by Mahomet. The more we look into the Mahometan system, the more clearly does this fact manifest itself. The doctrine of Christ had taught men all justice, to abstain from even the thought of evil, to live a holy, pure life. "Be ye perfect," said our Lord, "as your Heavenly Father is perfect." But what was the doctrine of Mahomet?

In the fortieth year of his age, he shut himself up in the caverns of Mount Hera, not far from the city of Mecca; there he remained for six entire months, from time to time he made his wife, his children, and his servants visit him, and he entertained them with strange accounts of nocturnal visions and apparitions, with which he declared that he was favoured. At length, on the twenty-third night of the month of Ramadan, he beheld, as he assured his wife, the following vision. A voice called him by his name, a bright light from heaven illumined the whole country, and the Alcoran, the last Revelation of God to men, descended from heaven, complete in all its parts. It was borne, said he, on the hands of the Archangel Gabriel, and such was the splendour and brilliancy of the messenger, that it was more than the eyes of Mahomet could bear, so he besought him in future to appear in human form. This Gabriel promised that he would do, having saluted Mahomet as "*the Prophet of God.*" After which he commanded him to read through the Koran, which he had no sooner done, than Gabriel carried it back to heaven, promising to bring it back again, as it should be needed, chapter by chapter.

Now, can we imagine any description that more perfectly agrees with the words of St. Paul in his second Epistle to the Thessalonians, where, describing the revelation of the Man of Sin, he says: "Whose coming is according to the working of Satan, in all power, and signs, and *lying wonders?* Who was it that personated the Angel Gabriel, but Satan himself, of whom the same St. Paul declares, that he is wont "*to transform himself into an angel of light?*" Then Mahomet came "*in all power,*" with *the power of the sword and of armies.* Christ came meek and lowly, and when one of His disciples drew the sword, He rebuked him and said, "Put back thy sword into the scabbard, for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword:" and having said this He healed the wound of His mortal enemy. Christ came to minister unto the meanest of His followers, saying,

"My kingdom is not of this world:" He had indeed a kingdom, but it was not a kingdom of flesh and blood, but of holiness, of peace, and of love. But the kingdom of Mahomet was one of earthly power (*in all power*): it was a kingdom of luxury and sensuality, in which it was permitted to men to indulge to the full in all the sins of the flesh, and in which he promised the same sensual enjoyments even in the life to come. Then the Man of Sin was to come, "*in signs, and lying wonders.*" And could there be greater signs, than what God had given to His Church of the near coming of this Son of Perdition? Could there be a more striking sign, than the miraculous shaking of the crosses, which St. Theodore Siceotes explained to St. Thomas, the Patriarch of Constantinople, "*as the sign of the immediate coming of the adversary*"? Could there be a greater sign of the revelation of this Man of Sin, than the miraculous shaking of the cross? The cross of Christ trembled at the coming of Mahomet, and well might it seem to tremble, for Mahomet was its bitterest foe. The cross had redeemed the world, and the Koran of Mahomet was to undo the redemption of the cross. For three hours our Lord Jesus had hung in mortal agony on the cross, giving birth to the children of His adoption, and purchasing the souls of His elect; setting them, moreover, an example of crucifixion to the world, and of a renunciation of all our corrupt passions and lusts; but Mahomet came to level the cross, and to preach sensuality, to set up the power of this world, and to procure the ruin of countless millions of human souls, for whom the Lord Jesus had shed His precious blood. Well might the cross tremble! well might such a sign usher in the coming of Christ's arch-enemy, of Antichrist, and well might the revelation of Al Coran synchronize with the capture of Jerusalem, and the carrying away of the true cross into the land of the infidel Persians, that very people who were destined to become one of the first conquests of the Mahometan apostasy! Oh! these indeed were signs, such as amply verified the prediction of the blessed Apostle St. Paul. Nor were these the only signs:¹ St. Paul had given another, the removal and destruction of the Roman empire, and all the fathers of the Church, with

¹ Amongst other signs, that marked the coming in of the Mahometan empire, we may mention what the Byzantine historian Cedrenus relates as having occurred at the death of the False Prophet: the apparition in the heavens, during thirty days, of a vast comet in the shape of a sword, which was interpreted as a sign of the scourge that impended over Christendom. "*Μετὰ δὲ γε τὸν θάνατον τοῦ θεηλάτου Μουχούμετ ἐφάνη κατὰ μεσημβρίαν ἀστήρ ὁ λεγόμενος δοκίτης, προμηνύων τὴν τῶν Ἀράβων ἐπικράτειαν*" ἔμεινε δὲ ἐπὶ ἡμέρας τριάκοντα, διατείνων ἀπὸ μεσημβρίας ἕως ἀρκτου. ἦν δὲ ξιφοειδής."—Georgii Cedreni *Historiarum Comp.* tom. i. p. 745.

one consenting voice, had proclaimed that this would be *the sign* of Antichrist's coming. The Roman empire fell, and the empire of Mahomet was revealed. The kingdom of Christ waxed weak, torn by the internal strife of heresy and schism, and the cross was seen to shake and to tremble. It only remained for the "Son of Perdition" to inaugurate his accursed "apostasy" by the "*lying wonders*" foretold by St. Paul. And here we see unfolded to us these very lying wonders, in all the force of their "seductive iniquity." Was it not *a wonder*, when Satan appeared in the garb of Gabriel to the impious Mahomet?¹ when he ushered in to his vision the blasphemous and impious Koran? when he shook the rocks of Mount Hera, and terrified even the heart of Mahomet himself, accustomed, as he said he was, to such nocturnal visions? Was this event, pregnant with the spiritual and temporal destruction of countless millions of men, not to be called as St. Paul foretold of it, a "*wonder*," and "*a lying wonder*," seeing that it was invented by Satan to usher in the most false and lying system of impiety that had ever been palmed upon the credulity of fallen man? Yes, Mahomet came "*in lying wonders*," and he deceived mankind more than any impostor or deceiver that had ever preceded him. It has been sometimes urged by commentators, who did not admit that Mahomet was the Antichrist of prophecy, that whereas it was foretold in God's Word that Antichrist should perform great wonders, by which he was to deceive mankind, Mahomet did not pretend to the gift of miracles. It is true that Mahomet did not pretend to the gift of miracles, if by miracles be understood the power of healing diseases, of raising the dead to life, or such other miracles as have always been wrought in the Church of God: and Mahomet was right in not pretending to such a gift, inasmuch as he had none such, and, had he pretended to it, his imposture would quickly have been found out: but he did lay claim to wonderful and supernatural communications with God, and these were assuredly to be called "*lying wonders*," as St. Paul had termed them. They were surely *wonders* in every sense of the term, and they were "*lying*" wonders, because they were false, vile impostures, and diabolical deceptions.

On one memorable occasion² in the year 621 A.D., Mahomet pretended that the Angel Gabriel brought him a miraculous beast, called El-Borac, on which he mounted and ascended to the seventh heaven, where he conversed face to face with God, and was proclaimed greater than all the prophets and all the angels of God! When he entered the first heaven Adam came and

¹ See Abbé Rohrbacher's tenth volume of *Ecclesiastical History*.

² See *Vie de Mahomet*, Koran, Kasimirski.

made obeisance to him, and recommended himself to his prayers! God's Word tells us that all the ancient fathers of the Old Testament had been delivered from the prison, in which they were detained, by the preaching of Messiah in person (1 Peter, iii. 19), who, as the Church teaches us, applied to their souls the merits of his precious death, and then transported them to Paradise, "leading captivity captive," as David had foretold in the Psalms. But all this is denied by the impious Mahomet, who, on the contrary, pretends that Adam came and recommended himself to his prayers! as if the prayers of Mahomet would prove more efficacious than the merits of the God-Man! In one of these heavens he tells us he saw Issa or Jesus, but he does not say in which. Now is it possible to conceive blasphemous falsehood beyond all this? At least, unless we believe the word of Mahomet, and embrace Islamism, we must come to this conclusion. I will not dwell upon the other lying wonders which Mahomet relates of this journey to the seventh heaven; the miraculous cock, which was several thousand miles high, and which crowed so loud as to be heard by the whole universe; or the colossal angel he met in the third heaven, whose height was equal to one hundred and forty thousand years of the swiftest travelling! or the other ridiculous fables he recounts of this prodigious journey; but I will only add, in conclusion, that, when he reached the seventh heaven, Gabriel was not allowed to accompany him further, but Mahomet, holier than the highest angel, climbed the tree Sedra, and so ascended through a boundless ocean of light to the very throne of God Himself, on the steps of which he beheld these words: "*la, Allah illa Allah, va Mohammed rasoul Allah;*" the meaning of which is, "There is no God, but God, and Mahomet is His Prophet." He was no sooner admitted to the presence of the Most High, than God, placing one hand on his breast, and the other on his shoulder, revealed to him all Truth, and declared to him that he was the most perfect of all creatures, and that he should be honoured and raised above all other men, and that he should be the Redeemer of all those that believed in him, that he should know all languages, and that the spoils of all he conquered in war should belong to him alone. He then ordered him to prescribe fifty prayers a day to his followers, but on the remonstrance of Mahomet He reduced the number to five. After which Mahomet returned to the earth, and recounted to his deluded disciples the Satanic vision, with which Lucifer had deceived his proud and presumptuous mind. Could blasphemy, falsehood, and folly go beyond this?

This was the man, who was destined to be the chief opponent

of Jesus Christ, of whom the Apostle St. Paul most properly foretold, "who *opposeth* and is *lifted up* above all that is called God and worshipped." That he *opposed* Christ, no one who has read history would venture to deny, for the records of twelve centuries are at hand to prove that no one ever opposed with such awful success the extension of Christ's kingdom: and if we wanted a clue to the interpretation of the other statement of the Apostle, "that he should be *lifted up* above all that is called God and worshipped," surely the miraculous journey of Mahomet, we have just been describing, furnishes it for us. Mahomet proclaims himself as having been pronounced by God Himself as the "most perfect of *all creatures*." What was this but to *lift himself* (for it was not really God who lifted him to this blasphemous height) above all "*that is called God and worshipped*"? If he proclaimed himself the highest of all creatures, he was of course higher than Christ, who was a creature at the same time as God. He was higher than Mary, the all-pure Mother of God. In other words, "he lifted himself above all that is called God and worshipped." Jesus is called God because He is at once God and Man, and as such He is rightly worshipped: but Mahomet proclaimed himself greater than Jesus, he therefore "*lifted himself above all that is called God and worshipped*." Again, in Scripture, princes and kings are sometimes called *Gods*; thus we read in Deuteronomy, "Thou shalt not curse the Gods, nor speak evil of the rulers of my people." So that, when the Apostle tells us that the Man of Sin would exalt himself above all that is *called God*, he meant that he would exalt himself above angels and archangels, above prophets and saints, above the all-holy Mother of God, and even above Jesus, the eternal Son of God, who is God blessed for evermore. Now all this Mahomet literally did, and by so doing he exalted himself both directly and indirectly "above all that is called God and worshipped." But Mahomet was not only a religious impostor, "a False Prophet," he aimed at other ends besides the religious veneration of his fellow-men: he aimed at dominion over them, at nothing short of universal empire; for he said that he was sent by God to subdue all other kings and potentates, and to subject them to himself: in this sense, therefore, also he equally exalted himself above all that is *called God and worshipped*; for in Scripture the term *worship* is applied not only to the honour which is due to God, but also to that which is due to kings and princes: hence we see how literally and completely Mahomet fulfilled the Apostle's prediction of the Man of Sin, that he would "lift himself above *ALL*" (whether in Heaven or on earth) "that is called God and worshipped."

But this is not all that St. Paul foretold, he continues: "So that he sitteth in the Temple of God, showing himself as if he were God." By this I understand that the Man of Sin would endeavour to usurp for himself, *in the Temple of God*, that is in the public worship paid by mankind to the Supreme Being, whether in material temples or in the temple of conscience, that place, in which He alone had a right to sit, who, as the Word of God declared, sat down "at the right hand of God the Father," in virtue of His eternal Sonship, that eternal generation from the Father, which it was the special province of Mahomet utterly to deny in his famous dogma "that God neither begetteth nor is begotten."

Yes, we may indeed truly say, that when Mahomet asserted himself to be "*the highest of all creatures*," and the Redeemer of mankind, he not only robbed our Lord Jesus Christ of His glory, of whom St. Paul had said "that He thought it not robbery to be equal with God:" for He indeed was truly equal with God: but he took that place in the mystical, as well as the real, *Temple of God*, which belonged to Christ and to Christ alone.

In another, and a still more literal sense, did Mahomet also fulfil this prophecy, when Jerusalem was taken by his general the Caliph Omar, and when on the site of Solomon's Temple, which, above all others, is pre-eminently styled in Scripture "*the Temple of God*," he impiously pretended to restore that sacred edifice, and did in fact defile that most holy spot by erecting thereon one of his principal mosques: thus placing, as Daniel the Prophet and our blessed Lord had foretold, "*the abomination of desolation in the Holy Place*," and on that sacred ground proclaiming himself the highest and holiest of all creatures, the greatest of the prophets, and, as he reported of himself in his nocturnal journey to the seventh heaven, "*the Saviour of all who should believe in him*." And it is a remarkable fact connected with the taking of Jerusalem by the Caliph Omar, that Saint Sophronius, who was patriarch of that city at the time, expressly declared that he saw in that event the fulfilment of the prophecy of Daniel concerning the "*Abomination of Desolation in the Holy Place*."—(Daniel, xi. 31.)

Cedrenus, the learned Byzantine annalist, attests this fact as follows:—"Εἰσελθὼν δὲ Οὐμαρος εἰς τὴν ἁγίαν πόλιν τριχίνοις ἐκ καμήλου ἐνδύμασιν ἡμφιεσμένος ἐρρυπωμένοις, ὑπόκρισιν τε Σατανικὴν ἐνδεικνύμενος, τὸν Ναὸν ἐξίτηι τῶν Ἰουδαίων, ὃν ᾠκοδόμησε Σολομῶν, προσκυνητήριον ποιῆσαι τῆς αὐτοῦ βλασφημίας. Τοῦτον ἰδὼν Σωφρόνιος ἔφη· ἐπ' ἀληθείας τοῦτό ἐστιν τὸ βδέλυγμα τῆς ἐρμώσεως ἐστὼς ἐν τόπῳ ἁγίῳ.—(Cedreni *Hist. Comp.* tom. i. p. 746.) And in a subsequent chapter the same author mentions a remarkable fact,

“that when Omar commenced his famous mosque on the site of Solomon’s Temple, the building, in spite of all his efforts, continually fell down, and on the Caliph inquiring of the Jews the reason of this prodigy, the latter informed him it was because of the cross which the Christians had erected upon their church on the Mount of Olives, whereupon Omar ordered that cross, and many others also, to be demolished.”—(Cedreni *Hist. Comp.* tom. i. p. 754.)

What was this, but “to sit in *the temple of God*, showing himself, *as if he were God*,” as if he were that, which none but Christ, who is “*God of God and very God of very God*,” is and can be? In fine, if Mahomet has not fulfilled the Apostle’s prediction, both in the *spirit* and the *letter*, we know not how it could be fulfilled.

But we now come to a further description of the Man of Sin in this remarkable prophecy of St. Paul (2 Thess. xi. 9, 10), “whose coming is . . . *in all seduction of iniquity* to them that perish: because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. Therefore God shall send them the operation of error, to believe a lie.” If ever a system was based on the *seduction of iniquity*, it surely was that of Mahomet. Look at the morality which he practised, which he taught his disciples to practise, and it will not be difficult to understand what the Apostle means by “*seduction of iniquity*,” when addressed to the corrupt nature of fallen man. The very paradise he promised to his deluded followers, is a place of debauchery, a sink of “*iniquity*.” Whole troops of beautiful houris are provided to gratify the everlasting and insatiable lust of the Mahometan elect, and that there may be no stint, no progeny ever follows this unbridled concubinage: it is an everlasting enjoyment of the basest pleasures, without the end or the sanction of marriage: pleasures which, as mankind now tastes them, are essentially allied with the debasements of original sin, and which the pure religion of Jesus had restricted to the single use of marriage, while it taught men to forego them altogether, if they would seek perfectly to please their Heavenly Creator, by imitating here on earth the purity and the innocence of angels. Jesus Christ had restored woman to her original rank in the scale of God’s creation; Mahomet degraded her again into the mere instrument of passion, and the slave of man. Our Lord had made marriage the holiest and the happiest union of man and wife, to be for ever consecrated to each other, with no thought of another to inspire jealousy or divide their love, and this union He pronounced indissoluble, except by death. Mahomet restored polygamy, and consecrated divorce. Thus, instead of

developing the holy tendencies of Christianity, he threw men back, and as he impiously pretended, by the authority of God Himself, into all the degradations of human corruption, such as even enlightened pagans viewed with shame and disgust. What has been the result of this legislation of the false Prophet? Let the history of Mahometanism answer the question: in order to enable a comparatively few privileged men to enjoy the possession of whole troops of women, hundreds and thousands of men are annually condemned to mutilation, and so sentenced to a debased and compulsory celibacy. Thus fulfilling another prophecy of the same St. Paul in his epistle to his disciple St. Timothy (1 Tim. iv. 1-4): "Now the Spirit manifestly saith, that in the last times some shall *depart from the faith*, giving heed to *spirits of error* and *doctrines of devils*, speaking *lies in hypocrisy*, and having their *conscience seared*, *forbidding to marry*, and commanding to *abstain from meats*, which God had created to be received with thanksgiving by the faithful, and by them that have known the truth." How remarkably is this fulfilled by the eunuchs of Mohametanism, whom this impious system has effectually forbidden to marry, although it has thrown open to them every other brutal and degrading licence. What a contrast between this diabolical celibacy, and the angelical celibacy of the monastic state in the Catholic Church! The former is that of Mahomet, what the devil has long practised in hell: the latter is the life of the angels of God, of whom Jesus said, "That they neither marry, nor are given in marriage;" that life which He, the Lamb of God, led, when He trod this earth in pain and sorrow for three-and-thirty years, seeking and saving that which was lost; that life, which in every age of Christianity, thousands and tens of thousands of His followers have led in imitation of Him, and of whom, when translated to a happier life, the beloved disciple witnesses that he heard them singing such a heavenly song as no one else could learn, for, said the evangelist, "these were virgins, who were never defiled with women, and they follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."—(Apocalypse, xiv. 4). And as with the contrast between Mahometan and Christian celibacy, so also between Christian self-denial, and the impious and truly Manichean abstinence of the false Prophet, to which the Apostle St. Paul here alludes. In the old law, Moses had commanded for mystical and temporary reasons abstinence from certain meats, but this uncleanness was washed away in the all-atoning blood of Christ; Mahomet renewed what had now lost all rational signification, and to the restrictions of Judaism, he added blasphemies of his own: he abolished the daily sacrifice of the new law; that sacrifice which

our Lord Jesus Christ, as Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedech, had instituted in the form of bread and wine; the sacrifice which the Prophet Malachi had foretold would everywhere be offered amongst the Gentiles. And that he might as it were stamp that Divine oblation of the Christian altar with the seal of his malediction, he pretended that God had told him, that wine was an abomination, invented by Satan (*Alcoran*, v. 92); such were the abstinences imposed by Mahomet on the meats and creatures of God, which, as the Apostle said, "God had created to be received with thanksgiving:" how different from the abstinences of the Christian Church, which, on the contrary, proclaim, that every creature of God is good, and that when for a season, or on given days, we abstain from any of them, we do so, not because they are evil, but for mortification and penance, that we may subdue the flesh to the spirit, that we may learn to use the gifts of God with moderation and sobriety, for the purpose ordained by Him, and not to gratify our mere animal appetite, or a spirit of luxury.

But if we turn from the doctrine of Mahomet to his own conduct and practice, we shall find that his example was on a par with his teaching. Not content with fifteen wives, and a whole host of concubines and female slaves, at the age of fifty-four, he fell in love with Aicha, a beautiful girl of only nine years of age, who was just married to his own adopted son, Zaid. The unfortunate man was forced to repudiate his wife to gratify the insatiable passions of the Prophet, who immediately took possession of her, and married her: and when some of his followers murmured at his brutality, how did he answer them? He makes the angel Gabriel descend from heaven with a fresh chapter of the Koran, prepared on purpose, in which the incest and adultery of the Prophet is vindicated by a blasphemy, and the God of heaven is made to say, that He gives a special privilege to the Prophet to marry any woman upon earth, no matter what previous ties she may have contracted, provided she be ready to yield to his solicitations.¹ It was surely not too much for St. Paul to have foretold of this *Man of Sin*, that he would come "in all seduction of iniquity;" nor can Mahomet be charged with having done too little to fulfil, even to the extremest point of the letter, the inspired prediction of the Apostle!

But if such was his unbridled career of lust and passion, his cruelty was, if possible, greater still. For this, too, the lying revelations of the Koran gave him the amplest scope. If any one doubted his divine mission, the fifth chapter of this blas-

¹ See *Alcoran*, chap. xxxiii. p. 341. Paris edit. 1844.

phemous book (*Alcoran*, v. 37) tells us how Mahomet was to deal with him: "Behold, what is to be the recompense of those who oppose God and His Apostle" (that is *Mahomet*), "you shall put them to death, or you shall crucify them, you shall cut off their hands and their feet alternately: they shall be banished from their country; they shall be loaded with ignominy in this life, and they shall receive a cruel chastisement in the life to come." With such an authority in his hands, is it wonderful that this false Prophet should have committed the cruelties which history records, or that his followers in every age should have been as conspicuous for their horrible disregard of human life and human suffering, as they have been for their unbridled lust and unnatural crimes?

But we will not pursue this odious subject further: enough has been said to convince our readers,—and we ought rather to apologise for recounting to Christian ears the unspeakable wickedness of him whom the Apostle rightly forenamed "the Man of Sin."

Closely connected with this conviction about the personality and reality of a past Antichrist was De Lisle's persuasion about the Temporal Power of the Popes which in 1840 he deduced from prophecy; and he committed to writing his conviction that it would come to an end, together with the Turkish Empire, about the end of the century. Not that he had any wish to see such an event come to pass, or would not have done what he could to prevent it, as when the time came the following letter to Major F. A. Trevor agreeing to become a member of the Catholic Union, which had been established chiefly to defend the Temporal Rights of the Holy See, amply shows:—

I willingly give my name to be added to your List of Members, already enrolled, and I heartily wish that our efforts might be crowned with a restoration to the Holy See of all its Rights. At any rate I think we may reasonably hope by the pressure of Constitutional and Legitimate Influences upon our respective Governments to secure, for the Holy Father, such an *European Guarantee* for the free exercise of his Pastoral office, as may effectually replace his antient territorial Sovereignty, should it be the Divine will to permit its permanent alienation from the Possession of the Church.¹

¹ About this time his fifth son, Osmund, wanted very much to become a Papal Zouave, but so strongly did De Lisle feel about the futility of *Peter*

I enclose a cheque for £4 as a donation for the work of the Union, which is meant to include my first year's subscription of £1.

His views, however, on this subject elicited friendly remonstrances from several of his friends, amongst which, perhaps, the most interesting was the following letter from Mr. Aubrey de Vere :—

DERWENT ISLAND, KESWICK,
Sept. 14, 1871.

MY DEAR DE LISLE—I am moving about from West to East, and from South to North, and now here I am under the shadow of old Skiddaw, so you will easily understand why your interesting letter has not before now received an answer. All that you say about the Temporal Power is most interesting. I should do injustice both to that great subject, and to your treatment of it, if in the narrow limits of a letter I tried to do more than glance at a few points connected with it. So I will choose the most important that strike me at this moment.

1st. I agree with you that we are probably approaching that period, when the nations will, in their *national capacity*, discard Christianity. This the world will call “Civilisation,” and the Church “Apostasy.” In Catholic countries it will be produced, as Infidelity is, by sheer wickedness, or the Revolt of the Will against the Divine Order sent into the world to consecrate the natural order; while in Protestant countries it will proceed, not from the sin of Individuals, but, like the greater part of Protestant Unbelief, from those unhappy principles to which Protestantism originally committed itself; private judgments multiplying sects, and Christian principles of Government, or of Education clashing with their liberties, or with their claims to perfect equality. The *Nations* will go on to this Apostasy; and *Christendom* will probably perish before Islam does, though the Church can never fail, and the number of individual Christians may possibly be always encreasing. Thus far we are agreed. But what I would maintain also is this, viz. that we are bound to resist this great crime, or retard it, as long as we can—not of course by absurd means, such as some hot-headed men have

drawing the sword, that he dissuaded him from his chivalrous purpose. He could never understand the logical position of Roman theologians who insist so strongly on the text “Thou art Peter,” etc., and at the same time make so light of that other equally emphatic warning, “Put up thy sword in the scabbard, for all they that draw the sword shall perish by the sword,” Matt. xxvi. 52.

proposed, but by all the legitimate means of Social and Political Action.

The extremes of Democracy in England, and of Nationalism in Ireland, are things that I have ever opposed; and I should think it my duty to oppose them, however plain it might seem to me that the victory would eventually be with the wrong side. We are equally responsible for our inaction, and our action: and if others are to triumph in their wrong courses that is no reason why their responsibility is to be shared by others, who do not share their illusions, and therefore would have less excuse.

Nor do I see how can we do otherwise without allowing our principles to be misconceived, and our motives to be confounded with those of persons with whom we are utterly at variance. Almost all of those who want to separate the Nation's Institution and Education from the Christian Religion aim at this in the sincere though erroneous belief that their cause is that of Freedom and Peace, and will merit a divine Blessing; and it is especially in this point of view that they regard the abolition of the Temporal Power through the act of one nation and the connivance and encouragement of almost all. They certainly would not thank Catholics for any support they might give to this policy, if Catholics were to say, "We have no disposition to bring any influence we may possess to bear on Statesmen or Governments: at the same time our private conviction is that the suppression of the Temporal power is the completion of a great European Apostasy, the consequence of which will be the punishment of the nations that concur in it by the destruction of their Peace, the suppression of their Liberties, the downfall of European civilization, and a period of Anarchy over the waves of which the Barque of Peter alone is to ride triumphant, nay by which it is to be lifted, for the first time, to the summit of the mountain." They would answer, "You should oppose what you think thus wrong and destructive, by all just, reasonable, and constitutional means, as strongly as if you did *not* foresee that God would *ultimately* extract good to Religion out of the sins and follies of men."

But the question is not one merely of principle. The very highest practical good comes, as it seems to me, from a vigorous protest and battle against what is wrong, even though the just cause may suffer defeat. 1st. The *complete* Triumph of Wrong may be prevented, its advocates being compelled to content themselves with a compromise. 2dly. The weakness of such a compromise, and no less the strong assertion of right Principles, prepares the way for a restoration, not of all that was put

aside, but of what was essential to Reason and Justice in it. 3dly. A breathing time is gained for the Right ; and it has thus the means of arming itself for the struggle that lies before it. Had Catholics hitherto refrained from what is always nicknamed "agitation" by those who are in sympathy with an opposite agitation, the Pope would probably by this time have suffered much more grievously than he has as yet with respect to his Spiritual Rights. The King of Italy would probably have made him simply a Subject ; whereas he is forced to *profess* at least to regard him as a Sovereign. This "guarantee" once contracted, either the maintenance of it will probably cause the downfall of V. Emmanuel, Acteon being devoured by his own hounds ; or the violation of it will give the Nations an opportunity for interference, at a time when they have recovered their wits enough to see that they are likely to inherit trouble in the flesh if they allow a Pope who must have immense influence in all countries, except Russia, to be dependent on a strong Sovereign in one country, or (worse still) on a weak Sovereign, himself ruled by a stronger Sovereign, exempt from all apparent responsibility. In any case a great gain comes from delaying the evil. Had the Temporal Power been finally suppressed in the days of the first Napoleon the result would have been far worse than if it were now suppressed ; for Gallicanism had extinguished all honourable susceptibility as regards the Spiritual Liberties of the Church, and we should have had Police mandates specifying the number of wax lights to be burned on the altars.

Yet the danger even of "Josephism" is not by any means gone by. People are quite as ready to forget Montalembert's "*Free Church in a free State*" as to forget his assertion, the complement of this maxim, viz. that, *in order that* every where else all religious bodies should have equal liberties, there must exist one spot in which the Head of the Catholic Church must be Prince not Subject. It is quite possible that, if nothing be done to confirm the belief in the absolute necessity for the Pope's *Spiritual* Independence, a warfare may be carried on against it in every nation, as a consequence of the loss of his Temporal Power. The aspiration of Frederick the Great of Prussia was that in every Nation, Catholic or Protestant, the Civil Power should be supreme in religious matters, and he desired the suppression of the Pope's Temporal Power, expressly because he calculated that in that event each Catholic Nation would assume towards religion that attitude which Russia had assumed. If, when there existed but one great Empire, the Successors of Constantine aspired to rule in

religious matters, and sided habitually with the heretical Bodies, because these were most willing to admit their claims, how much greater, now that the world is broken up into many nations, will be the temptation of the Civil Power to dominate in Spiritual matters, rather than submit to what it will call the domination of a Pope himself under coercion! It is possible that even the game of setting up Antipopes may be tried again. In short what the Church *may* have immediately before her is Disendowment *without* Liberty. This is what we have to protect her from, by inducing the Statesmen of Europe to join, at the least, in such a course as will permanently secure the Spiritual Freedom of the Church at its Centre, without which the Paralysis would soon creep from the Head over the Members.

This brings us to the Practical Question. I do not suppose that the old order of things is likely to be restored, *i.e.* the Temporal Dominion as it was at the Accession of Pius IX. But there remains an order of things different from what now exists, and from the old Temporal Power. It was, I rather think, Mr. Gladstone who said some dozen years ago, "What does the Pope want of that large unmanageable kingdom? Rome and the Campagna is what his Independence really needs." I need not quote the Catena of Statesmen who have affirmed that the Political and Social welfare of Europe requires that the Pope should be a Sovereign that he may not be a Subject. A smaller Territory than Rome and the Campagna, could hardly be assigned to him; and no reasonable person can anticipate his *permanently* leaving Rome, unless an order of things such as the world has not yet witnessed, should reveal itself. What Statesmen have to do is, I think, to reconcile the restoration, to the Pope, of Rome and the Campagna, with the possession by the Romans of the Citizenship of Italy, or indeed of the whole world. They have to convince the world that if Italy has an interest in Rome, so the World has also an interest in Rome; and that these two conflicting interests have to be reconciled. There is no inherent impossibility in such a reconciliation. Hitherto, the Pope could not have made, or acquiesced in, the changes such a state of things must have involved, because any concessions made by him would have been immediately turned against him, both by the Red Party at Rome, and alas by the Italian Government, if Europe secured him against these enemies. It is indeed very probable that such an order of things might not be *final*: and I, like you, quite expect a universal Persecution of the Church to burst out one day: but if it lasted for a few years, this would give time

for the realization, during that time of Montalembert's Ideal, a "free Church in a free State" everywhere. If the Church gradually lost her remaining endowments, and her political Status, among the Nations, she would also be gaining elsewhere that Liberty which she has in Belgium; and whenever the Anti-Christian Persecution of Religion succeeded to the present Policy of separating National Institutions from Religion, the Church would have had time to get her Spiritual Armour ready.

It may be said that the Statesmen of Europe cannot be got to take such a course as I suggest. Then they should be shewn the necessity of taking at least a course as near to it as is possible. They may secure for the Pope what Victor Emmanuel promised him (*and I think unconditionally*) a few days before he entered Rome, viz. the City at his own side of the River, and the absolute security of all the Religious Institutions and Property, at both sides. Were this insisted on the Italians would ere long discover for themselves that the best, most dignified, and safest thing they could do would be to leave Rome in the Pope's hands; his subjects remaining in possession of all that *really* belongs to their liberties or happiness.

If European Statesmen cannot at present do even as much as this, they may, notwithstanding, be induced by the constant, but reasonable, and constitutional, pressure of Catholics, to do so when the occasion offers, and when time has a little cleared their eyes from illusions which no respectable statesman laboured under until lately. At the least that pressure will induce them to take what measures they may to prevent matters becoming still worse than they have as yet become. If the Italian Government is only pressed *at one side, i.e.* by the Mazzinians, we know how it will fare with the Pope: and if Statesmen, in each country are pressed by one side alone, *i.e.* by the irreligious and anarchical party in each country, we know how they must act.

Efforts on behalf of the Pope seem to me no less our duty to our Country and Society than to Religion. If things go on as they seem not unlikely to do, nearly every country will be divided into two camps, the Religious and those hostile to Religion. Governments will go with the latter: and in so doing they will sign the death-warrant of Society: for in every country the Religious either are, or would under fair treatment become, the great Anti-Revolutionary Power; and the policy we have been anticipating on the part of Governments would set this sole Conservative Power *in opposition* to the established Order. Thus, in Ireland, the Catholic Church is the only

power capable of resisting Revolutionary Ideas: yet hostility to the cause of the Catholic Religion on the part of the Government would eventually render it impossible for the Catholic party to aid, as they would wish to aid, the party of Order. Every new wrong done to the Pope, and supposed to be connived at, if not promoted by, the Government, at the instigation of enemies to Catholicity, would inevitably make the Catholics enemies of the English Connection. They would say "but for that Connection, Ireland could assist the Pope." And thus, the Protestants being already disgusted by "Religious Equality," the remedial effects of that great measure, as regards the Catholics, would eventually be lost to the Empire. It is possible that the question of *Education* in Ireland may, by making it plain that the policy of Parliament on that matter has been determined, neither by Irish sympathies, nor by English *Principles*, but by English and Scotch Antipathies and Prejudices, reduce Irish Liberals, and especially Catholics, to the alternative of retiring from political life or advocating "Home Rule." The Question of the Pope may easily become yet more formidable.

The political Independence of the Pope was not indeed coeval with *Christianity*, but it preceded *Christian Civilisation*; and with its fall the present fabric of Society in Europe must fall, I am convinced, and Anarchy must succeed. The Church will work through that Anarchy: but the nations will not—that is as we know, or can imagine them—and therefore it seems to me that every Patriot, and friend of Order, is called on to resist the Evil as far as he may whether or not he thinks that it can be ultimately resisted.

But I am quite ashamed of having taken up so much of your time. I have been travelling again since I began this letter, I am now ending it at *Monk Coniston, Ambleside, Sep. 23*. How pleasant it would be to me to accept your invitation, were it but possible! I should also immensely like meeting Mr. Gladstone if he goes to you: but alas my stay in England is now near its end. Remember me most kindly to all your circle, and believe me affectly. yours,

AUBREY DE VERE.

In a letter to Lord Shrewsbury, dated 1840, he gave it as his opinion that the temporal Power of the Sultan would come to an end in 1898, which turned out to be the unhappy year of the defeat of the Greeks by the Turks, when however, if to some extent, thanks to the kindly offices of the Protestant German Emperor, this defeat rehabilitated the

perpetrators of the Armenian massacres, it demonstrated to the Sublime Porte that henceforth the Ottoman hold upon European territory was absolutely subject to the goodwill of the Christian Powers, and that the Powers only tolerate what is left of the Turkish dominion in order to give the nascent Christian nationalities of the Balkan Peninsula time to recover their political strength and renew their youth like the eagles. Now it may appear shocking to some and fanciful to others this alleged connection between the temporal power of Islam and the temporal power of the Papacy. Queen Elizabeth certainly would have thought so, because when she wrote to the Sultan hoping to make an antipapal alliance with him for the promotion of Protestantism and the annihilation of Catholicism, she urged, "we both worship one God and both hate one Pope." To the orthodox student however of Revelation there is a very close and mystical reason, and it is based upon the words of Apocalypse xii. 14, where it is written, "And there were given to the woman two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the desert unto her place, where she is nourished for a time, and times, and half a time from the face of the serpent." The temporal sovereignty of Rome signified by the *wings of a great eagle* conferred upon the Popes by the Franco-German Emperors of the West, and the Roman Imperium conferred upon the Emperors of the German Nation by the Popes, represent the militant power of Christendom, the complete union of *Church and State*, which in the Middle Ages withstood the invasion of Islam and finally gave birth to the modern world-system, which discovered America and Australia, and is now at length spreading civilization over the whole globe; the deserts of Africa and the great waterways of China no longer standing outside of the onward rush of Christian culture and scientific regeneration. I will give De Lisle's theory as demonstrated in his own words:

Before we exhibit to our readers the history of the Mahometan empire, as the fulfilment of the prophecies relating to the empire of Antichrist, it is necessary that we consider, for a few moments, the history of the Catholic Church, that is, of the

kingdom and empire of Christ. For it is impossible to form a right view of the Antichristian empire, unless we set before our readers the parallel history of the Christian empire of the Church, inasmuch as it is in the mutual conflict between these two powers, that one of the main evidences is developed of the fulfilment of Divine prophecy.

If we turn to the twelfth chapter of the Apocalypse, we find the following words:—

“And a great sign appeared in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars.”

Now, what is meant by this symbol? In its first and limited application, I should refer it to the blessed Virgin Mary, the all-pure Mother of God, for she might well be compared to a woman “*clothed with the sun*,” seeing that she was “*full of the grace of God*,” as the angel Gabriel had declared of her, “Hail full of grace” (Luke i. 28), “the Lord is with thee;” that is, she was filled with God, and might well, therefore, be compared to a woman clothed with the sun, for the sun was an emblem of God; and the moon was said to be under the feet of Mary, because the moon symbolized the variable and empty things of this life, which our blessed Lady trod under her feet: while the crown of twelve stars, that encircled her head, signified, on the one hand, the twelve patriarchs of the people of Israel, and the twelve tribes into which that people was subdivided, and, on the other, the twelve Apostles of Jesus Christ, who were the chosen patriarchs of the Christian Church, that is, of *the children of Mary*, for, in the strictest sense of the term, Mary, as the Mother of Christ, is also the mother of all those who are born again in Christ, and who were all committed to her maternal keeping by Christ upon the cross in the person of John the beloved disciple. And when, in the fifth verse, the Prophet tells us, that “She brought forth a man-child, who was to rule all nations with an iron rod, and her Son was taken up to God, and to His throne:” it is evident that Christ our Lord, the only Son of Mary, is most distinctly referred to; but in a more extended and general sense, there can be no doubt that the Catholic Church of Christ is “the woman clothed with the sun,” and so all interpreters, both ancient and modern, have with one accord interpreted this symbol. Now, applying it to the Church, she appears “*in heaven*,” that is, in the region of God, in the region of His grace and mercy unto men, for no one but God designed this marvellous and admirable creation of His bounty and wisdom. She is “*clothed with the sun*,” that is, with that “Sun of Righteous-

ness" that was to rise upon the earth "with healing in His wings," as Isaias the Prophet had foretold.

Her being "*clothed with the sun*" denoted her infallible authority, and her unerring truth, for how can there be any darkness of error in the teaching of her who is "*clothed with the sun*?" This symbolical description of the Church well accords with the words of Christ when He first instituted her. "Go ye and teach all nations, and lo! *I am with you always*, even unto the end of the world." What Christ then promised, St. John, in the Apocalypse, beholds accomplished in the mystic symbol of the Divine vision; and that there might be no mistake concerning the person referred to as "*the woman clothed with the sun*," it is presently added, "and on her head (there was) a crown of twelve stars:" that is, of the twelve Apostles of Jesus Christ, they whom He sent to gather His Church out of all nations. Hence the true Church of Christ has always been termed the *Catholic* and *Apostolic* Church, that is, the Church of *all nations* (which is the signification of the title *Catholic*), and the Church founded by the *twelve Apostles*, which is the reason why we call her *Apostolical*. "And being with child, she cried, travailing in birth, and was in pain to be delivered." The Church's child is every child of Adam, baptized in the sacred laver of regeneration, and she might well be described as travailing with pain, when the birth of her first children cost her so many cruel persecutions, as she endured during the three first centuries of her existence. The Prophet continues, "And there was seen another sign in heaven: and behold, a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns: and on his heads seven diadems: and his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and cast them to the earth: and the dragon stood before the woman who was ready to be delivered; that when she should be delivered, he might devour her Son: and she brought forth a man-child, who was to rule all nations with an iron rod: and her Son was taken up to God, and to His throne." Now, who was represented by this "other sign in heaven?"—"The great red dragon?" If we take it in its first and direct application, it would evidently refer to Satan, and the ninth verse of this same chapter, puts this out of all doubt; but if we take it in a more extended sense, it would refer to Satan as working by and through mankind; in other words, it would signify the whole mass of fallen men, ruled over and directed by the devil. Taking it in this sense, I should understand the seven-headed and ten-horned dragon to symbolize the whole mass of mankind, ruled over by the enemy of God; and the seven heads of this

dragon would signify the seven great kingdoms¹ or associations of fallen men, which from the time of Noah until the end of the world were to carry out the devil's purposes in opposition to God, and to His true religion. Viewed in this light, the seven heads of the dragon would signify :—1. The Egyptian monarchy ; 2. The Assyrian ; 3. The Chaldean or Babylonian ; 4. The Medo-Persian ; 5. The Grecian ; 6. The Roman ; 7. The Anti-christian empire of Mahomet. While the ten horns would signify the ten kingdoms, into which the Roman empire, or sixth head of the dragon, was to be subdivided. While Mahometanism, or the dragon's seventh head, was destined eventually to absorb three of these ten horns or kingdoms, as we have already intimated, and shall still further explain in the course of this work.

But although I feel no doubt that this is the most accurate interpretation of the Apocalyptic vision, it may also be referred in a somewhat more limited sense to that power which I believe to have been the dragon's sixth head, namely, to the Roman empire: now the Roman empire was emphatically the instrument of the devil in persecuting the Church, that is, "the woman clothed with the sun," on her first appearance in the world.

Applying it, then, to the Roman empire, by the seven heads crowned with diadems I should understand either the seven principal emperors who exhibited the greatest fury in persecuting the Primitive Church, which I consider the most probable interpretation, or what some other commentators have taken it to mean, the seven forms of government that successively prevailed in the Roman state, being as follows: 1. The Kings ; 2. Consuls ; 3. Dictators ; 4. Decemvirs ; 5. Military tribunes ; 6. Emperors ; 7. The senate, which co-existed with all the other heads, but, as sharing the sovereignty with them all, may well be counted for one of the mystic heads of the Roman dragon. Others have interpreted the seventh head of the Roman beast to mean the kingdom of Italy, established by Odoacer, king of the Heruli, after the deposition of Romulus Augustulus, the last emperor, in 476 A.D. But I confess I think this less likely than the other interpretation ; for, whatever may be true of the different forms of government under which the Roman beast has subsisted, it is evident that in St. John's vision that beast is contemplated chiefly in its connection with the Church, as Satan's first instrument in persecuting her. Now Rome never persecuted the Church under any of her seven forms of government except *the imperial* ; why, therefore,

¹ It is in this sense that the Douay commentators understand it.

should her seven heads, in that sense of them, be introduced in connection with the persecutions of the early Church, when it is clear neither the kings, nor the consuls, nor the dictators, nor the decemvirs, nor the military tribunes ever persecuted the Church? for all these forms of government were passed and gone when the Church's history commenced. But it is quite clear that seven of the Roman emperors were conspicuous for their fury in persecuting the Church; for although, if we include Tiberius, under whom the crucifixion of our Lord Himself and the martyrdom of St. Stephen took place, there were eleven emperors who persecuted the Church, we may certainly conclude from history that there were seven who were conspicuous above all the rest of the emperors for the terrible cruelty with which they waged this infernal war; and these seven I should enumerate thus: 1. Nero; 2. Domitian; 3. Trajan; 4. Hadrian; 5. Decius; 6. Aurelian; 7. Dioclesian: and it would seem that Dioclesian was the worst of them all.

But there is another reason for interpreting in this passage the seven heads, exclusively of the emperors, and it is that they are expressly said to be diademed heads, an appellation which belongs more properly to the emperors than to any of the other governing powers, if, at least, we except that of the kings. Also by the seven diademed heads I understand the whole body of the emperors persecuting the Church under the influence of the seven deadly sins, for we must observe that the dragon, who is described as having these seven diademed heads, is primarily Satan, and it is by these seven capital sins that he governs his impious kingdom over the bodies and souls of men. Then by the *ten horns* I understand *here* not the ten kingdoms into which the Roman empire was ultimately subdivided, but the ten general persecutions of the Primitive Church, which are well compared to ten horns, because they aptly represent those ten furious assaults which Satan gave to the Church, by urging against her the whole physical force of the Roman empire in those ten great persecutions. But be this as it may, commentators agree that the dragon in this vision symbolizes both Satan, in his organization of mankind under seven great monarchies, and in a more special sense the pagan empire of Rome, combined and connected as it so closely was with the devil in the persecution of the Church of Christ. And when the text says that "his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and cast them to the earth," I understand by that, first, in reference to Satan, that portion of the angels whom he dragged down from heaven to become his accomplices in warring against God along with himself upon the earth by trying to

defeat the designs of God upon mankind ; and secondly, in reference to the persecuting action of the pagan Roman empire upon the bishops of the Catholic Church, who are elsewhere in the Apocalypse compared to stars : "The seven *stars* are the *angels*" or bishops "of the seven Churches."—(Apocalypse i. 20.) Now it might well be said that the dragon's tail cast a third part of these stars unto the earth, for full one-third of the primitive bishops were levelled in the grave by the sword of martyrdom, urged on by the devil, and unsheathed by the Roman emperors. The vision continues : "And the dragon stood before the woman who was ready to be delivered ; that when she should be delivered, he might devour her son. And she brought forth a man-child, who was to rule all nations with an iron rod : and her Son was taken up to God and to His throne." ¹

The dragon, standing before the woman about to be delivered of her son, appears to me to signify the efforts of Satan in endeavouring to destroy the Primitive Church : and by the man-child of the woman, that was destined to rule all nations with an iron rod, I understand the Papacy, ruling over the Christian nations with the spiritual sceptre of St. Peter. And whereas this rod or staff is said to be of "iron," I understand by that term, that the chief seat of the sceptre was destined one day to be in *Rome*, which we may remember in Nabuchodonozor's statue was symbolized by the *iron*. Hence David, in the Psalms, foretells of Messiah that He would rule the Gentiles "with a rod of iron."—(Psalm ii. 8, 9.) "Ask of me and I

¹ *Cornelius à Lapide*, in his commentary on the Apocalypse, writing upon this verse, gives a summary of the different interpretations suggested by various eminent Catholic interpreters. He himself holds that the proper and genuine sense of this passage is that the "*Man-child*" whom "*the woman brought forth*," represents the children whom the Church bore to Jesus Christ, and who witnessed their faith by suffering martyrdom : "*Fortes et electi Dei rapiuntur per mortem, vel per martyrium in cælum, ut Deo fruantur itaque evadant os et manus Draconis.*" But then it is clear that the expression used of this man-child, that "he shall rule all nations with a rod of iron," is by no means applicable to the whole body of the martyrs in its direct sense, for in this it belongs exclusively to Christ, and only by participation can it be applied to the saints—"participativè tamen competit etiam aliis sanctis." And so St. Ambrose says : "The one man-child is He, whom the Blessed Virgin bore, and that which the Church bringeth forth, for Christ is one body, and as it were one person, with all His members, that is with the Faithful, as the Apostle saith in his first epistle to the Corinthians, xii. 12, 27." "But," continues *Cornelius à Lapide*, "*Alcazar* (a very celebrated interpreter) in his method refers this passage to the Primitive Church : hence by the *man-child* he understands the Roman Church. '*Romano enim Pontifici data est à Christo VIRGA FERREA, quâ regat omnes gentes Christianismo subditas.*'"

will give thee the Gentiles for thine inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou shalt rule them with a rod of *iron*, and break them in pieces *like a potter's vessel*." By which last words of the Psalmist I see a reference to the fact foretold to Nabuchodonozor, where it was said that the feet of the great statue "were partly of iron and *partly of potter's clay*" (Dan. ii. 33, 34): "Thus thou sawest, till a stone was cut out of a mountain without hands: and it struck the statue on the feet thereof that were of *iron and clay*, and broke them in pieces." And it was expressly revealed to Nabuchodonozor that this *iron and clay* signified the fourth empire, which was afterwards revealed to Daniel as the Roman empire, eventually to be subdivided into ten kingdoms. The Church's man-child is therefore evidently the sovereign pontiff, reigning from Rome over the Gentiles, and thus governing Messiah's spiritual kingdom. And whereas this man-child was said to be "taken up to God and to His throne," that may signify, that when the dragon stood before the woman to devour her child, he was taken up to the throne of God by martyrdom, for almost all the early popes, during the great Roman persecutions, laid down their lives for the testimony of Jesus, and so were taken up to the throne of God. But we shall see later, when this man-child began to rule the nations with his *iron rod*, that is, with his *Roman sceptre*, how that event is represented by another symbol.

But we must observe here an important distinction, and it is that which exists between the temporal and the spiritual power vested by Almighty God in the papacy, that is, in the Holy See.

The latter, that is the spiritual power, is essential to it, that which it possesses of Divine right, by the institution of Christ Himself; the former (that is the temporal power) is accidental and dependent upon circumstances; it has been given to the Holy See for very great and holy purposes, and to reward the great constancy and zeal of so many holy successors of St. Peter, but it is not essential to the papacy. The popes were not always sovereigns of Rome, but they have always been the chief bishops of the Catholic Church, and they alone, amongst all other bishops, have jurisdiction over the whole Church.

It is useless here for me to attempt to prove this as a fact from Church history; it would lead me away from the subject which we are principally treating of here, and would swell this work far beyond the limits I wish to assign to it. But I would refer the reader, who would wish to investigate the truth of my assertion, to the very able treatises of my learned friend, Mr. Allies, "*On the See of St. Peter as the Centre of Unity*," and "*On*

St. Peter, *His Name and Office* ;” and still more to that masterly work just published by Archdeacon Robert Wilberforce, “*An Inquiry into the Principles of Church Authority*.” In the works of these two writers all controversy on the subject of the pope has been set at rest for ever.

The popes then, from the very infancy of the Church, have always been regarded as the centre of unity and the source of spiritual authority ; and inasmuch as St. Peter fixed the local residence of this authority at Rome, the capital of the Gentile world, it is true that Messiah’s kingdom of the Church, gathered as it has been out of all nations, has always been ruled with the *rod of iron*, *virgâ ferreâ*, as it is termed in the Vulgate, and we have shown what we conceive to be the meaning of this remarkable term, namely, that it signifies a *Roman staff*, or an authority emanating from, and holding its chief seat *in Rome*, which city, with its empire, were figured by the *iron* portion of Nabuchodonozor’s metallic statue. But if we pursue our investigation of the Apocalyptic vision, we find the Prophet thus continuing : “And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she had a place prepared by God, that there they should feed her a thousand two hundred and sixty days.”

The flight of the woman into the wilderness I conceive to mean the Church’s entrance into the world. For the world might well be termed a wilderness, when we consider what was its moral and physical condition before our Saviour’s birth : and when the text adds, “where she had a *place* prepared by God,” it evidently refers again to the fact of the Church having one principal primatial see and source of spiritual authority, in other words the Holy See of Rome ; for if Rome be not such, no other see at least has ever made such a claim ; and it is clear from the text that some such primatial seat of spiritual dominion there was to be somewhere. The text continues, “that *there* they should *feed her* a thousand two hundred and sixty days.”

This expression is very significant, and it surely indicates that there would be a very remarkable period in the Church’s history, a period during which the Church was to be *fed*, that is to be specially *nourished* and *enriched* ; and that this period was to last for the space of twelve hundred and sixty days ; that is for the very same space of time that was allotted by Daniel, as we have already seen, to the dominion of *the little horn*, that is of *Antichrist*, which we have proved to be the religious system and empire of Mahomet. Now then we may begin to understand why God gave a temporal dominion to the popes at Rome, in other words, why He ordained that the Church should be *fed*, in a place prepared for her, for twelve hundred and sixty days.

Mahometanism decreed the extirpation of the Church by fire and sword, and it was to meet this armed heresy that God gave a temporal dominion to His Church. And we shall see in the sequel how this temporal dominion of the popes was the only thing that saved Christendom from being overrun by the Mahometan armies: so that, humanly speaking, unless God had given temporal dominion to the popes, Christianity would have been rooted out, and Antichrist would have extended his empire not only over the three great provinces of the Macedonian he-goat, but over the universe itself.

The Prophet then goes on to describe the conflict between St. Michael and the good angels with the dragon, or Satan, and his evil angels; and he describes this in order to explain the causes which in the invisible world prepare and bring about the results which we witness here below in this visible world; that conflict of good and evil, which has continually been at work ever since the fall of our first forefather Adam. He carries us back in this description to the remote period when Lucifer and his confederate angels first rebelled against God, and were cast out of heaven: and he declares that the Almighty Creator effected this by the ministry of the Archangel St. Michael: of which we will just observe how completely this statement coincides with the teaching of the Catholic Church, that God usually acts through the ministry of angels and saints; while it is at variance with the Protestant theory, which completely ignores all such ministry and action on the part of blessed spirits. St. John then goes on to tell us, in the ninth verse, what was the result of Lucifer's ejection from heaven: "He was cast unto the earth, and his angels were thrown down with him:" and the effect of this he tells by the character he gives of Satan, "who seduceth the whole earth."

In these few words the Prophet sums up the history of mankind from the time of Adam, *the seduction of the whole earth*. For it was, alas! a total seduction; with the single exception of the Jewish people, all mankind had been seduced into idolatry and every sort of wickedness.

But in the tenth verse a new and brighter scene dawns upon the world: "And I heard a loud voice in heaven, saying: Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ." This refers to the coming of our blessed Redeemer, "now is come salvation." And "*the kingdom of God*" and "*the power of His Christ*" was first unfolded to mankind by the establishment of His Church, and the effect of that redemption, so proclaimed to mankind, is thus described by St. John: "For the accuser of our brethren is cast out, who accused

them before our God day and night." The accusation of mankind, which had hitherto been so triumphantly pleaded by Satan, was now torn aside by our Lord Jesus Christ, who nailed it to His cross. And the first Christians showed the fruits of this redemption in their lives, for "they overcame him (Satan) by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of the testimony, and they loved not their lives unto death." It was through the merits of our Saviour's passion and death that they obtained forgiveness, as it was through the sacraments, "the word of the testimony," those mysterious forms instituted by Christ, that His precious merits were principally applied to their souls; and out of the fulness of their gratitude, and the tender outpourings of their love, they gave their lives for Jesus, who had redeemed them by the loss of His. How wonderfully and how sublimely was this exhibited by the Christians of the early Church.

Millions and millions laid down their lives to suffer the most cruel deaths in testimony of their faith in Christ: and when the sword of the persecutor was sheathed, millions of other generous Christians renounced the pleasures of this life, and betook themselves to the deserts of Egypt, of Syria, and of Arabia, in order to consecrate themselves to the perpetual and exclusive service of Jesus, whom alone they loved, for "they loved not their lives unto death." Well might the Apostle add, in the twelfth verse, "*Therefore* rejoice, O ye heavens, and ye that dwell therein." For if the angels rejoice over the sinner that doeth penance, what shall not be the joy of these heavenly spirits over the just, who give their lives by martyrdom for the love of Christ, and who consecrate themselves to His love in the most holy monastic state, renouncing the world, and the pleasures of the world.

But it was to be expected that this bright vision would soon be troubled; while the probationary state of man endures, the bright blue sky of God's serene heaven must often and often be clouded over, and storms and tempests must try the shrubs and trees even in God's sacred Eden, the Catholic Church, to prove whether they be truly and firmly rooted in Christ; and so no sooner does St. John behold the fruits of Divine grace, and the consequent joy of angels, but he hears the dismal cry of *woe*. "*Woe* to the earth, and to the sea." That is, "*Woe* to the earth," *woe* to that beautiful work of God's creation, this planet of ours, which the devil hates because it was to be the dwelling-place of that great mystery, the Incarnation of the Son of God. And "*Woe unto the sea*," that is *mankind*, for, as we have already seen, St. Jerome, following the instruction of the angel, interprets "*the sea*" to signify mankind tossed about by the winds of trial and temptation. And why is this *woe* uttered? "Because

the devil is come down" (Apoc. xii. 12), "having *great wrath*, knowing that he hath *but a short time*." For although to us poor mortals it may seem a long time that Satan has been trying and persecuting the Church, it is but a short time in the estimation of God, when compared with eternity. And short in the estimation of Satan also, when he compares it with that miserable and never-ending future to which he looks forward. For short indeed is the space of two or three thousand years, when compared with countless millions of millions of ages, destined to usher in similar periods for all eternity, *world without end*.

The comparison is almost too fearful to contemplate: we none of us realise it as we ought; if we did, assuredly we should be ready to endure the worst torments rather than to offend God, and so lose His grace, and our own salvation.

But the Prophet tells us, that the feeling which actuated the devil, when he thought of the comparative shortness of this time of trial, was to redouble his fury against God, and to contrive all sorts of mischief against God's work, the Catholic Church. He says, in the thirteenth verse, "And when the dragon saw he was cast unto the earth, he persecuted the woman that brought forth the man-child."

This evidently refers to the persecutions of the Primitive Church, which we know continued more or less until the conversion of Constantine the Great. And even after his conversion, the Church has been continually persecuted; but in the next verse, the Prophet tells us, that at a certain period God gave His Church a special protection against the fury of persecution. "And there were given to the woman two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the desert unto *her place*, where she is nourished *for a time, and times, and half a time* from the face of the serpent."

Now, *what are these wings of a great eagle?* and *when* were they specially given unto the woman, that is, *the Church?*

In order to answer the question what they are, the best way is to consider when it is that they are promised, and then to compare the history of the Church with the prediction. This will give us an infallible answer, for the history of the Church is God's own commentary upon His own prophecies.

Now, we have already seen that the dominion of the little horn, that is, of Antichrist, was to last for *a time, and times, and half a time*: in other words, for the very same period as that during which the wings of the eagle are given to the Church. We have shown that the little horn was indisputably Mahomet. The question then arises, was there, or was there not, coincident with the coming of Mahomet, any new privilege conferred upon

the Church, as it were to meet the exigencies and difficulties of the times? What is the answer of history to this question?

Its answer is unmistakeable: *there was*.

And what was it? The answer is equally unmistakeable: the temporal sovereignty of the popes at Rome. So distinct, so unmistakeably clear is this answer of history to the question we have put, that Protestant authors have not hesitated to make it the basis of all their proofs that the pope was, what they erroneously talk of, *the western little horn*. They have shown, and truly shown, that the establishment of the pope's sovereignty exactly coincided with the rise of Mahometanism, which, in their theory of prophetic interpretation, they term *the eastern little horn*. And hence they unanimously vie with one another in drawing absurd parallels between these two little horns, which of course they are compelled to do, if there be *two* little horns, seeing that prophecy predicates *the same things* of each. But we have shown that there is but one little horn, namely, that one which Protestant commentators denominate *the eastern* little horn. Consequently, we affirm, that when Scripture declares that the wings of a great eagle were given to the Church, coincidently with the rise of the little horn, that prophecy was fulfilled in that new development of the Church's temporal state, which history informs us actually did take place, coincident with the coming of Mahomet, and the establishment of his apostasy and empire. Now, this new development was the establishment of the sovereignty of the popes in the Roman states: we therefore affirm, that the wings of the great eagle signify the temporal sovereignty of Rome.

The eagle, all men know, was the symbol of Roman sovereignty. The old Romans bore the eagle as their military standard, and no one can deny that *the Roman eagle* is another phrase to express "the Roman power." And the flight of the Roman eagle is used even by profane writers to symbolize the conquests of the Roman armies. When, therefore, the Prophet tells us that the wings of a great eagle were given to the Church for the very period of the little horn's dominion, and history tells us that the temporal sovereignty of Rome was at that very time given to the popes, we are surely justified in appealing to this great fact as the fulfilment of the prophecy. And as this temporal sovereignty was given to the popes, as the Prophet assures us, "for a time, and times, and half a time," to guard Holy Church "from the face of the serpent," that is, from the great efforts which the devil was to make against her during that remarkable period, and which we find from history to have been chiefly wrought by the instrumentality of Mahomet, and

his religious and political empire, so the same text prepares us to expect, what history records, that, in proportion to the growth and decline of Mahometanism, the temporal power of the popes would wax and wane along with it. So that, as in the thirteenth century the Papal power was at its greatest height, that was precisely the period when Mahometanism was most formidable. It is admitted by all impartial historians, that but for the crusades Christendom must have fallen a victim to the victorious arms of Islamism. Now, who was it that summoned the princes of Christendom to these sacred wars? The popes; it was they who, either in person or by their delegates, preached the crusades, and called upon all Christians to take the cross. But we all know that the most effectual argument is example, and the popes, as sovereigns of the Roman states, gave that argument in arming their own people in defence of our holy religion. If they had not been sovereigns of Rome, they might have preached, but their call, humanly speaking, would not have been responded to.

As with the growth so with the decline of the temporal power of the popes, history proves its coincidence with that of Mahometanism.

Never did that impious heresy receive a more deadly blow than the one inflicted upon it by the instrumentality of the great pope St. Pius the Fifth. Islamism has never recovered from the memorable victory of Lepanto. At the moment the battle was fought, and the victory won, that great pontiff was seen to lift up his eyes to heaven, as he sat by a window in the Vatican palace at Rome, and the tears flowed, and his blessed soul was absorbed in mystic ecstasy. He beheld the glorious Mother of God at the right hand of her Divine Son, interceding with Him and through Him for the safety of Christendom and the success of the Christian arms; and it was given him to understand that the prayer of Mary had prevailed. Turning to his attendants, he announced to them a mighty victory over the infidels, worthy of the intercession of the Mother of God. The event justified the pope's assertion, and it was found, when the official intelligence arrived, that it was achieved at the very moment when God opened the eyes of the holy father to see what was passing in that wonderful instant before the throne of His omnipotence. Yes, in that critical hour St. Michael and his angels were fighting with the dragon, and Mary, the immaculate queen of angels, was bruising his poisonous head.

From that hour *the Crescent* has rapidly waned; but *the wings of the eagle* have also lowered their flight; and we have lived to see the day when the temporal sovereignty of the popes has been all but extinguished.

This eloquent disquisition was written half-a-century ago, and published in 1855. Can it be said that its prophetic force has been lessened by the events of 1870, when the King of Sardinia, with the connivance of the Emperor of the French, of France *the eldest daughter of the Church*, treacherously made war on the Pope and seized the Patrimony of S. Peter, whilst within a few months of this act of treason the Protestant King of Prussia, the conqueror of Paris, took Napoleon prisoner and assumed the diadem of Charlemagne in the great hall at Versailles, dedicated *à toutes les gloires de la France*, and thus transferred the prestige, or at least the greater part of the prestige, of the Holy Roman Empire from the House of Hapsburg to that of Hohenzollern?

This exegesis and these convictions, founded as they are in truth upon the cumulative evidence of many passages of Holy Writ, expounded in their traditional patristic and scholastic sense (for De Lisle gravely mistrusted all modern authors whose interpretations smack of the rationalistic or evolutionary spirit, and ignore or despise the traditional, if mystic interpretations of antiquity), naturally gave him much anxiety both at the time of the Crimean war and of the Indian Mutiny,¹ as well as later on during the stirring days of the Russo-Turkish war and the Bulgarian-Atrocities agitation. At all these crises of our national policy he worked his utmost to impress upon those, whether in Church or State, with whom he might have any influence, the glorious cause of the down-trodden Christians of the East, so that the temporal power of Islam being finally taken away, we might look forward in hope and faith to the restoration and reunion of the separated Churches of the East and West.

¹ Two of his sons were killed in Queen Victoria's wars against Mahomedan foes: Ensign Everard Lisle Philipps of the 60th Royal Rifles at Delhi, Sept. 17, 1857, who was gazetted for the Victoria Cross, and Lieutenant Rudolph de Lisle, R.N., at Abu Klea, Jan. 17, 1885, whose beautiful memoir by the Rev. H. N. Oxenham is known to many readers. The dedication runs: "To Laura Mary de Lisle, the widowed mother of noble sons, who in the heroism of Christian resignation once and again has nobly given her beloved to die fighting for their country, this Brief Record is of right inscribed, in affectionate memory of those who were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death are not divided."

This will perhaps be the place to quote the letter De Lisle wrote in 1873, dated Nov. 17, commending this subject to the attention of the then Prime Minister of England.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I thank you very much for your kindness in sending me a copy of Mr. Wilkinson's Tract on "Special Providence and Prayer." I was most anxious to see it, and now that I have learnt where it is to be procured, I shall order several copies for distribution. It is perfectly admirable: he completely exhausts the whole subject, and overthrows triumphantly all the arguments of sceptics and objectors, and he does it with such clearness and force as to leave nothing unsaid or unrefuted.

It was a very presumptuous thing in me to wish you, occupied as you must necessarily be, some time or other in a leisure moment to cast your eye over the other book I sent, on Anti-christ. I have always thought that one of the most popular and perhaps powerful objections agt. Catholicism, was the argument from prophecy. It played a great part in the first commencement of the Protestant Revolt of the 16th Century, not only in this country but on the Continent—and I thought it had never been sufficiently met by any Catholic writer. This prompted me (and something extraordinary which I will mention to you one day) to make the attempt, of which that little volume was the result—a dear Friend of mine Henry D. Erskine, a younger son of the famous Chancellor Erskine and a great nephew of Cardinal Erskine, who died Dean of Ripon, told me he thought I had succeeded, and that I had demolished the Protestant Theory of Interpretation. The Dates I give in it for possible events future when I wrote, are not given except hypothetically.

Notwithstanding the Catholic tendency and tone of De Lisle's Apocalyptic Apologetics, they once or twice brought him into sharp intellectual conflict, though always of a friendly character, with Cardinal Manning and other leading ecclesiastics. Especially nettled was the good Archbishop when he received De Lisle's remonstrance and Mr. Gladstone's personal appeal, against the pro-Turkish sympathies which at one time Pope Pius IX. was credited with holding. It is true that De Lisle does not appear to have felt the same horror against Russian atrocities perpetrated upon Polish and Muscovite Catholics as he did

against the massacres perpetrated by the Turks. Believing in the glorious future of the divinely protected "King of the North," he could never persuade himself that any Russian victory or forward step was not an advance of the Kingdom of Christ, and he always consoled himself with the reflection that whatever the shortcomings of the Czar's policy, the extension of the power of his sceptre set up everywhere the sacred *ikons* of the Saviour of Mankind, His Blessed Mother and the Saints, and made downright public blasphemy impossible, even where Catholic Orthodoxy was crushed under heel.

The correspondence which took place between Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, and De Lisle is of singular interest, showing as it does how the cross-currents of antagonistic religious thought helped to sway the ruling powers in those critical years which finally decided under the treaty of San Stephano that the Kingdom of Mahomet should have another lease of life, though greatly circumscribed in extent, to misrule and massacre the Christians of the East. I give the letters in chronological order: some of the series have been already quoted in the narrative, where they seemed useful to illustrate the text and argument.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,
Dec. 6, '75.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—It is with very great and sincere regret that I write to say we are not able to accept your kind invitation. At this time, in addition to my ordinary occupations, I am laden with an extraordinary mass of private affairs, partly in liquidating the Estate of my brother-in-law, and partly in consequence of the recent death of my brother in Liverpool; and I cannot promise myself the pleasure of a single visit, beyond my family circle, until the Session of Parliament.

I assure you that I look forward with much pleasure to renewing my visit to you and Mrs. de Lisle as well as I hope seeing you here, in more seasonable weather.

You have received the Hymn with so indulgent a judgment that I am tempted to ask if you have seen my version of the well-known "Rock of Ages"? which, if not, I shall be happy to send you.

Meantime will you kindly consider the inclosed propositions

on Prayer and let me know whether you think they are in any part assailable. They are intended to be sent after consideration to one who takes, I am sorry to say, the opposite view, and who has sent me a kind of friendly challenge.

I shall not fail after perusal to return your inclosure.

My available time is now mainly directed to my old Homeric studies, but only in poor fragments. I have been examining the extremely curious subject of his derivation of the doctrine and conditions of a future state, and of cosmography from Egypt and the East.—Believe me ever, sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Do you mean to go under, or to renounce, the Landlord and Tenant Act of last Session? As far as I have yet considered the matter, I lean towards renouncing.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,

Dec. 7, 1875.

(*St. Ambrose's Day.*)

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—Your kind and interesting Letter, with its very valuable propositions on the subject of Prayer, form a considerable alleviation for the disappointment I feel that you cannot come to us at present, especially as you hold out the hope of a visit here at some later period. Indeed I quite feel, independent of all your family occupations, the great inclemency of the weather forbids travelling at present.

You gave me a copy of your Latin Translation of the beautiful Hymn "Rock of Ages" when I was with you at Hawarden, Oct. 28, 1874, and I prize it deeply. It is a beautiful Pendant to the other from the Greek Hymn. Your Propositions on Prayer strike me as excellent and unassailable, well adapted to meet the objections of the Rationalist, and to satisfy the difficulties which naturally present themselves to a thinking mind. They enter into an overwhelming depth, and they give a partial glimpse of the mysteries it contains. How to reconcile the freedom of the human will with the foreknowledge of God is at first sight impossible, and it is only possible in the hands of Omnipotence, and under that Almighty Direction. Of course what is foreseen must be, where then is the room for free-agency? The only answer I see to this Question, is, that He who gave Free Will sees how His gift will be exercised. This perhaps is only another mode of stating the difficulty, and resolves it into an impenetrable mystery, and yet the human mind can appreciate the force of the answer. Knowledge of an act does not imply any control over it. If I from

the top of a Hill see what people are doing on the other side, I no more control what they are doing, than you do, who are at the foot of the other side. And as with the natural and limited knowledge of Creatures, so with the supernatural and essential Foreknowledge of God, I do not see, even from a human point of view, why it should interfere with the freedom of the acts known or foreknown. I think your Prop. 5 penetrates into the marrow of this Question: and Prop. 5 suggests the only sanctuary in which the bewildered mind of the Limited Creature can take refuge: the only *rational* course for it to take: it is St. Paul's "O Altitudo!" "*quam incomprehensibilia judicia Ejus, et investigabiles viæ Ejus!*" There is a verse in the vulgar Translation of the Psalms somewhere, which seems to hit the mark, "*qui scrutatur Majestatem opprimetur à gloriâ.*" Yes I am delighted with your propositions, may the Lord bless them to your correspondent, and you above all for the noble use you make of your mental Powers in His Divine Service.—
Ever most sincerely yrs.,
A. P. DE LISLE.

P.S.—We have determined here to *renounce* the Landlord and Tenant Act of last Session, and so have my neighbours, as far as I yet know. May I keep the Propositions? I value them much.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
Jan. 6, 1876. *Epiphany.*

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—Let me wish you a very happy New Year, with many returns, and the same for Mrs. Gladstone and all your family circle. I send you along with this a curious Pamphlet written by an old Friend¹ of mine *on the Roman Empire, &c.*, which, if you could spare a leisure hour, I should be very glad, if you would look through, and tell me what you think of it. I am far from endorsing all his opinions though I heartily agree with the main Proposition—it is very curious what he states about Numa, and the pure Theism taught and held among the early Romans—it was new to me. I am very anxious to know what you say to this?

My son Edwin has sent me a work, which is evidently of some considerable research—"The Catholic Church and Xtian

¹ The Rev. Henry Formby, a very voluminous and logical defender of Catholic doctrine. He wrote a fulminating *Appeal to the Speaker of the House of Commons*, in support of the Parliamentary Oath, when Mr. Gladstone, *lacrymabile dictu*, threw his whole soul into the scale on the side of Mr. Bradlaugh and the Agnostics.

State" by Hergenröther¹ in 2 vols. translated into English. Have you seen it. It goes very much into the Questions raised by the Vatican Definitions—and some of its Statements I cannot go along with.

I am following with deep interest the trial of the Folkestone Clergyman. When we were there for a few weeks in the Autumn, I and my Family were much edified with what we witnessed in his Church (S. Peter's). I lately read Mr. Malcolm Maccoll's able defence of the Legality of the Ritual Position. I remember you told me in Town you thought his argument unanswerable. I think the same, and I anxiously wait to see, what Lord Penzance will decide. What an interesting time this is—in the East a solution of the great Question there seems drawing nearer and nearer.

I trust you are quite well—and asking you to remember me very kindly to Mrs. Gladstone, I remain.—Very sincerely yrs.,

AMBROSE P. DE LISLE.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,
Jan. 16, '76.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—If (as I hope) you chance to be in London during February or March, you will find me at No. 4 Carlton Gardens, in the old quarter, from which at Easter I expect finally to flit.

I must now thank you for your kind letter, and for what you have sent me. Mr. Collins I have read, as far as I have yet gone, with great sympathy and accord. Mr. Formby's work is interesting; but I think he damages the historical character of his treatise by his erroneously loyal desires to turn his argument towards his central point, the see of Rome. Both Greece and Rome visibly played parts of immense importance in the Providential Order before the Advent: but of Greece the more important and formative of the two, he does not take heed. The traditions respecting Numa are very curious.

I do not know that I have mentioned to you either of two recent books from within the Roman Pale. Earle's Sonnets and other Poems are a very pleasing work of no mean order. Mr. Allies's Book on the Formation of Christendom seems to me really a striking one, on a subject of profound interest.

Hoping we may meet e'er very long, I remain.—Most sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

¹ Dr. Hergenröther was at that time Professor of History and Canon Law at Würzburg University. He was Dollinger's most formidable opponent during and after the Vatican Council. He was subsequently created a Cardinal, about the same time as John Henry Newman.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
April 19, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I should have profited by the kind Invitation in your Letter of the 16th of last January to call upon you in London between that Date and the present, if I had gone up there, but I did not. So I must send you my best Easter greetings by Letter instead. I saw by the Papers how active you have been in your Place in Parliament and in entertaining Royalty, so that I hope Mrs. Gladstone and all your Family are in perfect health. I suppose you have suffered as much as we have from the inclemency of the weather, and the undue proportion of rain, which here at least has been sadly in the way of all agricultural operations. In Holy week the snow was here actually 2 feet deep, though there were no drifts. I never remember such an edition of what we here call the *Black-Thorn winter*. Those trees and the plums were in full bloom, and I fancy we shall have very little fruit. In your Letter you mentioned Mr. Earle's Book on the Spiritual Body, and a friend of mine, who was as much pleased with it as you were, had just sent me a copy of it, when I received your Letter. I was delighted with it. The Sonnets are really charming, so musical, and the argument so clearly put. I very much agree with him, though not to the length of Cremation, which seems to me very foreign to Christian Tradition, very unfeeling, and thoroughly Pagan.

What do you think of the prospects in regard to the Eastern Question? I fully believe the movement in the Turkish Provinces will end in a general war in which Turkey will not be the only Power to perish. I heartily sympathize with the Xtian Insurgents, who notwithstanding the disgracefully Turkish Sympathies of Austria are evidently gaining ground from day to day. It is painfully interesting to watch the Progress of things in France. I cannot believe that the Republican form will long remain in a Country, where it is evident that no Party in the least understands the simplest notions of true Liberty or has any toleration for its adversaries. I hope your eldest son is as happy as possible, and that every blessing will attend him. Where will he live? I hope some day I may meet him again. I am very busy boring for coal, and am obliged to look very sharp after the chicanery, from which in a similar attempt I suffered once before. We have reached good coal measures, but not coal as yet. Pray remember me very kindly to Mrs. and Miss Gladstone, and believe me very sincerely yrs.,

A. P. DE LISLE.

HAGLEY, *Ap.* 22, '76.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—Your kind letter reached me in the midst of a great affliction. Among the mysteries of life I have known none deeper than the dispensation which has allotted such an ending to such a life as that of my dear brother-in-law Lord Lyttelton. But behind the cloud that envelops our mortal state lies the solution of this, and of much beside. His children are in many ways remarkable and will prove I trust not unworthy of his pure and noble character.

We return to Hawarden on Monday and go to London probably about the 30th. *Soon* after I hope to be more or less settled at 73 Harley Street, where I hope you will announce yourself for some Thursday breakfast in later May or June at 10 a.m.

I agree with you about cremation.

Did you know Mr. Simpson? Lord Acton I think knew him well, I but very slightly. He seemed to me an extremely clever man, unfortunately in quite a false position.

If the Turks expect the Herzegovinians to lay down their arms upon a renewal of promises so shamelessly broken after 1854 I hope in God they will be disappointed. Great events seem to be drawing near in the East. Your sympathies flow generously.

You will think I count much on them when I recommend to your reading the *Life of the (Presbyterian) Dr. Norman Macleod*. You will find in it a great deal of humanity and a great deal of Christianity, of course with some small admixture of lower elements. The *Life of Macaulay* too is a most fascinating book but on the side of the unseen there is a rather painful void.

With my kind remembrances I remain always—Sincerely
yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
April 24, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—Most heartily do I condole with you in this great affliction, that has come upon you in the death of your brother-in-law Lord Lyttelton. I was grieved to read the details of it in the *Times*. As you say it is very mysterious, especially in the case of so pure and religious a Life, as his. But there are moments in which sometimes even the best and most conscientious men are carried away with an impulse, which is beyond the controul of reason and conscience, and

which, though deeply to be deplored, may not be so culpable in the sight of that glorious Being, of whom we read in His inspired word, that "His Mercy is above all His works." Let us then pray for the repose of his soul, and that through the all prevailing merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ he may receive the recompense of his virtuous Christian Life and of his many good works. I often used to hear my late dear friend Ignatius (George) Spencer speak of Lord Lyttelton with the deepest affection and admiration. You know he was his nephew. I entirely sympathize in the hearty way in which you wish all success to the Christians of Herzegovinia. Like yourself I have always cherished a deep affection for the Eastern Church, and I never cease to pray for the Day when East and West will be one again—and all who believe in Christ and love His appearing—one day this will be, and if we do not see it, we may labour for it and place a few stones in the foundations of the future edifice. Our Lord is *Rex Judæorum* that is of all true worshippers of God, who worship the Father in Spirit and in Truth, and it was written in Hebrew in Greek and in Latin—to signify that it would not be fully realized until the conversion of the Jews as a Nation, when the Greek and Latin Churches, comprehending the whole Gentile world, will be reunited. But, as I read the Divine Scriptures, I think all this must be preceded by the Second Advent and the previous break up of the present order of things. Meanwhile let us labour for the preparation. I hope Mrs. Gladstone will be comforted in this great trial. I dare say I may come up to Town for a day or two, while you are there, if so, I shall not forget your new address.—Ever very sincerely yrs. A. P. DE LISLE.

SALTBURN, YORKSHIRE,
Augt. 22, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I did not fail to order a copy of Dr. Mozley's "University Sermons," which you may remember you recommended me to get that most agreeable morning, when we breakfasted with you in London. I think they fully deserve the encomium you bestowed upon them. It is a most remarkable volume. I was very curious to read especially the first, that on the Roman Council. It is treated in a masterly way, and for the most part I go along with it. What he says about the fundamental distinction between the two Societies, the Church and the State, every Catholic would admit, the only disagreement might be as to the results of their union—which practically led to that confusion of Action, which he complains

of. It is too a most difficult question how far the State, when it represented a whole Nation united in one Faith, would be bound to enforce the observation of the Divine Law, as such, *e.g.* the Law of the Sabbath. I wish he had gone into that. The omission struck me as a flaw in his argument. Then I think he is hardly warranted in putting the condemnations of Propositions in the Syllabus as *absolute* affirmations of their contradictories. I should be sorry to think that they bound me to the Latter, assuming I mean that they bind me at all, which a great many Catholics deny. For my own part I entirely deny that the Church, as such, has any right whatever to the employment of *brute force* to back up any of her Laws. To affirm this would constitute an Imperium in Imperio, and would invest the Church with all the functions of the State. No sane Catholic would dream of such a thing, though un-reasoning enthusiasts have certainly done so. And, as I once showed you from our most authentic work, the *Pontificale*, or Bishop's Book, it would upset the whole of the Church's Theory, as there authoritatively laid down. In a word any interpretation of the Syllabus, which would upset the teaching of the Church's most authoritative Books, would be untenable for a Catholic. For it would violate and nullify our whole Tradition. No doubt many do so, but they prove by so doing, that however much they may be *in* the Church, they are not *of* Her. On the whole, therefore, in the present divided state of Xtendom, I entirely agree with Dr. Mozley, that *the State* can only abstain from all exercise of functions, such as it wielded in the Middle Ages.

It was a great pleasure to us to meet your eldest son and his young and beautiful wife at Whitby. I hope they are now enjoying themselves at your lovely Place Hawarden. We came on here (to Saltburn) and we like it better than Whitby. I never saw a Place with more beautiful public Gardens, and the air is quite perfect. We return to Garendon next week. I cannot tell you how intensely I feel about these atrocities of the Turks, and that England should seem to be implicated in them. I earnestly hope Public meetings will continue to be held expressing the real sentiment of the country. I heartily subscribe to Ld. Shaftesbury's sentiment, and would rather see the Russians at Constantinople, than the continuance of the Turks in Europe, if there can be no other deliverance. Pray remember us to Mrs. Gladstone.—Ever sincerely yrs.,

A. P. DE LISLE.

HAWARDEN, *Aug. 26, '76.*

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—We had heard of your sojourn at Whitby, and I have to thank you for your kind letter from Saltburn.

Mozley's Sermon on the Council is worthy of the rest; but what most impressed me was that such a man should take a view so little sanguine of the general effects of the Union between Church and State viewed at large.

However, the central question of the day is the question between belief and unbelief. The rain falls, and the wind blows, and the floods come, and all beat upon the house. They say that the rocking of Magdalen Tower at Oxford proves how well it is built. So may be the rocking, within as well as without, in this great spiritual tower. It becomes more awful from day to day with the ever multiplying evidences of the mischief done and being done.

I am endeavouring to study the question of future punishment, a chief and favourite point of attack. Do you know any work on this subject which disposes of it satisfactorily as a whole? I am not so happy. None of the First Fathers, down to St. Athanasius, seem to have been contented with a doctrine more trustful and less sharply defined than that which has prevailed since Saint Augustine and which is now so sharply assailed.

The defence of belief is the noblest, the most philanthropic, of all human enterprises, for it is that in which the human race is more deeply concerned.

But I have room in me to feel about the Bulgarian horrors. I wish *you* could keep the Pope straight in that Turkish matter. —With kindest regards, I remain very sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

HAWARDEN, *Sept. 3, '76.*

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I have a request to make, and to urge upon you strongly.

It is that you will write, or *cause* a letter to be written to Manning, to urge him to write to Rome, and induce the Pope's advisers to bring him back from the wretchedly false position into which they have betrayed him, and with him the Roman Church, and with the Roman Church a large part of (what I will think) our common faith, in regard to the Eastern question.

The Turk now stands revealed in such a light, that it is dangerous to consort with him. He has had two special allies,

the Pope and the English Government. The English Government will within a few weeks, as I think, either have quitted that position, or quitted their own. There is yet time, and only just time, for the Pope to recede, and a fair presentable plea, on the Bulgarian case.

You will see plainly that this letter is no part of a polemic against Vaticanism.

Do not I beseech you omit to consider it.

I have overcome a fit of lumbago sufficiently to go to London (I hope) to-night and finish and publish there a pamphlet which I wrote in bed.

Do not, at the most solemn moment of religious offices, forget the Bulgarians.—Believe me ever yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
Sep. 4, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I can hardly find adequate words to express how intensely I feel, and feel along with you, on this Eastern Question. I shall write to our Cardinal Archbishop by this very Post. I hear that he feels as strongly as we do on this matter, and who, that has a spark of Christian feeling left, can do otherwise? A High Church newspaper, with which I have some connexion, the *Pilot*, declares that it has *authority* to state that the Pope has no sympathies with the Turk and that all his feelings are the other way: still there can be no doubt that his two Roman organs in the Press, the *Osservatore Romano* and the *Civiltà Catholica*, have strongly defended the Turkish view of things, to their eternal disgrace. It is not however too late for the Pope to disavow his advisers and to tell the world what his own real feelings are. I fancy the “authority” referred to by the *Pilot* was our Cardinal.

Be this as it may, I will do my utmost to carry out your suggestion; and I do heartily rejoice that you are taking up the matter in the energetic manner, which your Letter indicates. In you the advocates of Humanity and Xtianity possess a Leader, who is capable of leading them on to Victory, and in so doing you must be ready to sacrifice every personal feeling. I grieve to hear you have been so suffering from Lumbago—be careful, I think very strict Diet is the best remedy, and a teaspoonful of Dr. Belloc’s Charcoal every morning in a glass of spring water.

I endorse your conviction that such a movement is beginning in men’s minds and hearts, that if our Govt. does not within a

few weeks quit its present utterly false position on this Eastern Question, it will have to forfeit its own. Englishmen will never consent to the identification of the interests of this great Empire with the maintenance of such a brutal and degrading Despotism as that of the Turks.

I am delighted to hear that your all-powerful Pen has been enlisted in the service of this great and good cause. I heartily unite my Prayers that God will vouchsafe His aid to our Christian Brethren all through the Eastern Church.—Believe me, ever sincerely yrs.,

A. P. DE LISLE.

LANCASTER, *Sept. 6, 1876.*

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—You may use the enclosed letter as you will.

And if you would kindly let me have a copy of it, I should be much obliged. I mean, of course, of my own.

I think Mr. Gladstone's intervention, and Pamphlet to come at this crisis a simple disaster. It will heat men's passions, and blind their understandings as he did about the Neapolitan Prisons and Garibaldi.

If you will read the leading article of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of yesterday (*Sept. 5*) you will see my estimate of the Servian War.

Believe me, always with kind regards to all, yours very faithfully,

H. E. CARD. ARCHBP.

LANCASTER, *Sept. 6, 1876.*

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I am not aware of any position "wretched" or otherwise taken up by the Pope. I have therefore no grounds on which to rest any communication with Rome.

It is to me clear as day that to light a "fire" by declamation about "atrocities" is the way to make smoke, and that in the smoke men will do the very things they wish not to be done.

I can neither help Russian intrigue, nor international revolution by which the poor Bulgarians and Servians have been outraged and slaughtered already.

But if our Government will propose to liberate the Christian population in Europe and in the East from the Turkish Rule, either partially, by an effective Protectorate of the European Powers: or wholly, by the erection of a new Confederation or Dynasty which shall exclude both Russian and revolutionary intrigue, I shall be happy both in word and deed to help it forward.

The present clamorous and vituperative agitation seems to me to be blind, and without an intelligible policy.—Believe me, always, very truly yours,

H. E. CARD. ARCHBISHOP.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,

Sep. 8, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I enclose the Cardinal's reply to the Letter I wrote him after receiving yours, and also a copy of my reply.

I cannot understand why the Cardinal, who takes an active part (I think very laudably) in the agitation against the vivisection of animals, should set his face so strongly against what is to my mind so much more commendable an agitation against the Turkish Atrocities perpetrated on the Xtian Bulgarians—and I wonder he should not see, that but for this Agitation, nothing would have been done to remedy it, and that an indelible stain would have been stamped on the Honour of England.

I am glad at any rate that he would lend a helping hand to the emancipation of the Eastern Christians from the Thraldom of Turkish Despotism.

I read with much interest in the Times of yesterday a review of your able Pamphlet. I hope you are now quite recovered from your lumbago.—Believe me, ever most truly yrs,

A. P. DE LISLE.

Will you send me back the Cardinal's Letter and the copy of mine?

Copy of my answer.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBRO',

Sep. 7, 1876.

MY DEAR CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP—I thank you very much for your Letter, although I will not conceal from you that the sentiments you express on the Eastern Question have caused me to feel not only regret, but disappointment.

I should not be honest, if I did not tell you, that I sympathise with all my heart and soul in the great movement of Indignation, that is spreading through the length and breadth of England, against the atrocious conduct of the Turkish Government. This movement has already told upon our own Govt. and it will tell more. But for this movement, which is confined to no Party either in Politics or Religion, the last despatch from our Govt. to that of Turkey, recorded in the Times of the day before yesterday, would never have been transmitted. The

Turks now know, that they can no longer count upon any British support.

I enclose a copy of your Letter to me according to your wish, and I remain, my dear Cardinal Archbishop—Ever very faithfully yrs.,
A. P. DE LISLE.

LANCASTER, *Sept. 8, 1876.*

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—Neither Mr. Gladstone, nor let me say, without displeasing you, even yourself have a shade more of indignation at the Bulgarian atrocities than I have. But Mr. Gladstone's letter was an insolent and slanderous accusation of the Holy Father. I know of no "position" taken up by him: and I will allow no man to impute any "wretched" action to him.

I am prepared to go further than Mr. Gladstone in this Eastern question, and if I could induce the Christian Powers to enter upon a Crusade for the liberation of the Christian people of the East I would do it.

But I can have no part with Garibaldi, nor in Mr. Gladstone's injurious conduct. Do not be displeased at the frankness of my language, but believe me, always, my dear Mr. de Lisle—
Yours very truly,
H. E. CARD. ARCHBP.

Copy of my answer.

GARENDON, *Sep. 11, 1876.*

MY DEAR CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP—I thank you very much for your last Letter of the 11th from Lancaster. Nothing can be more outspoken, than your expression of abhorrence of the Atrocities in Bulgaria, which I read with much satisfaction in the Westminster Gazette of last Saturday, but I regret that you should associate with the odious name of Garibaldi the righteous expression of British Indignation, which would have been utterly inoperative, had it not been proclaimed in public meetings from one end of the Country to the other. What would have been the fate of Education, of the Corn Laws, of Catholic Emancipation, of Negro Slavery, and last of all of Vivisection and Temperance, if men had been content merely to think and feel without communicating their feelings and resolutions to their fellow men? It is on account of my mode of answering this Question, that I rejoice in the loudly pronounced Agitation, that has burst forth all over England: and if Garibaldi takes the same view of the Question, all I can say is that I rejoice to think, that for once at least he agrees with the Xtian Sentiment of a European Majority, for such I believe it will be found to be.

Nor do I believe that this grand Movement, as prevalent among Tories as among Liberals, is in any way distasteful to our present Government. It will strengthen their hands to do the right thing, and to carry out an alternative, which, I have reason to believe, they contemplated from the beginning. The Partition of the Turkish Empire is not far distant. When that comes each of the great Powers must and will have it's appropriate share. And in my opinion it is not wise in the Leaders of the Church to provoke gratuitously the resentment of those among them, who will have the largest Portion in an inevitable Division. One word on behalf of my friend Mr. Gladstone. The words he used in his Letter to me, which I forwarded to you, did not imply any insult to our Holy Father the Pope. The Press of Europe had represented His Holiness as expressing a wish for more cordial and intimate political relations with the Govt. of the Porte, just at the very moment when that Govt. was stained with a crime hardly to be paralleled in all History. I for one never believed the calumny, and if Mr. Gladstone did, he at least in his Letter to me expressed nothing abusive of His Holiness personally, but confined his remarks to "the wretchedly false Position into which *His advisers* have betrayed Him." Had the calumny been no calumny it would not have been the first time in Ecclesiastical History that a Pope had been betrayed by his Advisers into a false Position. Cardinal Pacca in his "*Memorie Istoriche*" tells how Pius VII. was betrayed into such a one in the affair of the Concordat, and with what bitter tears he retraced his steps. Be this as it may, I for one feel perfectly certain, that at this moment those who seem to side with the Turks in their endeavours to prolong the servitude of the Eastern Christians are not consulting the future welfare of the Catholic cause in that vast Portion of the world. Do not for a moment think, my dear Cardinal Archbishop, that I attribute any such Policy to you, your own published expressions render this impossible, but I do say that a large Portion of the *Catholic* Press of Europe, from the *Osservatore Romano* downwards, fully justifies this imputation, and a further one still of the intensest and most lamentable ignorance of the whole course of European Opinion, as contrasted with that narrow-minded and helpless Clique, of which it makes itself the Organ and would fain pretend to the world that it is the Organ of the Catholic Church! I have never shrunk from expressing my convictions, and if I continue to serve the Church as I have served her for 50 years, I must do so as a free and outspoken Englishman. Asking your Blessing, my dear Card. ArchB.—I am ever your devoted Servt. in Xt.,

A. P. DE LISLE.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
Sep. 12, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I received your Letter yesterday returning the Cardinal's and mine. I have sent for your Pamphlet but as yet it has not reached me, I suppose it must be for the moment out of print, but from the Review in the Times I have admired its eloquence and its force, and I think the Peroration one of the most magnificent pieces of writing I ever read. I also had another Letter from the Cardinal, from which I gather that your remonstrances, seconded as they have been by my own, have not been without effect. This passage may show, "I am prepared to go further than Mr. Gladstone in this Eastern Question, and if I could induce the Christian Powers to enter upon a Crusade for the Liberation of the Christian Peoples of the East I would do it."

I heartily concur with you in what you say about the conduct of the Papal Court in the matter of the Armenian Right of choosing their own Bishops. The only comfort I feel in this, and similar violations of established Right in this Country also, and in my own Diocese in particular, is that in the long run such excesses of despotic interference must cure themselves. I am very glad however that you did not refer to them in your masterly Pamphlet, it would not have strengthened your argument and it would have enfeebled our power of backing it. Have you seen the report in the Times of the great meeting in Dublin, and how Repealers and Nationalists there cast the whole blame upon English Support? just as Le Moine did in the *Journal des Debats*. I think this ought to have some weight with our Govt. England has perhaps perils to contend with greater than this bugbear of Russian aggrandisement, especially as any such in the direction of Constantinople might be more than counter-balanced on our side in Egypt and the Mediterranean. And that is, what I think it will come to sooner or later.

I hope you are all right again now and none the worse for your rainy but magnificent meeting on Blackheath.—Believe me ever most truly yrs,

A. P. DE LISLE.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
Sep. 23, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I cannot tell you how disgusted I have been in reading *Ld. Beaconsfield's* attack upon you in his Aylesbury Speech: Though I think it will have told but little even upon his own audience, coupled as it was with such

twaddling nonsense about the invisible enemy with which modern Statesmen have to contend in the shape of Secret Societies! I wonder whether our sagacious Premier is a Free Mason, or if not whether he ever discouraged any one else from joining the craft? One thing is very clear that the Country has no ground for hoping that it's loudly outspoken will on the Eastern Question will meet with much regard from the present Govt. I hope the meetings will continue, and that we shall not witness any collapse of the generous sympathy for our Eastern Brethren, that has been excited in this country. I have been equally disgusted with the extracts from the *Voce della Verità*, that have been circulating among the latest Telegrams. There can be no doubt that the feeling in the Papal Court is as utterly Turkish, as it is among the members of our own Government, and it quite astonishes me, for it shows how brief is the memory they retain of the Massacres, not other than recent, in Syria, which were much more levelled against the Catholic Maronites, than against the non-united Christian Communities, and later still no one exhibited greater hostility to our modern Vatican Policy, than the late murdered Sultan Abdul Aziz—so much so, that I remember the Pope was reported to have regarded his tragical end as a judgement upon him on that very account.—Though this is my view of the Papal Party in its unaccountable Turkish leanings, I was not the “English Catholic” who wrote the Letter in the *Voce* in the hopeless endeavour to reclaim them to Xtian feeling and Common Sense. I contented myself with writing 2 Letters in the “Westminster Gazette,” which I will send you to-morrow, and which I shall feel flattered if you will spare a moment to read. I cannot easily say how delighted I was with your Blackheath Speech, a splendid sequel to your Magnificent Pamphlet, which reached me just after I last wrote to you.—Believe me ever, most sincerely yrs,

A. P. DE LISLE.

FROGNAL, FOOTSCRAY,
1st October 1876.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I am more concerned than surprised; and there is a great comfort in thinking that the Cardinal does not represent all his spiritual subjects, as you have eminently shown.

It is wonderful how easy he finds it both to know and to be ignorant. *Quantum mutatus.*

The predicament to which I referred was this. The Pope—let me rather say the Curia—alone in Europe, has done all in

its power to strengthen the Turk by ordering its people to support the public authority.

Even worse than this is the cause. The Sultan (I believe) pays for this aid in assisting the Curia to deprive the R.C. Armenians of their ancestral right to choose their Bishops.

In writing my pamphlet I might have referred to these matters. I have not said a word: and in lieu of a public reference, I made the private appeal which you so loyally assisted.—Yours sincerely,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

I go back to Hn. on Tuesday.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
Oct. 4, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I thank you very much for sending me a copy of your admirable Blackheath Speech. It reached me this morning and I value its presence on my Table, as a fresh proof of a Friendship which I value beyond price. But of course I had read it and welcomed every sentence of it, as the only genuine expression of what every true Englishman ought to feel, long before. I sent you two copies of a London Catholic Paper, the Westminster Gazette, which contained 2 Letters of mine on this Eastern Question. It seems like either vanity or presumption in me to ask you to read them, but they might amuse you as expressing the thoughts of one, who in his ignorance of State Secrets may class himself in the Category of the humblest of his own Tenantry.

I was sorry to witness in the leading Article of the Times of yesterday, what to me looks like a very ominous expression of opinion as regards Russia. I fear we are after all drifting into a war against Russia for Turkey, and the generous sentiments of the British People on behalf of those oppressed Xtian Nationalities will be utterly thwarted, and all from this enormous fear of Russia.

Do you remember putting into my hand, the morning of that pleasant Breakfast in Harley Street, Fleming's curious Book "on the Rise and Fall of Rome Papal." I told you at the time he was an old acquaintance, and I had noticed some of his statements in my own Book "on Mahometanism, etc." published in 1855. I once sent you a copy of this work, and I very much wish I could induce you to read it, not on account of its *Papal* bearings, but in reference to the Eastern Question and that of Mahometanism. It would not take you many hours to look over it, and I should like to know, what you think of some things in it in reference to the present state of

the East. If you have lost that copy, I would send you another.—Believe me, very sincerely yrs.,

A. P. DE LISLE.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
Oct. 27, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—Notwithstanding the scurrilous abuse that has been so absurdly heaped upon you for your noble and intrepid defence of the rights of the Eastern Xtians, it must be a source of immense satisfaction to you, that one great object at least has been secured. The Turks at Constantinople, we are now informed on good authority, are at last aware, that England will not fight for them. This is certainly a triumph for your efforts and for that noble expression of British feeling, at the head of which you placed yourself. You rightly said at the very commencement of the movement that it was in no way a Party one, and the Slanders that have been heaped upon you prove this, for from no quarter have they been more bitter, than from the Liberal *Pall Mall Gazette*, or from such miserable representatives of Liberalism as Lord Fitzwilliam.

But in what a pitiful Position (as it seems to me) has this country been placed by its present Government in the face of Europe! at one moment the seeming accomplice in all the worst atrocities of the Turks, hindering the pacific action of the other great Powers and yet with no Policy of her own, hesitating whether to throw in her lot with Turkey, earning the hatred of all the rising Xtian Populations of the East, thus effecting the very object professedly objected to by throwing them into the arms of Russia, and finally placing herself in a position of complete Isolation from all the other Powers combined.

It seems to me that England never before was placed in so mean or so critical a Position, and even though for the moment a precarious Peace were patched up by the yielding of Turkey to the conditions which Russia has proposed, I cannot help fearing that before many months are over war will burst out on a tremendous scale the results of which will be to change the whole map of Europe. On the other hand if the Turks do not yield, and the issue of war should be that Northern Turkey should fall into the hands of Russia and Austria, I hope that we shall not even in that case attempt to support the Turk, but indemnify our own Interests by the seizure of Egypt. That is surely the main object for this country, either later if

the Ottoman Empire should break up after a respite of even some years, or immediately if the Turks should be so infatuated as to hazard a war with Russia. This seems to me an object in which Englishmen of all Parties ought to combine, and if realized it would secure every best British Interest; but I also think it would not be enough for us to hold Egypt, we ought to have Crete also, and perhaps a Portion of Asia Minor—with such naval stations within our grasp we need not fear the free entrance of the Russian Navy into the Mediterranean. . . .

—Most sincerely yours, A. P. DE LISLE.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
Nov. 7, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I thank you very much for your kindly thinking of me and sending me a copy of your Article on *Russian Deeds*, which you have just published in the “Contemporary Review.” It is most able and interesting, and I think you have not only made out an excellent case for the Russians, but put the *Pall Mall Gazette* out of Court, as a most untrustworthy witness. I am afraid there is no Nation without sin in its dealings with other Nations, when international quarrels have once been brought to the arbitrament of the Sword: and from all that one can gather from either past or contemporary evidence I fear our own country has a large share in this common guilt; but because we repent (as I hope) of our own criminality that is surely no reason for condoning the Atrocities of the Turks (which are not to be paralleled in any history but their own), or for exaggerating most wilfully and unjustly the faults of the Russian Government in its dealings with vanquished Nations. That Russia like ourselves has received from Almighty God a grand mission to civilize and evangelize Nations that are seated in darkness and in the Shadow of Death, I have no doubt whatever—and many years ago I said what I thought on that matter in my Book “on Mahometanism in its relations with Prophecy,” of which I sent you a copy the year you visited me here at Garendon. Talking of this, I think I must some day or other tell you, what I have confided to but very few of my friends, what is in a great degree mixed up with that Book, a very curious circumstance that happened to me when only 13 years of age. If at least I can assure myself that you would neither pronounce me a Fanatic nor an Impostor! But to turn to something more practical, I have been much pleased with 2 speeches lately delivered, the first was Mr. Shaw Lefevre’s, the second Lord

Hartington's. After reading them I cannot but think that Lord John Manners's statement of "the unchanged Policy" is completely demolished. Before you kindly sent me your article, I had sent for the number of the Contemporary which contained it, and how I deplore those articles from Arnold and Grey! How they show a current, which is no longer beneath the surface, but rising into greater prominence daily. But in the internecine warring of Xtian Churches and Xtian Peoples, it would be a miracle, if it were otherwise.—Ever yours,

A. P. DE LISLE.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,
Xmas D. '76.

DEAR MR. DE LISLE—At the time when you presented to me so kindly your treatise on the Prophecies I described myself to you as a rare and unfruitful student in that branch.

You recently stirred me up again, as the circumstances of this great crisis have also done.

I have been reading your book with great interest and I am exceedingly struck with the force of your interpretation in that part of it which refers to the Mahometan power.

This power without doubt is specially and mainly represented in the Turkish Empire of which the fate now visibly trembles in the balance.

I do not venture to dogmatise but I feel the force of the probable argument connecting the prophecies of Daniel with its fate.

And this with pleasure; for that Empire, a power of very doubtful titles in Asia, is in Europe an unmitigated curse to mankind.

The events and investigations of this year have especially brought home to me the manner in which it degrades as well as oppresses.

The date of your book lends it much additional weight.

I rejoice to be in sympathy with you on this subject. In some other parts of your work you would hardly expect me to follow you. I have lurking doubt indeed whether if you now had pen in hand you would rewrite the whole of them, after the recent events in your Church.

The pure Protestant interpretation of the Woman on the Seven Hills and so forth does not greatly attract me, but Dante's treatment of that subject has a great hold upon me.

Let me now heartily wish you a happy Christmas and New Year. But those words of joy seem like a solemn peal of bells

at a moment when we are on the verge of a great war in which God has mighty issues to decide through the instrumentality of man. This war if it comes will be terrible: but it will be more directly addressed to good ends than any recent war that I know of.

It seems to me to be a case which all Europe ought to have taken up and ought to prosecute.—Ever sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,

Dec. 28, '76.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I do not anticipate for myself either the action or the distinction which you desired me in the truly great occurrences now developing themselves in the East:¹ but your warnings to Prayer, humiliation, and self-abasement are greatly acceptable to me, though still I fear not in proportion to my need.

The transformation of Eastern Christendom comes into view as a natural concomitant and sequel to the depression of the Turkish power.

Can you open to me some of the “strange ideas” which prevail in our Mediterranean Fleet? You may depend upon my discretion for not revealing the source.

It will be a great and perilous error if Russia is left to do the work alone, should it come to force. Though not so great, as it not being done at all.—Ever very sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,

Jan. 18, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—How I wish I could hear what you think of the present state of affairs at Constantinople. I suppose before 2 or 3 more days are passed, the final answer of the Turks will have been given, but it seems to me, as if every really solid guarantee were abandoned by the European Powers, and I only wonder that the Turks should not yield the 2 insignificant (for so they strike me to be) points still insisted upon by the Xtian Plenipotentiary. That they do not yield can only be owing to their knowledge of the mutual jealousies of the Xtian Powers and the conviction that if worsted in a struggle with Russia, should one ensue, they would be sure to get in the end the support of one or more of the former. I

¹ See letter printed at the commencement of this chapter, vol. ii. p. 99.

imagine Russia, as yet, is scarcely fully prepared, and if my date of 1882, which seems a probable one, be at all correct, the fatal hour for Turkey is not yet arrived, though there must be a beginning for every thing, and so also for that last struggle which is to destroy the Kingdom of the Little Horn. But do you never mean to fulfil the promise you made us in Town last summer again to visit us here? How I wish you would take Garendon on your way up to Town, and Mrs. Gladstone too and the young Ladies. If it were possible for you to do this, you must let me know and I might make up a pleasant Party to meet you, and to make a couple of days, if you could spare them, agreeable. Last week we had a very large Party here to meet my old friends, Lord and Lady John Manners, we were 25 at dinner for 3 days—and I had very interesting conversations with him on the Eastern Question. He is not so much of a Turk as he used to be, but more come round to the ideas of his Elder Brother the Duke, whose ideas exactly square with my own. I have been reading your admirable Article on the *Hellenic Factor* in the Contemporary. As I said in a former Letter I look upon you as one of the most influential and influencing agents in the mighty work which Almighty God ordained, as recorded in the Prophecy of Daniel, for the present Crisis in the History of His Holy Church, and as I said (though it is not for me to counsel others still less the great Instruments of the Lord) this thought is a powerful motive for intense self-abasement and most earnest Prayer.

As I think you are called to be the destroyer of the great Antichristian Power, which I have endeavoured to show to be Mahomet and his Empire, the great secular antagonist of the Christ and of Christendom, so also do I believe that you are destined to be one of the Principal Movers in the great work of Xtian Reunion. You remember what you said about this in my charming visit to Hawarden 2 years ago, and about inducing the University of Oxford to publish what had been heretofore written on Reunion from the time of the Council of Florence downwards: but I will just quote what a Catholic Friend of mine wrote the other day in a Letter to me on this subject.

“It seems to me to be of the utmost importance to induce Mr. Gladstone to write a Letter on the Reunion stating freely the obstacles, which he thinks have been placed in the way of reconciliation by the late decrees of the Vatican Council. If you could persuade him to state his desire for Reunion and his Reasons for regarding it as less hopeful now than in former years, you would do perhaps the greatest service to the cause we have at heart. For say what they may Catholics as well as

Anglicans have profound respect for Mr. Gladstone's earnestness of Character and deep religious convictions. His statement would arrest the attention of all and might do much in the end *to clear up difficulties.*"

How I wish it could be possible for you to do what is here suggested, having, as undoubtedly it has, a great bearing on the eventual solution of the Eastern Question. Would a pamphlet be possible? or if not could you write a series of letters on it in a Paper which devotes itself to the advocacy of Reunion, and in which I am writing a set of articles on the same Question—*The Westminster Gazette*¹—a paper, which, with many faults, might be moulded into a good form and become a useful organ for mutual discussion between Latins, Greeks, and Anglicans with a view to an eventual healing of differences. I pray you not to disregard my petition.—Ever very sincerely yrs.,

A. P. DE LISLE.

THE PALACE, WELLS, SOMERSET,
Jan. 23, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I undertook on my wife's part as well as my own to thank Mrs. de Lisle and you for your most kind invitation, but the hurry of moving about and seeing the country and the sights has delayed for a day or two my performance of this duty. You will see from the quarter in which we are moving that we must not allow ourselves at present to be attracted to Leicestershire, but I can assure you that ideas of this kind, if they sleep in my mind, do not die but only await their opportunity: which in your case I hope, if you will kindly allow a revival of the subject, may ere long arise.

I do not know if you are acquainted with this place. The Cathedral, Palace, ruins, and all manner of surrounding buildings are as a whole very remarkable.

You will perhaps have seen in the newspapers that I said something yesterday at Frome, to the displeasure of the Times, with which I can hardly wish to agree, so miserable do I think the manner in which, without bad intention, it has worked the Eastern question as a whole. I had a very distinct object, namely to set forth that the question does not close for us with the abortive issue of the Conference, that we have a great responsi-

¹ The *Westminster Gazette* was edited by Mr. E. S. Purcell. De Lisle frequently wrote in its pages, and in the hope of carrying it through difficulties financed it for more than a year. But Cardinal Manning, by means of his influence privately exercised, effected its ruin. It is said that to make amends for this wrong, the chivalrous Cardinal afterwards gave Mr. Purcell the materials for his famous biography.

bility to meet, and that we shall expect the Government to make out a policy.

There is but one of the other points in your letter which I can venture to touch. I broached at Oxford the plan of printing in series the theoretic writers, which I think would be of very great use. I obtained the ready assent of Dr. Mozley, the Regius Professor and of several other members of the Theological faculty; but two dissented, and one of them was a man (Dr. Bright) of sufficient weight to throw the plan out of joint. So I have done no more. I am afraid I am not equal to writing on the subject of Reunion myself, at any rate not without much more of mental leisure than, now that the Eastern question has come up, I am likely to obtain. I had a design to serve the cause if I could by writing upon some of the questions of religious philosophy now debated, but this too has been arrested. —In haste, very sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

GARENDON PARK, *Feb.* 28, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I little thought when I wrote to you, and when I was reading with so much interest and pleasure your kind answer to that letter, that I was on the eve of one of the greatest afflictions of my life. And yet so it was, on the 6th Feb. my poor dear son-in-law Arthur Strutt went to show a little niece of his the great wheel (which his grandfather had invented) in the Family Mill at Milford, when by the mysterious permission of Divine Providence his foot slipped and he fell into the wheel, between the great outer one and the smaller cogg wheel, and was instantly killed. Thus in one terrible and unlooked for moment a dear and affectionate son-in-law was carried off, and my favourite Daughter Alice was at a very early period of her Life plunged into all the grief and forlorn solitude of widowhood. It is some comfort to me to tell my grief to you, who know what it is to suffer from such sudden bereavement, and who know, more than most men, how to sympathise with the sorrows of others.

In the midst however of my own grief I have not ceased to watch with intense interest the progress of the Eastern Question, and the gradual development of sound feeling in regard to it among our fellow countrymen. I need not say how eagerly I read your speeches in Parliament upon it and those of the Duke of Argyll. I fear however from his statement reported in yesterday's Times of the continuance of Turkish oppression that there is not a shadow of ground to justify Lord Derby's expectant attitude.

I only wish the eyes of our Govt. could be opened even at the eleventh hour to acknowledge that it can neither be for the honour nor for the security of British Interests to be bound up with so vile a cause as that of the Turks, with an empire at its last gasp, and whatever it may still have to go through with a rising Xtian Population that visibly has the future in its own hands. This brings to my mind what I also read in the same Paper on your able article in the New Periodical on *Authority in Matters of Opinion*. It seems to me an admirable contribution to the cause of Future Reunion, and I am longing to read it at length, as soon as the Publishers send me my copy, for I am a subscriber.

Hoping that Mrs. Gladstone and all your Family are well and yourself also, I remain, ever very sincerely yours.

A. P. DE LISLE.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—Only the continuing and if possible increasing pressure of the great Eastern question has kept me silent during these days since I received your letter, and even now prevents me from saying much that I could gladly say, indeed almost confirms me, on that most touching portion of your letter, to assuring you how deeply and cordially I feel for you, for Mrs. de Lisle, and for the young widow. Often and often there is great mercy and grace in sudden death: but I never can go in thought along with those who regard the body only as a vestment or a dwelling for the soul, and by straining the Gospels (as it seems to me), violently, bring themselves to a certain indifference as to what may happen to it. It is fearfully and wonderfully made and we are to regard it with reverence, it is the heir of immortality, and it is among the sorest trials when it is even outwardly dishonoured and defaced in death. But I may be opening afresh wounds hardly yet closed, and I will forbear.

It is very very sad to think that in the great question of the East we have made no ground. Except that this people's heart is touched, and its mind in some degree informed, we stand worse than we did eighteen months ago, and the poor Christians of Turkey stand worse too: disgrace, shame and outrage continue, and to this is added an extraordinary pressure of bodily want and suffering. May He, who alone can, pity and relieve them effectually, and rouse the authorities of this country to a sense of their sad errors.

I am very glad you like the article on Authority. It has no pretension to completeness, but may, I hope, be of some little use.

If we do not meet before, pray recollect our breakfasts on Thursdays at ten after Easter, and believe me, most sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

73 HARLEY ST., *Mch.* 4, '77.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I have observed with attention and great respect the course taken by Mr. Purcell in his *Journal* respecting the Eastern Question, and I should like to act upon any suggestion received from him, not to say upon any wish of yours.

I shall be happy to talk over the matter in London with you or with him, but I regret to say that at present I do not see my way—And I will state my view in a mere outline, which you will excuse.

The Pope, I apprehend, in a matter of this kind, follows the leading of the Curia; and this will, through the Bishops, also determine the mass of R.C.s in Great Britain and Ireland.

The main question is what will the Curia do? Now you could, I am afraid, hardly find any one to whom it would be less timely to listen than myself. Even in 1873 it carried itself against the late Government, and since then my assault on "Vaticanism" has naturally rendered me still more obnoxious.

But can any man act upon it? By what motive is it governed? Is it wreaking on the Christians of Turkey its resentment for what not they but Russia did in Poland? I trow not.

My belief is that it is a question of ecclesiastical arrangements, and that the support given by the Pope to the Sultan is given for or in expectation of a *quid pro quo* in what may be described sufficiently as the Hassoun Armenian Schism. Before the rebellion, the Pope thought (wrongly I believe) that the Porte worked against him. But since we see from time to time that all is proceeding smoothly between the Ottoman Govt. and Monsig. Hassoun.

Such is my idea: but I may be wrong.—Believe me, most sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

HAWARDEN, *May* 25, '77.

FRESHWATER BAY, ISLE OF WIGHT,
May 22, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I venture to enclose a letter I received this morning from the Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*

(a R.C. Paper), will you kindly read it, and if you could see your way in some degree to carry out his desire about writing a Letter in that Paper, I really think it might do much towards reclaiming Catholic Authorities *at Rome*, and Individual Catholics here in England, to a sounder and more Xtian view in reference to the Eastern Question. You will remember how I endeavoured last autumn to carry out your wish in writing to our Cardinal Archbishop and with very little effect I am sorry to say. But if you could now do any thing, as Mr. Purcell suggests, by a Letter in the Westminster Gazette, to produce the effect, which you then thought I might have produced by writing to the Cardinal, I cannot help thinking, that it might be worth thinking about. But you will know what to think and what to do far better than I can, so I leave it in your hands. I have no doubt as Mr. Purcell says, that at Rome they have been largely influenced by such representations, as those contained in our own Blue Book on Russian Cruelties in Poland in compelling the Greek Uniates to renounce their own Rite and to re-enter the Russian National Church. And I may say that I am equally convinced that the grand question of a General Reunion of Xtendom is so largely mixed up with that of the Emancipation of the East from the abominable Despotism of the Turks, that the latter can never be placed on a really solid basis without some satisfactory solution of the former. Mr. MacColl told me how strongly Bishop Strossmayer¹ felt and expressed himself on this subject. As it is, I believe that you have a real Mission from Almighty God, more than any other man, to effect this vast work, the Solution of the Eastern Question—and so I am sure you will pardon me for thus writing, and for sending you Mr. Purcell's Letter *for what it may be worth* in the interest of the great two-fold work, the Emancipation of Eastern Xtendom and the future Reunion of the whole Baptized Body, to which I am sure no man is more devoted than you are.—Believe me, most sincerely yours,

A. P. DE LISLE.

¹ Bishop Strossmayer rules over a large diocese of Slaves and Bulgars, and is one of the few Prince-Bishops left, having secular territorial jurisdiction. He generally dines one hundred people at his table, keeps eighty horses in his stables, and has built a magnificent cathedral, dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, at Diakovar, esteemed in the Southern Austrian dominions as a *Temple of Reunion*. At the time of the Vatican Council he took such a princely retinue with him to Rome, that it was thought he wished to intimidate the infallibilist Bishops. It is chiefly owing to his influence that the Slav Liturgy has been restored for the use of Catholics in parts of Croatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, by Pope Leo XIII.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
June 12, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—Though I was anxious to answer your kind Letter of the 25th May sooner, I thought I ought not to add to the burthen of public business pressing so heavily on you by urging any desire of mine.

I quite think you have disposed of the reasons, which Mr. Purcell suggested, for your undertaking to discuss the Policy of the Vatican on the Eastern Question. If it be, what it is represented to be, it is in my opinion a most wretched mistake, but I quite think that the reasons you give for not entering into a discussion with those, who move in the Curia, are unanswerable. I think with you there is no other motive for that Policy, but the *quid pro quo* which some very short-sighted people have been led to expect from it. But though I fully agree with what you say on this head, would it not be possible to induce you to write some brief Letter of encouragement for the Line which the Westminster Gazette is endeavouring to pursue, very much in accordance with your own course on this Eastern Question?

If you could do this without much sacrifice of time or convenience, I cannot but think it would be a great help to Mr. Purcell and to me in our endeavour to bring our co-religionists to sounder views on this vital Question. I myself am not likely to be in Town again at present, but if you could see Mr. Purcell, as you suggested in your Letter of May 25, I think you would not regret having made his acquaintance, and your interview might lead to some practical service in the good cause. His address is

*Edmund S. Purcell, Esqr.,
Westminster Gazette Office,
178 Strand.*

I was glad to read the speeches of Lord Salisbury and Lord Derby yesterday at the Merchant Taylors' Banquet. Whatever there be of common sense and sound Policy in their conclusions we owe entirely to your energetic and brilliant exertions, but for which I firmly believe we should have been drawn into a most infamous and Anti-Christian War. I trust all these exertions, which have rendered such immense service to *real* British interests, will not have over-fatigued you. The Duchess of Sforza, who was with us yesterday, and who has an estate in Leicestershire, told me she had the happiness of being introduced to you at some Party in London a short time ago. She

valued it very much. She is one among an increasing number of our People, who are embracing the Line, which you approve, and which I have advocated among them for so many years. She is returning to Italy this week. Her two sons have always been on the National Italian side though very firm Catholics.—
I remain, ever most sincerely yrs. A. P. DE LISLE.

GARENDON PARK, *July 9, 1877.*

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—It is some time since we exchanged a Line, and I am anxious to hear from you, what you think of the removal of our Fleet from Malta to Besika Bay, and on some other matters, which I will mention. Lord Salisbury's disclaimer of the Turkophile *look* of this measure, to speak of it in the mildest manner, would be sufficient, if it were not for the undeniable division in the Cabinet. But as it is, I quite agree with Mr. Sandwith in his spirited Pamphlet "Are we to fight with Russia?" that unless *the Great Champion of Right and Humanity* is up in active agitation, we run a great risk of being drawn after all into war for the vilest cause, that man ever contended for. Some people might perhaps say, that I am a queer sort of Tory to write thus to *you*, but there are many such Tories to be found, and if a Turcophile Policy were a necessary ingredient in Toryism, I fancy there would very soon be such a split in the Tory Camp as would paralyze it not a little. The same class of People would perhaps add that I am also a queer kind of Catholic for taking the same Line, but my reply to that taunt is by retorting it in the face of those who are not ashamed to make it. The Pope at any rate has now committed himself over head and ears to two points, for which I have always agitated through good report and evil report. The first is for the Principle of *Corporate Reunion*. The Second for Special Prayers for the Reunion of the Greco-Russian Church with our Latin Church. Now it does not need much logic to show that a Turcophile Policy is not very consistent with such a measure as that implied in the latter. I can conceive nothing more fatal to it—by the way did you see my last Article on Reunion (last Saturday week) bearing on this very branch of the subject in the Westminster Gazette of *June 30th*? I wish you would look at it, if you have not seen it. I have sent for Mr. Sandwith's Pamphlet to distribute in this neighbourhood, for it is just the sort of plain-spoken thing to make matters clear to the Popular Understanding—and in our very Tory County it is sad to see how Turkish Leicestershire People are, especially among Farmers and labouring

People! I wish I could persuade you to pay me a little visit, and get you to enlighten their minds a little, if you thought it were worth while to do so—or that there were any danger of the issue I referred to in my second page of this Note. If there could be a chance of your according to my wish, or of inducing Mrs. and Miss Gladstone to accompany you, Mrs. de Lisle would write to propose it to them. But I leave it in your hands.—Believe me ever, most sincerely yrs. A. P. DE LISLE.

LONDON, *July 27, '77.*

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—Press of business has prevented me from sending an earlier reply to your kind letter.

I had an interview with Mr. Purcell and was pleased to find our desires were so much in accordance on the point at issue. He was very anxious that representations should be such at Rome in order to bring about if possible a change of action on the part of the authorities there with respect to the Turkish question. In this desire I cordially concurred but I was a little prejudiced when he urged me to write to that question for such a purpose: inasmuch as I had the fear that any representation from me to the effect that a particular course should not be followed might not unfairly be taken as reason why it should. However as Mr. Purcell had the idea that my writing might be useful I promised to consider the matter further. Mr. Purcell himself I thought was more likely to have an opening for this kind of influence than myself. Hence I wrote to Lord Acton to make an arrangement for talking the matter out with him, on account of his great knowledge of the Court of Rome. But unhappily he was obliged to leave London rather suddenly on account of his wife's health, and so the matter is in a stationary condition. I wish you, who have been so loyal, of course from my point of view over-loyal, to the Pope and Clergy, would try to get *them* out of the bad position they have assumed. I really say this from the wish that they should escape from a censure deserved by their acts up to this time—It is too late for him to do much good to the cause of the subject races, as they might have done at first. The Almighty seems to have taken the cause into His own hands, and amidst many dreadful incidents to be carrying it to an issue that will do something great for the relief of human woes and the mitigation of one of the great shames of Christendom.

To-morrow I hope to go to Hawarden, but with some uncertainty as to the chance of being recalled.—Believe me, very sincerely yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

GARENDON PARK, *Augt. 3, 1877.*

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I owe you many thanks for your kind Letter of the 27th of last month, and I am very glad that you are taking into your consideration the expediency of what Mr. Purcell proposed, that you should write to the Authorities at Rome on the subject of their extremely regrettable and misguided Policy on the Eastern Question. I fancy one reason, and a very poor one it is, why they (the Papal Govt.) have adopted this strange Line, so utterly at variance with sound Catholic Principles, is to mark off their disagreement with the National Italian Govt., which has evinced a much more Christian course of action on this question. The truth is, that while in its spiritual capacity I am forward to believe that the Pope, as Successor to S. Peter in the Hierarchical Primacy of the Xtian Church, is led in his ex-Cathedrâ utterances by the Holy Spirit of God, in all other matters there is scarcely any limit to be assigned to the amount of scandal and error, which may not be permitted to creep into the practice of the Chief Pontiff and his Court. Witness such a disgraceful case as that of the late Cardinal Antonelli, which to my mind is one of the strongest practical arguments against the Temporal Power, however Providential in its origin and useful to the cause of the Xtianity in a very peculiar period of Church History. Be all this as it may, it is quite clear, that the day is now past (most happily I think) when the action of the Papal Court can do much in either way in the great Question that now agitates Europe: for, as you most justly say in your Letter “Almighty God is evidently taking it into His own Hands”—since you wrote those words the course of the Russian armies has not quite been so successful as they were at one moment, still I am persuaded that it is only a momentary check, which I trust will force them to make a still more overwhelming effort: and in the meanwhile, as you will have seen from the reliable correspondence in the Times of yesterday and the day before, the Russian Army and Govt. have achieved a grand moral victory in their complete vindication from all the charges of Atrocities which the mendacious Turks and Turcophiles had brought against them, while on the other hand the Times Correspondent has substantiated against the Turks and their Bashi Bazouks the most awful conduct in several Bulgarian villages south of the Balkan Mountains, conduct which almost surpasses what they perpetrated last year, and which ought to kindle the indignation of every honest man in Europe. My youngest son Gerard had a letter yesterday from a Russian Friend of his, who resides with his Father and

Mother near Kieff, of the Name of Boutelin, a family that stand high among the Russian Nobility and in great favour with the Emperor. He says that no one in Russia entertains any desire of permanently holding Constantinople, for they feel it would be a Policy disastrous to Russia, but what they do desire is to found an independent neutral Power there with the concurrence of England and Europe, the establishment of which would remove the disgraceful scandals that have roused Universal Indignation, and so solve the Eastern Question for ever. Sir James Lacaita, whom I met the other day at Lord Belper's, told me that is just the policy, which several influential Parties had suggested, wishing it to be carried out by placing the Duke of Edinburgh and the Daughter of the Czar on the throne of Constantinople as Joint Sovereigns, like our William and Mary. How I wish some such settlement could be achieved, so calculated to satisfy the mutual interests of both Courts and both Nations, while it would put an end for ever to the horrors of Turkish Rule. I have been reading lately the curious old Prophecy in the 55th chapter of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire about the eventual reign of the Russians in Constantinople, of course you know it. It is most curious. I wish it might be fulfilled in the way I have just described with the mutual consent of both Powers: if we don't enter into some such arrangement, I believe it will one day be solved in a way far less agreeable to British Prejudices. And now let me end, apologizing for trespassing too long on your time and Patience. —Believe me, ever most sincerely yrs., A. P. DE LISLE.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
Sept. 24, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE—I suppose it is quite hopeless for me to attempt to induce you, now that you are so near, to come here to us—for you are doubtless full of other engagements—but I cannot help condoling with you on the horrid course of this War, which I had hoped would have led to such glorious results in liberating our Brethren of the Eastern Church. In your last Letter to me, you said “that Almighty God was taking the matter into His own hands” and so it seemed then, for the Russian had just crossed the Balkans, and the Head of *my* Party was despatching Troops to Gallipoli to *save British interests in India!* But how sadly clouded is the prospect of the good cause now. I am doing what I can to serve it in the way of collecting aid for “the Russian Sick and Wounded Fund” and several People have sent me contributions. I hope however in a second

campaign the Russians may be more successful, for I should be sorry to see a temporary Peace patched up, which would only leave the main question unsettled, and the condition of the Xtian Populations still more hopelessly prostrate before the triumphant Turk.

Lord and Lady Belper told me they were going to meet you at the Duke of St. Albans' on Wednesday. I envied them, but on that day we are engaged to go to Donnington to meet the D. of Norfolk, who is engaged to Mr. Abney Hastings's eldest Daughter, as you will have seen in the Papers.

Pray remember me most kindly to Mrs. Gladstone, if she is with you, in which Mrs. de Lisle heartily joins, as well as in the hopeless wishes I have already expressed to see you both here.—Believe me, most sincerely yrs.,

AMBROSE P. DE LISLE.

HAWARDEN, Oct. 13, '77.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—A very kind letter from Father Tondini¹ reminds me to say that if I can find time before the meeting of Parliament to offer myself for a night or two at Garendon Park I will not fail to do it: or if we have any one here whom I think you would like to see I will try to catch you.

I am at present I may say surrounded by mountains of unanswered or unopened letters and packets, which it was impossible for me to deal with during my Irish Tour. So I write in great haste. But there is one thing I wish to say to you.

When I went to Ireland, one of my reasons for announcing that the visit was personal and private was, that I might not place the R.C. Clergy in a strait between their desire to recognize thankfully some things I had done, and any resentment or displeasure they might feel on account of my pamphlets about Vaticanism.

Cardinal Cullen received me with perfect courtesy, but he said kindly and ingenuously as I bid good-bye, "You know Mr. Gladstone we could have given you a warmer welcome had it not been for certain pamphlets, which we in Ireland did not much like." A similar feeling was perceptible in one or two other cases.

¹ Don Cesario Tondini de Quarenghi, the well-known Barnabite, was at that time tutor to De Lisle's two grandsons. He is a great champion of Reunion, and has written several learned works, proving that all the so-called Roman developments, especially on the subject of the Roman Pontificate and the Immaculate Conception of the B. V. M., are clearly expressed in the earliest Oriental Liturgies.

But not with the only other Bishop whom I saw, nor with the parochial clergy. They gave me the very warmest greetings a man could receive: and they certainly threw themselves in my way when the act was perfectly optional. I must cordially state to you the impression made upon my mind. I do not think they much disapprove my pamphlets upon Vaticanism. I think they feel the yoke (you will understand me) is heavy on their necks: and that they are not very sorry when, without committing them, some one from without endeavours to lighten it.

But I must have done: though I could fill quires. All good be with you.—Sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Ambrose de Lisle, Esq.

Pray remember me very kindly to all around you.

CHAPTER XIX

GREGORIAN CHAUNT—CHRISTIAN ART—GOTHIC
ARCHITECTURE—AUGUSTUS WELBY PUGIN

1839-1877

THERE is perhaps no subject more worthy of attentive study, if we wish to possess a philosophic insight into the nature and growth of the various departments of intellectual activity which make up our latter-day culture and enlightenment, than the genesis of ideas. How the eldest son of a Leicestershire landowner, a Whig and a Protestant, whose life was devoted to party politics, sport, and the classics, should come to be an almost fanatical (as his critics were wont to say) worshipper of ancient and uncouth Gregorian sounds, is a problem which might well excite the guessing powers of the modern evolutionist. But I do not propose to do more than give the account in Phillipps de Lisle's own words of how he first heard and immediately loved that ancient solemn song, which so quickly grew upon him, and which years of study convinced him represented the sacred tradition of a chaunt that had inspired the god-fearing men who handed down the divine oracles, from Moses to David, and from the choirs of Solomon's Temple to the days of Pope Sylvester; when the Christian religion, emerging from the catacombs, began to unfold the wings of mystery, and arraying itself in the splendid plumage of the cultured nations of antiquity brought forth the elaborate Ritual of Papal Rome, of which the salient features and symbols may be clearly traced to the ordinances of Leviticus, the visions of Ezekiel, and the sublime imagery of the

Revelation of S. John. It was at Vespers at Notre Dame in Paris, when a boy, as we have already seen, that the sounds of the *Magnificat* first struck him as the original type of sacred song, the echoes of which he had learned to love and reverence in the beautiful Anglican chaunts which delighted his Cambridge days in youth, and which never lost their hold upon his admiration even in his most enthusiastic days of Catholic proselytism. In the preface to the *Little Gradual or Chorister's Companion* which he published in 1847, and dedicated "to our most holy and most reverend Fathers in Christ, the Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops of the Catholick Churches of Ireland¹ and Great Britain, in the hope that it may promote the revival of the Ecclesiastical Chaunt," he gives an account of the deep and lasting impression made upon him by the old monastic churches in Rome, where he felt as it were transported backwards through the ages to the hopeful days when Pope S. Gregory, his favourite Pontiff, sent Augustine the monk to found the Anglo-Saxon church of Canterbury. What Augustine began Archbishop Theodore, the Greek, continued; and as Venerable Bede attests, introduced not only the Roman chaunt, but the manner of singing it practised in S. Peter's papal basilika.² In De Lisle's own words I give the genesis of his intellectual passion for austere and antique sacred song, in his day the almost unknown tone-art, despised and rejected, of the middle and dark ages.

It was under very interesting circumstances that the idea of the present work first suggested itself. In the autumn of 1828, I had ridden with a friend the outer circuit of the walls of Rome; on one side we beheld the remains of the capital of the mightiest empire the world ever saw, the last of the four great monarchies; on the other, lovely reaches of the beautiful but melancholy Campagna, terminating with distant ranges of Apennines, or sloping towards the Mediterranean and the Pontine marshes. It was late in the month of October, the

¹ The Irish Catholic Church, enjoying unbroken continuity with pre-Reformation times, takes precedence over the Catholic Churches of England and Scotland, as De Lisle recognises in this dedication. He never forgot that he was born upon St. Patrick's Day.

² *Historia Ecclesiastica*, lib. iv. § 306.

heats of summer had departed, giving place to a temperature the most delicious that can be conceived ; that happy medium, which one sometimes witnesses on a very fine day in the latter part of the month of May in England : the sky was of a deep blue, such as can only be seen in Italy : it communicated to all surrounding objects the most glowing tints. The Apennines in the furthest distance displaying their sharp forms through the pure atmosphere, wore a hue of violet tinged with pink ; the Alban Hills crowned with beautiful towns and villages, Albano, Frascati, Tivoli, seemed decked with pearls ; the majestic plains of the Campagna broken here and there with a solitary pine, or a ruined tomb or tower, looked like the mystick desert in which the Son of God had decreed (Apocalypse xii. 6) that the special seat of His beloved spouse should be prepared. As we rode along we passed churches, which told us of the sufferings and the victories of Martyrs, and the names of St. Lawrence, St. Agnes, St. Sebastian, suggested overwhelming thoughts ; and we glanced at the entrance of the dismal catacombs, in which millions of primitive Christians had worshipped, as they now lie buried, waiting for a glorious resurrection : we thought of their unearthly sanctity, contrasted with the deep depravity of that cruel pagan empire, in the midst of which they lived, and we wondered not that such a witness should at last subdue even such a resistance : we passed the Latin Gate, that had so often beheld the proud triumphs of secular Rome, but which is graced by a holier memory, the caldron of boiling oil meekly endured by the disciple of love, the Apostle John : we dismounted from our horses ; falling on our knees we conjured that blessed Apostle to pray for such poor pilgrims as ourselves to his adorable Master : again we pursued our course, more rapidly now, for the sun was beginning to decline, and the fleecy clouds tinged with the brightest vermilion indicated the close of a magnificent day, surely an appropriate moment for meditating on the fall of the grand old Roman Empire, and on the fleeting character of all earthly things ! Never shall I forget the sweet melancholy that entranced me at that moment ; and now we had reached the gate of St. Paul, and my friend pointed out the distant turrets of the venerable Basilika of St. Paul, three miles from Rome on the Ostian way, that Church which specially belonged to England before the schism of the ruthless Henry ; and my heart beat as he told how it was destroyed by fire, and was now being restored once more with greater magnificence than ever, and I thought it might be an emblem of a Catholic resurrection in England, and I fancied my country once more taking its special charge and serving it anew with

devotion and faith revealed. But we turned our horses' heads, and glancing at the English burial ground (a sad memorial of English excommunication, though a lingering image of the predilection our ancestors had for this portion of the Holy City), we mounted rapidly the old Aventine. Suddenly my friend drew his bridle, and halting, bid me dismount, that we might visit the Basilika of St. Sabina, one of the martyred virgins of the primitive Roman Church: we gave our horses to the charge of a devout-looking beggar, who was praying outside the church gates; and we entered the sacred building. Never shall I forget that sublime moment: the monks to whom it belongs were just chanting the concluding antiphons of the compline hour. Oh! what sweetness, what majesty, what inexpressible devotion, what sorrow for sin, what peaceful humble hope of forgiveness were concentrated in that divine chaunt; the sonorous voices of the elder monks, the high clear melodious notes of the youthful novices, blending with the sweet deep tones of the organ, and echoing the constant psalmody of eighteen centuries amid those venerable aisles, consecrated as they were from the time of Constantine, brought before me all the solemn grandeur of the primitive Church, that manly and heroick period of Martyrs and Saints; I knelt down with a mixed feeling of heavenly awe and delight, and blessing God that He had of His infinite mercy made me a member of His Holy Catholick Church. I thanked Him that He had brought me to hear at the threshold of the Apostles that "new canticle of the Lamb" the divine chaunt of St. Gregory: I besought Him to confirm my faith, which I felt strengthened by this living image of the Church of the fourth century, this Church which is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

I conceived a love for the old chaunts of the Church, that has since deepened, becoming more and more intense, as I have studied them more, and learnt to perceive their various and hidden treasures: and though we must go to some of the old monastic churches of Rome to hear them in all their grandeur and perfection, still in the further west we may echo their divine sound, and though they die out faintly on our lips, our hearts at least will never cease to beat in unison with them, and loving them intensely, we shall not only have a Catholick, but an English motive, for praising the memory of England's "blessed Apostle St. Gregory the Great!"

The Little Gradual was not an ambitious work, but was merely intended to provide a manual of plain chaunt, supported by the most unctuous prayers taken from the

Breviary or Missal, in parallel columns, for the use of choristers of village churches and chapels, where it might be difficult to procure copies of the authorised choir books of the Church—the Gradual, the Antiphonal, the Processional, the Ritual, and the Pontifical. It was beautifully printed with the four lines of the stave in red, the notation being treated after the reformed method of the Roman Gradual published at Poitiers in the reign of Louis XIV., by the Great Monarch's chapel-master under "his royal and most Christian" orders. But the Latin text was printed in old English type, the Gothic appearance of which made it as illegible to village choristers as the Gothic lettering on the dial of Big Ben was to the noble Lords and Commoners at Westminster, when Pugin first ventured to display before their astonished gaze the forms and beauties proper to the decorations of our national architecture; and so it failed to acquire that popularity which its intrinsic merits might well have deserved. It was used, however, for nearly forty years in the chapels at Grace-Dieu, Whitwick, and Shepshed, and gave a character to the services which so deeply impressed the many Oxford and foreign divines who flocked to this whilom centre of Catholic revival.

In 1862 De Lisle published a *Supplementum ad Graduale*, containing Sequences or Proses which are still sung in many foreign churches on divers feasts of the year, according to local custom. This little book contains many beautiful and ancient hymns not now found in the Roman Gradual, and had they been accompanied by an exact English translation they might have taken the place of the sometimes vapid and mawkish hymns which are not altogether unheard of in English Catholic churches. But it is not given to the many rightly to apprehend the rugged simplicity, the dogmatic brevity and exactitude of mediæval hymnology. In those days the educated all learnt a smattering of Latin. It was the language of the Law and of Diplomacy as well as of the Church, and this explains the popularity of many hymns which nowadays seem only good and beautiful to accomplished antiquarians.

In 1868 De Lisle published a Booklet containing nine Gregorian masses, one in each of the eight Gregorian tones and a *Missa in solemnibus* composed by himself in the fifth tone, the motive being taken from the popular Christmas Carol "Christians awake." This mass he always sang at Christmastide, and called it the Carol Mass.

Besides these publications he urged the restoration of the Gregorian Chaunt both by letter and example; amongst the cultured laity, his most ardent supporters were Augustus Welby Pugin the architect, and Sir John Lambert of the Civil Service. The *rationale* of this fondness for Gregorian and the source of his enthusiasm have fortunately been preserved in a manuscript from which De Lisle once delivered a lecture to his own choir at Grace-Dieu and Whitwick, but unfortunately like many other valuable writings it is only a fragment, and if ever completed has been lost in the removal of his letters and manuscripts from Grace-Dieu to Garendon, and from Garendon to Onebarrow.¹ De Lisle's writings are not critical in the modern sense of the word. He cared not for wrangling about readings nor for reading about wrangles, although he was very exact in studying the most approved editions of the best authors, but delighting in the substance of all holy things, he worked hard in a day given up to the discovery of things new, to revive also the knowledge and use of things old, like the good householder commended to our admiration in the pages of Holy Writ.

ON CHURCH MUSICK AND THE ECCLESIASTICAL CHAUNT IN GENERAL.

Addressed to the Choir of Grace-Dieu and Whitwick.

We are now arrived at a most important period in the

¹ After his death his widow resided at Onebarrow, a small estate, formerly the property of Mr. Fenton, adjacent to the monastic lands of Mt. St. Bernard, which was purchased in exchange for outlying farms, thus bringing the Garendon and Grace-Dieu estates into a ring fence. An interesting sketch, *Laura de Lisle, her Life and Character*, has been published by the Rev. Alexander Cruikshank, D.D., 1897. Onebarrow is now the residence of their youngest son, Mr. Gerard de Lisle, an alderman of the Leicestershire C.C.

Ecclesiastical History of England. From the change of Religion which took place in this kingdom nearly 300 years ago up to the year in which the act of Catholick Emancipation was passed, the Catholick Religion was nearly extirpated in England: indeed it is wonderful that any spark of faith should have been preserved at all amid the general wreck that everything of the antient institutions of our country underwent; great therefore is the glory and the merit of those distinguished Families, who preserved their faith in the midst of such general apostasy and such severe persecution; a persecution, in which they were not unfrequently called to sacrifice their lives, and still more often all their earthly prospects. But in keeping alive this little spark of true Faith, our Catholick ancestors were compelled to worship God according to the manner of their Fathers in holes and corners. They had been deprived of those antient Cathedrals and Churches, in which heretofore the worship of God had been celebrated with such majesty: hence it was not surprising that they should lose sight in some degree of the traditions of Christian art, the more so as even in Catholick countries during the last 300 years the same causes that led to a decay of Faith operated most injuriously on the prevailing taste and opinions of the day, so that it is with regret that we observe even the old Cathedrals and Churches of the continent defaced by alterations and additions in the vilest taste and of a character perfectly different in their style from the original form in which those glorious edifices were at first constructed. Under these circumstances, as the Catholicks of England gradually lost sight of the architectural glories of their country, so also from the same cause did they lose the beautiful and majestick ceremonial for which England in antient times was renowned all over the earth. Men, who were compelled to worship in garrets, were not likely to use a grand ceremonial, their object was to preserve the essentials of Religion, and in so doing to avoid the cruelty of their Protestant Persecutors, who doomed to death the Priest, who should dare to offer up the Eucharistick sacrifice. Intimately connected with this ceremonial was the antient Church musick, and for the same reasons, which led to the disuse of the former, this was abandoned also. In fact, the only places in which it was possible for a High Mass to be celebrated in England during the period I allude to, were the Chapels of the various Catholick Ambassadors resident in London. And even at the present day, as far as I am aware, there is hardly a single English Catholick Chapel out of London, if at least you except the Chapels of our Episcopal colleges, in which a High Mass with Deacon and Sub-deacon is ever cele-

brated. But I regret to say that if the disuse of the antient Catholick ceremonial has become general, that of the antient Catholick Church Chaunts has become still more so. In fact with the exception of the Chapels of our Episcopal Colleges, in which it is still occasionally used, I lament to say that there is not a single place of worship in England, in which the antient Church musick is used at the celebration of the Holy Eucharistick mysteries. Nay even the beautiful Vespers of the Church have very generally been abandoned for English Prayers, which, however pious and however profitable in their proper place, never ought to have been substituted for the venerable and Divine offices of the Holy Church.

But a new era has arrived in our History, our rulers have conferred upon us the blessings of religious toleration, we are now permitted to worship God in the face of Day : How then shall we testify our gratitude to God for this his great benefit ? Let us endeavour to rebuild the temple of our ruined Zion, and let us endeavour to restore the worship of God in all its antient glory and with all its holy splendour and divine melodies. Thus may we hope that God in His good time will open the eyes both of those who govern and of those who are governed, to see the beauty and the loveliness of that antient Faith, which England received in the days of her first conversion to Christianity, and which for near 1500 years she preserved inviolate, so that throughout the whole earth She was called the Island of Saints and the fairest Province of God's Church. In the glorious work of England's regeneration some little we gladly acknowledge has been accomplished, but how very little has been done in comparison with what still remains to be atchieved. Look at London, the vast metropolis of this great kingdom, is there a single Catholick edifice that would for a moment arrest the progress of a stranger or induce him to halt for one single instant to demand what place of worship was that ? I do not say a single Catholick edifice to excite his admiration, but is there one worthy to excite even the enquiry as to the purposes of its destination ?¹ Then as to the country in general, a few Catholick Chapels have been built here and there to accommodate the encrease of Catholick population, but for the most part in the vilest taste, more fit for concert-rooms or news-rooms than for Churches, wherein to celebrate the august mysteries of God's

¹ This was written in 1840. The new Oratory S. James's Church in Spanish Place, the Jesuit Church in Farm Street, and the Dominican Church on Haverstock Hill have, following in the wake of Pugin's maimed Cathedral of S. George in Southwark, nobly wiped out this reproach ; but they all lack the mystical characteristic of Catholic antiquity, true orientation.

worship; I do not call in question the piety or the singleness of intention, with which they have been built, but I say that in the opinion of all Men, who possess the smallest pretensions to good taste, or who have the smallest regard for the antient Catholick recollections of England, they are miserable failures. But if in architecture we have lost the spirit of the Ages of Faith, and if to recover our former proficiency in that it be necessary to return also to the simplicity and ardour of Faith that gave birth to it; how much more will that be necessary in regard to what still more closely concerns the worship of God—the ceremonial of the Divine Service and the Ecclesiastical Chaunt? At the present day in our English Catholick Chapels and Churches the antient Church musick has been almost totally abandoned, and instead of it has been substituted a light and indecorous style of singing far more calculated to express the feelings of earthly passion than the grave and solemn effusions of true Christian devotion. If the remarks that I shall now offer to your perusal shall in any degree tend to impress your mind with a feeling of reverence for the antient Church musick, and with a disrelish for the profane and worldly style, which has now, alas! become so general in England, I shall be amply repaid for the trouble I have taken. My object has been to lay before my reader all that I could collect from the Holy Fathers and the councils of the Church, as well as from other sources, that bore upon the question. Hence I have given as little as possible of my own, and nothing I trust, but what will be found to be backed by the highest and most venerable authorities and by the most solid and evident reasons. Besides what little study I have been enabled to devote to the subject myself in original authors, I have derived my information upon it principally from the profound researches of my noble and learned friend the author of the *Mores Catholici*, the fruit of which, in connection with this branch of Ecclesiastical Science, is chiefly to be found in the fifth volume of that sublime and admirable work.

The Musick, which the Catholick Church has consecrated to the service of God and for the singing of His divine praises, is generally known by the term "Plain Chaunt." It is also called "Gregorian Chaunt," from the circumstance of its having been brought in great measure to its present form by the illustrious St. Gregory, that holy and glorious Pontiff, to whom our England owes her conversion to the Faith of Jesus Christ. To no Nation therefore ought the Gregorian Chaunt to be dearer, than to the English: and accordingly we find that in the days of our faith and glory it was most successfully

cultivated amongst us, and under the name of the Sarum or Salisbury Chaunt it resounded beneath the vaulted roof of each Parish Church throughout our Island. Oh my reader if we could but transport ourselves back but 3 centuries and could just pay a visit to some of our holy and venerable old Churches, that are now perhaps but a confused mass of ruins, wherein nothing is now heard but the moaning of the wind through some broken casement or the sad hooting of the bird of night! Oh my reader come with me for a few moments to the solitary ruins of Tintern, of Glastonbury, or the many other glorious remnants of old English times, and wonder not if I moisten with a tear those time-worn stones as I kneel amid those stately arches now covered with ivy and mouldering beneath the storm. Ah my God this was once a Church in which Thy Name was honoured: wherein seven times each day thy divine praises resounded, sung by the melodious voices of holy Monks, to which the devout faithful responded in a flood of sound, which when heard by the blessed Evangelist on another occasion seemed to him as the sound of many waters (Apocalypse c. xix. v. 6). Ah what must it have been to have heard the sacred Chaunt that was sung in such a Church as the Abbey Church of Tintern! Those who have visited the Catholick Churches on the continent and have there heard the solemn tones of the organ, the loud chaunting of the venerable Clergy and the devout cry of the faithful multitude ascending to the very heavens, may form some idea of what was once heard in England, and may conceive how it made our ancestors love the beauty of God's house. Yes those who have heard the Chaunt of the Faithful in the Churches of France or Italy, or of other Catholick lands, may conceive the possibility of that affecting incident narrated by our learned and devout countryman Alban Butler, as having taken place during the dreadful civil wars of Charles the first, those bloody first-fruits of Protestant Pride and rebellion. As the noble Catholick Marquis of Worcester was riding on horseback not far from the wooded banks of the Wye, fulfilling some high errand of loyalty for his persecuted Sovereign, he halted at the humble cottage of an aged widow. The old woman bid the noble Marquis enter her poor dwelling so to refresh himself from the weariness of a toilsome day. The good lord entered, and observing her great age, she told him that she was then above one hundred years old. Whereupon they began to discourse together of the changes and troubles which had been in England: so the Marquis asked her whether she remembered the Catholick times; she said she did, and that many a time had she heard the solemn High Mass sung in her Parish Church.

"But," said the Marquis, "I suppose when they changed the religion of England, you changed along with the rest?" "No," said the good woman, "I changed not. I kept me to the old religion, in which I was baptized; nevertheless for more than thirty years I have not beheld a Priest." "Oh then," said the Marquis, "my good woman you shall come along with me to my Castle at Ragland, and there you shall see a Priest and hear Mass." The poor widow was so overpowered with joy at this promise that her feeble frame sunk beneath its force and before the following morning she happily breathed her last. Strong indeed must have been the impressions, which the recollection of the old Catholick service had left, upon this poor woman's mind after a lapse of so many years! Such an instance may serve to prove how powerful an influence the Catholick ceremonial has at all times possessed over the hearts and minds of men; and of this ceremonial by far the most impressive feature was the solemn chaunt, the musick, in fact, which is to form the subject of this treatise. The great St. Augustine tells us in the admirable book of his confessions, a book which exhibits perhaps a greater knowledge of the workings of the human heart than any book that ever was written except the Bible, of the wonderful effect which this solemn chaunt produced upon his own mind, and he declares that divine grace atchieved its first triumph over his hitherto unconverted soul one day as he entered the great Church of Milan, in which the Faithful were at that moment singing the divine Praises. "*Quantum flevi,*" says that great Man, "*in hymnis et Canticis tuis, suave-sonantis Ecclesiæ tuæ vocibus commotus acriter!*" But what were the fruits of those precious tears that flowed at the sweet sound of the chaunts of Holy Church? listen to what he adds:—"Voces illæ influebant auribus meis, et eliquabatur veritas in cor meum; et exæstuat inde affectus pietatis, et currebant lacrymæ, et bene mihi erat cum eis." Marvellous effect of this divine song, yes truly marvellous, for as its sound fell upon his ear, truth flowed into his heart, and the flame of holy affections was enkindled in his soul! Well known too are the soothing charms, that from the simple harp of the holy David, tuned to the chaunt of Psalms inspired, quelled the troubled spirit of the evil Saul. Nay even mute and senseless stones could feel the power of these divine sounds: it was at the sound of holy trumpets that the walls of Jericho fell prostrate—an apt and significant emblem of the mysterious power, which the chaunts of the Catholick Church were in after ages destined to sway over, so much harder than cold stone, the hearts and minds of unconverted sinful Men.

But let us proceed, let us in the first place examine into the history of the Gregorian or Ecclesiastical chaunt, reserving for the second stage of our treatise the discussion of its superiority for religious purposes over every other sort of musick. In all ages it has been held that Musick was a thing divine and belonging to the worship of God. Even the wise Heathens felt the force of this Truth; thus we find Maximus of Tyre enforcing it, and Strabo says that musick is the work of God. Pythagoras, the greatest of the Heathen Philosophers, is related to have sung and played on the harp every day before going to rest, and in the morning that he might keep his mind always imbued with the Divinity. Indeed, innumerable are the instances amongst the ancient Heathen authors of the zeal and assiduity with which they cultivated the science of musick, especially in its relation to the service of Religion: those who would wish to satisfy their minds upon this point would do well to consult the fourth chapter of the fifth book of the *Mores Catholici*. What the Heathens did, urged by the mere light of reason, the Jewish Church also did in a far more excellent manner in obedience to the express command of God Himself, thus we find in the sacred worship of the Temple a great variety of musical instruments employed as well as the sound of the human voice, which after all is infinitely superior to that of any instrument however admirably constructed. What was the precise nature and style of the Jewish musick adapted to their Psalms and Canticles, at this immense distance of time from the period in which it flourished, it is perhaps difficult to ascertain with any great accuracy, at least with that correctness, that we would desire. Still there are solid reasons for conjecturing that it much resembled our Ecclesiastical chaunt, and that it was musick of a very grave and solemn character. The first instance on record of its use was during the time of Moses, immediately on the deliverance of the People of God from their Egyptian bondage when Pharaoh and his host had perished in the Red Sea. The sublime hymn sung on that occasion by the whole people of Israel is still preserved to us, and we may find it given at length in the book of Exodus: but the musick with which it was accompanied has not been handed down; the circumstances however, under which it was used, give sufficient warrant for us to believe that it must have possessed something of a most solemn and perhaps even martial character, such tones perhaps as Godfrey of Bouillon and his crusaders are said to have uttered in the first transports of their devotion at the Tomb of Christ, which they had just so gloriously delivered from the hands of the Antichristian

followers of Mahomet. And we may fairly argue that a people just delivered from imminent danger of utter destruction would hardly indulge in light airs when chaunting a thanksgiving to God for their delivery, any more than in light and frivolous words unsuited to the feelings of awe and gratitude, that such a moment was calculated to inspire: to say nothing of the inference we may draw from the fact that musick had not acquired in those remote times that highly artificial character, which in later ages has rendered it so powerful a vehicle for the expression of the most frivolous feelings and the most unworthy passions of our corrupt nature. We do indeed possess the musick used in the Jewish Synagogues in the chaunting of the Psalms, and if we may believe the learned Rabbins these chaunts have been handed down from the period of the Temple worship. If this be so, and I do not see any reason why we should doubt their testimony, the identity between the antient Musick of Solomon's Temple and the Gregorian Chaunt of the Catholick Church will be established upon grounds sufficiently solid. At least an identity will be proved as to the general character and main features of both, making of course all due allowance for those variations, which distance of time and place have effected, but which nevertheless have always been kept in subordination to the general character and style. There are some writers, who endeavour to derive the Ecclesiastical Chaunt from the ancient musick of the heathen Greeks: Thus they say that the Church Musick in general was derived from that, termed Dorian; by which I suppose they would mean the musick which we find in our gradual books, or that which is peculiar to the services of the Mass, for I find they attribute the origin of our Psalm chaunts, or the musick of our Antiphonary Books, to what amongst the Greeks was termed Hypodorian musick, which was said to be of a peculiarly soothing character, whilst some will go so far as to tell us that the musick of what we call the Preface of the Mass actually is the identical musick used in the ancient Greek Tragedies. That a certain relation or correspondence may be proved between these various portions of our Ecclesiastical chaunt and the three above named branches of the old Greek musick, I shall not think it worth my while to dispute (and this is all that the author of the *Mores Catholici* seems to contend for;) any more than I would deny that the human race once spoke but one tongue, and that therefore there may be some ground for the theory of those, who maintain that the various languages, into which human speech was subdivided at the period of the miraculous confusion of tongues, are all to be traced to one common root, or that one general

identity of tone seems to pervade the whole human race in the various language, by which the affections and passions of the mind cloath their expression, for that the tone of supplication and earnest entreaty are much the same in all tongues, that of wrath or tender endearment, that of sorrow and that of joy. But if it be urged that the antient heathen Greek Musick of at least the Dorian, the Hypodorian or the Ionick style be actually that of the Catholic Church, I confess I think the proposition exceedingly untenable—where is the proof on which such an assertion rests? And in the absence of such proof I must pause before I admit that our blessed Saviour, His immediate Disciples, the Primitive Church in general, or the great St. Gregory in particular would have preferred heathen musick to that which had come down to them from the antient people of God. The Holy Gospels record one instance at least, wherein our blessed Saviour sung a hymn with his Apostles, and it was on the most awful occasion that the world ever beheld, it was on the eve of his sacred Passion. The Tone, which their Divine Master used, if not quite new and altogether Divine in its origin, must have been one derived from the Synagogue, which latter supposition seems to be placed beyond contradiction by the fact that the Apostles joined in it, which would have been impossible, if they had not heard it before. But is it not ridiculous to suppose that our Lord would borrow a tone from Pagans and Idolaters? Few I should hope would advance an opinion bordering so closely on impiety. But the idea is absurd, no one of common sense would seriously hold such a proposition for a single moment. Either therefore it was derived from the Synagogue or it was a divine tone invented by Christ Himself: but whichever it was, it is but natural to suppose that what the Apostles had learnt from their divine Master to use during His life on Earth, they would continue to value and to use, after He was taken away from them; they who loved Him so dearly, and who were prepared to lay down their lives for His love. What they practised themselves they would teach to their followers, and as they propagated the faith of Christ, they would hand down along with it every dear recollection of that Divine Saviour. To argue therefore that the Hymns of the Primitive Christians were sung to tones modelled by the Apostles would seem but the evident and natural inference of common sense. Pliny the heathen tells us that the Primitive Christians used to sing hymns to Christ before the break of day, and he wrote this early in the second century, scarcely one hundred years after the death of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul. What would not the Faithful Christian of the present day give to be able to

have heard those fervent hymns of a Primitive age? but methinks he will not abide the thought that he could have heard the same tones in the filthy temple of an Idol, or a Devil! But who are the authors to advance such a proposition? assuredly I never met with it in the writings of the great St. Gregory—the illustrious Pontiff, who reduced the Ecclesiastical Chaunt to its just proportions, and in honour of whom all the subsequent ages of the Church have denominated it Gregorian. Nor have I ever yet met with any solid proofs of it in any writer either of the Middle Age or of more modern times. On the contrary I am inclined to believe that the idea originated with a certain class, who at the period of the great Religious Revolution of the 16th century made themselves conspicuous for the countenance they gave to the mania which then prevailed for the restoration of the old Pagan literature and of Pagan Art in general. Men who studied the mythology of the heathen gods, more than the mysteries of Christianity, and who delighted in the emblems of the passions rather than in the chaste representations of Christian objects; Men in fine, who ushered in an age conspicuous only for the decline of faith and of everything, that had hitherto constituted the glory of our European kingdoms. These were the men I believe to originate the idea. Their classical taste, as they called it, revelled in the notion that we Christians were indebted to Heathens even for the sublimest portions of our sacred chaunts, and so they robbed the Church, and revealed Religion in general, of one of its brightest claims to our gratitude. The idea was eagerly caught at by the Sectaries, who vied with each other in their hatred for the antient Church, and so it was not long before each ceremony of the Catholick Religion was attributed to the same source, till at last Men could be found, like Conyers Middleton, who even dared to assert that Catholicism was in toto a copy of the Pagan original. Disgusting as are such assertions, I confess I can listen to them with more patience, coming from Sectaries, than to the mode of expression at that time so common amongst Catholicks of the *Classical* taste when they term their churches “Templa,” holy water “aqua lustralis,” the Saints, “Divi,” and guardian angels and Patrons, “Dii Lares.” Men, who could use such language, must certainly have had a very Pagan taste, but was it for them to exclaim, when they heard a Sectary attribute to a Pagan origin everything in the Catholick Religion? Such is my opinion as to the theory of those, who would derive our old ecclesiastical chaunt from the ancient heathen Greek Musick. On the other hand it is clear that in the most primitive age of the Church it was especially cultivated by the

Eastern Christians amongst whom the Greeks formed a large proportion, and therefore it is not unlikely that the latter, amongst whom great skill in musick prevailed, should have turned to a good account the previous knowledge they possessed of musick, especially of that kind of it styled the Dorian, which was confessedly of a grave and solemn character and even by the heathens appropriated for solemn purposes: just as at the present day a converted opera singer would have greater facilities for learning the Gregorian Song than a Man, who had never in his life beheld a musical Note. So far I say, but no further, was there any connection between the musick of the Heathens and that of the Catholic Church. In fact, what does St. Augustine tell us about the origin of choral singing, which in the Western Church was considerably posterior to the practice of singing hymns, which, as we have already observed, was noticed by Pliny as usual in his early time. St. Augustine tells us that the mode of singing in choirs was introduced into the west by St. Ambrose during the persecution raised by the Empress Justina the mother of Valentinian: "*Tunc hymni et psalmi ut canerentur secundum morem orientalium partium, ne populus mœoris tædio contabesceret, institutum est;*" adding, "*et ex illo in hodiernum retentum, multis jam ac pene omnibus gregibus tuis et per cætera orbis imitantibus.*" (S. August. Conf. L. ix. c. 7), and from another passage of the same illustrious Father we learn that it was the Psalter, that was sung in this manner, "*cantilenarum suaviū quibus Davidicum Psalterium frequentatur*" (S. August. Conf. Lib. x. c. 33). From this testimony of St. Augustine it is evident that when St. Ambrose introduced the custom of chaunting into the Western Church he copied the practice of the Eastern Christians; it is not hinted that this practice was of recent origin amongst the Orientals; still less is there any allusion to its derivation from the antient heathen Greek musick; to attribute it therefore to such a source, is altogether a gratuitous supposition founded on no positive proof, but rather repugnant to the facts that have been handed down to us as connected with its origin, while it is certainly opposed to all the rules of probability, as we have already shewn. In fact all the probabilities are in favour of its having been derived from the ancient sacred musick of the Jews; all the improbabilities in favour of its having been derived from the old heathen Greek musick. But to come to authorities on this point as far as they may be supposed to throw any light upon it, what says the great Durandus in his immortal work on the Liturgy of the Catholick Church, a work, which is one of the most precious treasures handed down to us

from the middle age, one of the most splendid monuments of ecclesiastical learning and scholastick Theology? He tells us in the fifth book of his *Rationale Divinorum officiorum*, and in the 224th Page, concerning the origin of the Gregorian Chaunt: "Cantandi usus a veteri Testamento sumpsit initium sicut in Esdra legitur." And in the 2nd chapter of his second book, when treating on the office of Cantor or Chorister, he derives the origin not only of that office but of the mode and ceremony observed in singing the divine praises from Solomon's Temple, and the order and method followed therein, and he treats of all this at great length. For the sake of brevity I refer the reader to the original. The more we consult the ancient Church authors, the less do I find to support the modern theory that derives our Church musick from that of the ancient Heathen Greeks. Thus Theodoret tells us (lib. 5, c. 32), that the mode of singing alternately in two choirs was first instituted at Antioch, but says nothing whatever of the antient heathen Greek musick. And the learned Cardinal Bona in the 25th chapter of his first book *Rerum Liturgicarum* in the 19th and 20th sections, detailing the history of the Ecclesiastical Chaunt, traces it up to the time of Christ and His Apostles. He shows at large that it was always practised in the Catholick Church, and that in the Eastern Church the alternate mode of singing in two choirs was derived from the Apostles: that St. Ambrose introduced it into the West, but that even before that period singing had been universally used in the Western Church, though not in alternate choirs: in which sense he proves that the words of St. Augustine are to be understood in what he says about St. Ambrose having introduced the custom of chaunting into the West, but Cardinal Bona makes no mention of heathen musick. In truth it was left for the superficial Moderns, with their wretched taste, no less contemptible than heathen in its character, to invent such an absurd supposition, a supposition, which may be traced in part to one of the vilest factions that ever attempted to tear the seamless garment of Christ, the Jansenists, a faction, which hated the Church bitterly, and yet had not the manliness to avow its hatred: they lurked and sneaked around her walls, meanly seeking amid the darkness of the night to sap and undermine her foundations: but they forgot that her Maker and Builder was God. But to come at once to the great St. Gregory; John the Deacon in the 6th chapter of the second Book of his Life of that holy Pope relates how he founded a special school for Choristers at Rome, and reduced the Ecclesiastical chaunt to the form, in which we have it at present, and from which we designate it Gregorian. "Deindè," says this

ancient Author, "in Domum Domini, more sapientissimi Salomonis, propter musicæ compunctionem dulcedinis, antiphonarium centonem cantorum studiosissimus nimis utiliter compilavit : scholam quoque cantorum, quæ hactenùs iisdem institutionibus in sanctâ Romanâ Ecclesiâ modulatur, constituit : eique cum nonnullis prædiis duo habitacula, scilicet alterum sub gradibus Basilicæ Beati Petri Apostoli, alterum verò sub Lateranensis Patriarchii domibus fabricavit, ubi usque hodiè lectus ejus, in quo recubans modulabatur, et flagellum ipsius, quo pueris minabatur, veneratione congruâ cum authentico Antiphonario reservatur." So far John the Deacon : but neither here nor in any other place does he hint that St. Gregory borrowed his sacred and sublime chaunts from the old heathen Greek musick. Let not my reader be surprised at my labouring so much to disprove this theory. It is of the utmost importance that it should be disproved—to assert such a proposition was naturally a great object with those, who at the period of what was so vainly and so absurdly termed the revival of Literature, but which was in fact nothing but a manifest apostasy from Christianity both in art and politicks and a return to all the impure sensualism of Paganism, who, I say, at that ill-fated period sought to bring everything both Divine and human to the level of their own heathenish ideas—it was a great object for Men, who held such opinions to assert that even the holiest institutions of the Church of God were derived from a Pagan origin, inasmuch as they thereby feigned a precedent for all their monstrous schemes of paganizing the ideas and feelings of the nations of Christendom. The learned and pious Jesuit Father Pinamonti has shown in his admirable treatise, entitled "*Le belle arti avanti al Tribunale di Dio*," to what a pass these impure Men had brought things in Italy. Can it be wondered at therefore if we find them even invading the most pure and chaste sanctuary of Christ, and like Antiochus of old daring to enthrone in the holy of holies the filthy idols of their own corrupted hearts ? Men who could paint their adulterous mistresses for the All-pure Mother of God. Men who could forsake the pure and divine traditions of Christian art, handed down as they were from an inspired Evangelist, in order to copy the corrupt models of a Zeuxis or an Apelles, were not likely to see any thing in the sublime psalmody of the Catholick Church more divine than in the Dorian songs of the old Greeks, or in the Preface of the Mass any notes more majestick than those which had once accompanied the Tragedies of Sophocles or Æschylus.

I think that on reading this manuscript the reader will be struck by a certain reminiscence of the burning words of the great demagogue and preacher, the theocrat of Florence, Savonarola, the ultra-clerical president of a reformed republic, who finally died a martyr to purity of thought and living, done to death by the cruel machinations of an intolerant and revengeful Court of Inquisition. De Lisle delighted in Pico de la Mirandula's *Life* of his favourite hero Savonarola, and next to S. Augustine and Gregory the Great there were no writings which he thought so accurately reflected his most intimate thoughts and religious emotions. He felt also a certain regretful sympathy with Wyclif, the turbulent Rector of Lutterworth in Leicestershire, the Morning Star of the Reformation, as he is still hailed in Exeter Hall by thorough-going Protestants. De Lisle had little doubt in his own mind that it was the new figured music recently introduced from Italy that first upset the balance of Wyclif's sober and serious mind, and of an ardent reformer, in the true sense of the word, made him an arch-heretic, an innovating sedition-monger;¹ for he was fond of the pithy words written down by Wyclif in one of his addresses to the prelates of his day: "When there ben fourty or fifty in a queer, three or four proud and lecherous lorels sullen knock the most devout service that no man shall hear the sentence, and all other shallen be dumb, and looken on them like fools. And then strumpets and thieves praisen sire Jack or Hobb and William the proud clerk, how smallen they knacken their notes, and syn that they serven well God and holy Church, when they despisen God in his face, and letten (hinder) other men of their devotion and compunction, and stirren them to worldly vanitie; and thus the true service of God is letted, and this vain knocking for our jollity and pride is praised above the moon. But these fools shulden dread the sharp word of Austin that saith, as oft the song liketh me more than doth the sentence that is sung, I confess that I sin grievously." It is perhaps difficult in these days of Low Masses, when those who dislike music, plain or figured,

¹ See *Centenary Studies*, by Edwin de Lisle, 1887.

solemn or fantastic, may as a rule enjoy a solemn service of silent worship, disturbed only by the "gentle mutter of the mass" in the early hours of dawn, to realise how exasperating in former times must have been the vulgarity and ostentation which choirs of uncultivated and indevout singers must have inflicted; for as a rule there was but one Mass in every Parish Church on a Sunday, and that always a High Mass. De Lisle liked to think that in his beautiful chapel at Grace-Dieu he would not have incited Wyclif first to rebellion and then to remorse, and that as the Reformation took its origin in the brain of a Leicestershire Parson, so the Catholic Revival in the Established Church took its origin in the brain of a Leicestershire Squire; for indeed, although any one else might have done it, as a matter of indisputable fact it was Ambrose Lisle Phillipps who put back the first Cross, the emblem of our Redemption removed by Act of Parliament and the fury of Iconoclasts, inside the walls of an Established Church, over the communion table of St. Botolph's, Shepshed, and reintroduced at Grace-Dieu Manor in the parish of Belton to congregational singing the plain song taken from the Graduals and Antiphonals of the Church Catholic.

It must not be supposed, however, that he was indifferent to the charms of the concert or drawing-room entertainments of music. No one delighted more in the oratorios and most elaborate compositions of Handel, Mozart, and Haydn, and De Lisle would listen for hours to his daughters playing the sonatas of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, or to any gifted friend who would charm away the evening with ballad songs and sentimentals. It was seldom, however, that Phillipps de Lisle could be prevailed upon to attend a ball, and then only for the sake of enjoying the costumes of the ladies and the conversation of his friends, for at all times he considered dance-music to be in a certain degree the profanation of a sacred science. His philosophy of music has been preserved in an unfinished manuscript, of which I give the two most salient paragraphs:—

Speaking of music in an abstract and general sense, its powerful influence over the human heart, its deep and mysterious

connection with the most hidden feelings of our nature, its power of embodying an almost infinite variety of associations, forming as it does at once the expression and the symbol of that sense of justice, propriety, fittingness and beauty, which remains in the human soul the grandest monument of the state of original Rectitude and Perfection in which Man was created: we say these properties and powers of musick, in its general acceptation, are too evident, and too generally admitted to require any illustration from us in this place. It is a fact for which all mankind agrees to vouch. That most sublime Catholick writer of the present day, the learned author of the *Mores Catholici*, has brought together in the fifth volume of that admirable treatise almost innumerable passages from antient writers which prove this fact. Let us avail ourselves of his industry and research in here citing a few of them. Speaking of musick in its relation with the religious feelings, the learned Author just alluded to observes: "In all ages men have been convinced that musick was a thing divine and belonging to the worship of God."¹ This he illustrates with great erudition: "Maximus of Tyre," says he, "enforces this doctrine. Strabo says that musick is the work of God. Pythagoras that he might keep his mind always imbued with the Divinity, used always to sing and play on the harp before going to rest and in the morning. He also ascribed importance to it in respect to education. Socrates, when of venerable age, did not disdain to learn the principles of musick with boys. Plutarch, who calls it the universal science, says that the Lacedæmonians paid more regard to musick than to their food. The music of the antients, which began in temples, was regarded as the source of civilization. Plato and Aristotle maintained that musick was an essential part of the education of youth. Plotinus thought that by musick men were led to God. Quintillian says that "musick is conjoined with the knowledge of divine things, that the wisest men were studious of musick, and that it formed part of the education of youth from the days of Chiron and Achilles to his own time."

Now if such was the idea of musick held amongst the antient and learned heathens, we shall find that a corresponding notion of its powerful influence and its close connection with all the most hidden and mysterious properties of human nature has ever been present to the minds of those, who (more favoured than the heathen) were enlightened with the knowledge of the true God, whether under the Patriarchal, the Mosaick, or the Christian Dispensations. If we open the sacred scriptures, and turn to the record of the Creation given us by God

¹ *Mores Catholici, or Ages of Faith*, vol. v. p. 98, by Kenelm Digby.

Himself,¹ we find that Heaven resounded with songs of joy at that wonderful moment. "Ubi eras quando ponebam fundamenta terræ? indica mihi si habes intelligentiam? Quis posuit mensuras ejus, si nosti? vel quis tetendit super eam lineam? Super quo bases illius solidatæ sunt? aut quis dimisit lapidem angularem ejus, cùm ME LAUDARENT SIMUL ASTRA MATUTINA, ET JUBILARENT OMNES FILII DEI!" Oh! who would not wish to have heard that first song of gratitude and love poured forth by the Morning stars together, that hymn of jubilation breaking forth from all the children of God? No sooner did God bring this visible creation into existence than musick was heard in the spheres, "*cùm me laudarent simul astra matutina,*" a harmonious concert of heavenly praise; and who sang those first praises at Nature's birth? *omnes filii Dei*, all the children of God, that is all the choirs of Angels, for what other intelligent beings existed then? Musick then began in heaven, but it was a musick worthy of God and of the purity of Angelick minstrels. Worthy of His Majesty, then there was a majestick gravity in it: worthy of His goodness, His sweetness, His love, then it was full of gracious and touching melody. It had about it the tranquillity and the measure of His eternal peace. It was full of awe and reverence fitted to express a sense of His glory, in whose presence the pillars of heaven tremble: it sweetly told forth the love of adoring creatures, and it portrayed the stability of that love with the solemnity of that adoration: there was nothing in it of levity or inconstancy, nothing that conveyed the associations of any of those qualities or acts, which we call *worldly*, by which we mean those acts and qualities, which are essentially characteristick of the weaker points in our poor fallen human nature: all was majestick, grand, sober, serious, sweet and ardent, such in a word as might become the high and glorious service in which it was employed, that of the Lord and Creator of the Universe.

I turn now to Gothic architecture, which to De Lisle's mind was the chief and proper setting and surrounding for the resonance of the Gregorian tones. His inborn love of the picturesque and mediæval developed under the influence of his friend Pugin into a semi-religious enthusiasm, which at one time made him one of the most ardent restorers of Gothic architecture, and brought him into sharp conflict with some of his most revered theological friends, especially Newman and Faber, whose Oratorian traditions seemed

¹ *Lib. Job*, xxxviii. ver. 4, 5, 6, 7.

compromised by the assumption of such co-relative terms as "Christian or Pointed Architecture," and denounced in the corresponding terms of "Pagan or Classical." Indeed, Phillipps de Lisle, Pugin, and Father Faber once grew so hot in altercation that they are said to have imprecated woes upon each other with all the forcible and majestic language which we are bidden not to repeat from the inspired pages of the Messianic prophets. This episode led to an energetic remonstrance from Father Newman, whose letters on this subject are amongst the most interesting that he ever wrote. To the profane these things may be a subject of light-headed scoffing; to the high moralist they are subjects of reverent consideration, for human nature cannot be driven out with a pitchfork; and if the worldly and ungodly quarrel and fight duels over the ficklenesses of their wives and mistresses, it is not to be wondered at that the good and faithful occasionally wax hot and turgid over the accessories and attributes of the House of God, the House of Praise and Prayer. Phillipps de Lisle's share of the correspondence is unfortunately not extant, but with so fair-minded a writer as Newman, in reading one side of a dispute it is easy to be seized of both.

MARYVALE, PERRY BAR,
June 3, 1848.

MY DEAR MR. PHILLIPPS—I have returned the pamphlet to Lord Shrewsbury, as you desired me, and thank you for it. I cannot say I feel any desire to give the Jews privileges; though Catholics, who have been so lately emancipated themselves, cannot consistently oppose the measure. It may be, for what one knows, introducing into Parliament a new and specific form of unbelief—there are enough there already, surely.

As to the matter to which you alluded between F. Wilfrid¹ and Pugin, not to say yourself, it grieves me much to think that there should be somewhere so great a misunderstanding. Faber assures me he did not say what you conceive he did. Further, he says that Mr. Pugin *at the time* took up his words in the sense in which they have since been circulated, and Faber

¹ Faber's name in religion. In his Anglican days he was known as the Rev. Frederick W. Faber, rector of Elton.

at once disowned them in that sense, and protested agst. such an interpretation of them.

I am sure, my dear Mr. Phillipps, you will let me speak freely to you—and the more so, because you have most kindly spoken to me with freedom about F. Wilfrid. It seems then that you cursed the Oratory. Now if this was the case, did it become a person who had used strong language of this kind to treasure up and divulge the strong language of another? Have we not enemies enough to retail and circulate our faulty words, without our doing so towards each other? What grieves me the more in this affair is, that it seems, on your most kindly assuring F. Wilfrid five minutes after that you were sorry for any strong words you had used, he begged the same indulgence from you;—which might have ensured him an oblivion of any thing he had been led to say stronger than was necessary.

If I had any right to criticize the conduct of many excellent men, men far more useful in their generation and holy than I am, I could say much about the grief I feel at the neglect I see, of that so good and true maxim, *In necessariis Unitas, in dubiis libertas*. How is it, my dear Mr. Phillipps, that you understand this so clearly in doctrinal questions, yet are slow to admit it in ritual? I do not say you, but are there not persons, who would be more distressed at a man's disliking a chancel skreen than at his being a Gallican? This I am sure of, that, from the infirmity of human nature, a reaction is the necessary consequence in the minds of hearers, when able and eloquent men state truths in an extravagant or a peremptory way. If Mr. Pugin persists, as I cannot hope he will not, in loading with bad names the admirers of Italian architecture, he is going the very way to increase their number. Men will not be put down without authority which is infallible. And if we go to authority, I suppose Popes have given a greater sanction to Italian than to Gothic. Excuse this freedom, My dear Mr. Phillipps, and believe me, very sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

MARYVALE, PERRY BAR,
June 6, 1848.

MY DEAR MR. PHILLIPPS—Many thanks for your kind letter. I write, as I have quoted F. Wilfrid's words more strongly than he really speaks about you, though I think he spoke of your "curse." The very words he ascribes to you in his letter to me are these, "Father Faber, God for your pride destroyed and brought to nought your first effort; He will curse and destroy your order, and it will perish" (surely this means the Oratory?)

"if you go on thus." Now this is not quite as much as I said, for I said you had directly cursed the Oratory, but it is so near it, that I think F. Wilfrid's strong words, if he used any, might have been forgotten also.

I assure you I do not mean to say that you are a Gallican, and I am sorry if I appeared to you to imply it. Please, let me ask, is it not somewhat exclusive to call Grecian or Italian Pagan, as you do? For the word Pagan surely is used, not historically, but as a term of reproach. If it be Pagan, it is Popish too, for I suppose the Pope has given quite as much sanction to it as he has to Gregorian music, which by the by seems to be Pagan in the same sense that Italian architecture is. Excuse me, my dear Mr. Phillipps, but I shall not call you tolerant in these matters, till you drop such words. "Pagan" is "heretical" and a little more. It is treating ritual opinions as doctrinal errors.

You will be glad to know that we have a prospect of being settled in London, at Bayswater. A beautiful piece of ground is offered to us, and a populous neighbourhood of rich and poor is rising around the spot. It is very healthily situated, and not above a mile from Kensington Gardens.

Coffin is at St. Wilfrid's, whither he has gone to get some missionary work for a while. I heard from Sophy Ryder this morning, and find the party have already left for Scarborough. With kindest remembrances to Mrs. Phillipps, I am, My dear Mr. Phillipps, very sincerely yours in Xt.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

MARYVALE, PERRY BAR,
June 15/48.

MY DEAR MR. PHILLIPPS—I am very much concerned that even in a small matter there should be a difference of opinion between one I esteem and admire so much as yourself, and me. But I really will not let you make it greater than it is. I really will not let you say, without protesting against it, that we are "preaching a Crusade" against you, or are throwing in what "weight," as you kindly say, we have, against Mr. Pugin.

It really is no such thing; but the case stands thus. Mr. Pugin is a man of genius; I have the greatest admiration of his talents, and willingly acknowledge that Catholics owe him a great debt for what he has done in the revival of Gothic architecture among us. His zeal, his innate diligence, his resources, his invention, his imagination, his sagacity in research, are all

of the highest order. It is impossible that any one, not scientifically qualified to judge of his merits, can feel a profounder reverence than I do, for the gift with which it has pleased the Author of all Truth and Beauty to endow him. But he has the great fault of a man of genius, as well as the merit. He is intolerant, and, if I might use a stronger word, a bigot. He sees nothing good in any school of Christian art except that of which he is himself so great an ornament. The Canons of Gothic architecture are to him points of faith, and every one is a heretic who would venture to question them.

Now something might be said in defence of this extreme view of the subject, had Gothic architecture prevailed over the *whole* face of the Church, so that never had a rite been introduced, never a doctrine promulgated, but it came out in a Gothic shape, and had been perpetuated under Gothic emblems. But this is notoriously not so—nevertheless Mr. Pugin, with only half Xtendom on his side, to say nothing of the Greek and Oriental bodies, rules, that the other half is, what he calls reproachfully, *pagan*. But more than this, this pagan half happens to include in it the see of St. Peter, which nevertheless does not escape that appellation. The see of St. Peter itself (for if the Apostle has a seat, it is there where his body lies and where the awful dome rises above it), that earthly home of the Apostle, that treasure house of his merits, a building, be it grand or be it mean, which is the creation of a succession of Pontiffs, this central monument of Xtianity, is pronounced by him to be *pagan*—pronounced not historically, but contumeliously—or, to use the best word, dogmatically, as if, though infallibility in doctrine is found at Rome, a parallel authority in architecture was to be found in this century in England.

Nor is this even all. Something more might be said for his view of the subject, had there been an *uninterrupted tradition* of Gothic architecture from the time it was introduced till the present day; but this even is not the case. Mr. Pugin is notoriously engaged in a revival—he is disentombing what has been hidden for centuries amid corruptions; and, as first one thing and then another is brought to light, he, like a true lover of the art, modifies his first views—yet he speaks as confidently and dogmatically about what is right and what is wrong, as if he had gained the truth from the purest and stillest founts of continuous tradition. But there is even more than this, and what is very important;—we know that the Church, while one and the same in doctrine ever, is ever modifying, adapting, varying her discipline and ritual, according to the times. In these respects the Middle Age was not what the First Centuries

were—nor is the Age Present the Middle Age. In order then that any style of Architecture should exactly suit the living ritual of the 19th century, it should be the living architecture of the 19th century—it should never have died—else, while the ritual has changed, the architecture has not kept pace with it. This defect is actually found in the case of Gothic. Gothic is now like an old dress, which fitted a man well 20 years back, but must be altered to fit him now. It was once the perfect expression of the Church's ritual in those places at which it was in use; it is not the perfect expression now. *It must be altered in detail* to become that expression. That is, it must be treated with a freedom which Mr. Pugin will not allow. I wish to wear it, but I wish to alter it, or rather I wish *him* to alter it. *This* is his quarrel with us; not that we do not feel the greatest admiration of the Gothic style, but that we will not allow details, which were proper in England in the middle ages, to be points of faith now. Now for Oratorians, the birth of the 16th century, to assume the architecture simply and unconditionally of the 13th, would be as absurd as their putting on them the cowl of the Dominicans or adopting the tonsure of the Carthusians. We do not want a cloister or chapter room, but an Oratory. I, for one, believe that Gothic can be adapted, developed into the requisitions of an Oratory. Mr. Pugin does not: he implied, in conversation with me at Rome, that he would as soon build a Mechanics' Institute as an Oratory. I begged him to see the Oratory at the Chiesa Nuova, he gave me no hope he would do so. Now is it wonderful that I prefer St. Philip to Mr. Pugin? and is it not wonderful that he should so relentlessly and indissolubly unite the *principles* of his great art with the *details*?

But I have not put this last remark of mine on its highest ground. The Church, in accordance with that law at once of change and of advancement which has marked her discipline from the first, has consolidated her Rubrics *since* the death of Gothic Architecture. Our Padre Ceremoniere tells me that the rigid observance of Gothic details is inconsistent with the Rubrics—that he must break the Rubrics, if he would not break with Mr. Pugin; which is he to give up, Mr. Pugin or the Rubrics?

Now, you must not be surprised, My dear Mr. Phillipps, at my taking the views above expressed, for it is my very nature, as you must have had other opportunities of seeing, and, till I am convinced it is a bad nature, will, I think, remain in me. It is no new thing with me to feel little sympathy with parties, or extreme opinions, of any kind. I ever felt it in the English

Church. I advocated what are called High Church principles, while I believed them to be the teaching of the English Church ; I first gave up my living, then left that Church, as it broke upon me that they were not. I never joined the Camden movement, I never committed myself to the Rubric movement, nor allowed of innovations, though for the better, in St. Mary's—much less gave in to such extravagances as they at present practise in Margaret Street Chapel. I did not even join Dr. Pusey's movement for the London Churches, and (think) I did not subscribe to it *anything* ; there seemed to me something excessive and unreal in it.

I will not take up your time longer, except to thank you for all your kind thoughts of me and others, now and in time past. Do not cease to entertain them, give us the benefit of your prayers, do not be hard with us, and believe me, My dear Mr. Phillipps, ever yours most sincerely in Xt.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,
Priest of the Orat.

P.S.—I grieve indeed at your feelings towards F. Wilfrid—but hope time will change them.¹

¹ Father Faber and De Lisle soon became warm friends again. On Dec. 8 of the same year, Faber writes :

ST. WILFRID'S, IMMAC. CONCP., B.V.M., 1848.

MY DEAR MR. PHILLIPPS—It was very kind of you to send me a message in yr. letter to F. Coffin ; but it was very naughty of you to fancy I did not care for yr. remembrance. You do not know, my dear Mr. Phillipps, how much I love and revere you, and have done ever since that visit to Grace Dieu wh. so strengthened and fomented my catholic tendencies at ye time. And why because we don't happen to agree on certain open questions shd. you suppose I did not "*care*" for ye remembrance of one who received ye grace of conversion so much before myself, and who has set such a bright example of self-sacrifice for ye love of Mother Church ? Don't you think you have let my losing my temper with you when I was ill and in gt. pain last Easter remain upon yr. mind longer than you ought to have done, seeing how kindly you took my apology, and consented to dine with us afterwards ? But I must not let you quarrel with me ; and therefore it is tht. I prize so much yr. little remembrance of me to F. Coffin : there are few people whose good will I wd. do more to retain than yours.

Pray do not be cast down abt. ye converts. If any great work is to be done, confusion and scandal must accompany it, and we must not split among ourselves because of this. What lessons we have of this danger in ye lives of ye Saints ! If we only try to lead more interior lives, and pray more, and give up our own ways, all will be well. It is a great token for good for us, my dear Mr. Phillipps, that you speak with so much kindly trust in our dear F. Superior. Perhaps all ye Church will one day think of him wht. we think of him now, who are daily and hourly witnesses of what he is. As for ye Lives, we gave them up ye moment ye bishop signified his wish, and simply because he did, and if we resume them, it will be at ye request of

To hear De Lisle's side, however, from his own point of view, we can turn to some remarks which he made upon the subject in a letter written to John Earl of Shrewsbury, and dated St. Pius V.'s day 1840. He never changed his views, nor seriously modified them, but as he grew older, like most men, he began to be content in matters of Art to let counsels of perfection take care of themselves, and to consider that where ideals involved expenditure and the clash of words, it was perhaps as well to do without them. He was grateful, however, that the orientation of the heavens and the glowing azure of its vault is beyond the reach of the perversity of human ingenuity, and that the four winds (Apoc. vii. 2) shall not blow upon the earth, nor upon the sea, nor on any tree utterly to destroy them, until the Angel ascending from the *rising of the sun*, has signed the servants of God upon their foreheads.

The great argument in favour of *Gothick* architecture (as it is generally called) has always appeared to me to be that, which is derived from the circumstance of its *Xtian origin, meaning and destination*. No man of taste, however great his predilection for the Gothick or pointed style on Xtian grounds, will for a moment deny the *beauty* of Grecian or Roman architecture, but however much he may admire the beauty of those styles, he cannot deny their *pagan origin and meaning* or the fact that for many hundred years before the Xtian era their sole and universal *destination* was *Pagan*.

Thence the preference for the Xtian pointed style over the Pagan or classical is much less a question of *taste* than one of *principle*. As a question of taste it may be defended, and in my opinion powerfully; as a question of principle it becomes invincible, and I have no more doubt of its ultimate and universal triumph, than I have of that of Xtianity itself. Xtianity

those above us. Our vocation is not to fight nor to win by fighting; but we must expect rough words and rougher judgments, and we shall all want a gt. gift of charity. I am glad you felt as we all felt at ye unkindly, as well as impolitic, attack in ye Tablet on Alban Butler. Taken for as much as it aims at, it is surely a very wonderful and edifying book, and I owe much to it in ye days of my darkness. Pray present my kind regards and compliments to Mrs. Phillipps, and believe me, my dear Mr. Phillipps, with sincere admiration and esteem, most truly yours in Xt.,

FRED W. FABER,
Congr. Orat. Presb.

cannot obtain a perfect triumph, until every result of its teaching, every development of its principle has obtained an universal recognition from the whole human race. This is an immense assertion, I am perfectly aware, but it is also one which I am convinced can be sustained by invincible arguments derived from data admitted by all who believe in Xtianity : of course it is too vast a subject to enter upon here ; it would be a delightful task, for one, who had the health and talents to be able to do so, to develope it in a whole work devoted to that object.

You will see from these few remarks how entirely I agree with you, in what you say, that the Pointed Style is to be defended upon its own intrinsick merits, not by an attempt to run down the *taste* of the classical style, not by an endeavour to deprive people of any consolation (to use your expression) they may experience under the gilded Dome of St. Peter's, not by making people angry with what was well meant, not by teaching them to scorn or despise any thing which God's Providence has not only permitted in times past, but has manifestly overruled to the spiritual well being of thousands and millions of our fellow creatures.

But then, *that* on the other hand is no reason, why we should not aim now at the highest possible development of Christian principle in art as in everything else—and therefore it seems to me that there is no inconsistency in a man's pointing out with all the force of victorious argument the inferiority of such a style as that of St. Peter's (for instance) for Xtian purposes, and yet at the same time paying his devotions at that holy Shrine with the utmost fervour of religious enthusiasm, and with the sweetest emotions of piety and Faith.

That the last 3 centuries have been a most disastrous period for the Church of God no one acquainted with history can doubt : it was the period, that witnessed the separation of the most powerful and intellectual nations from the centre of unity, the adoption of the most monstrous principles by civil governments consequent upon the publication of Macchiavelli's celebrated book, the weakening of the sentiment of Faith everywhere to such a degree, that at last it became a doubtful matter whether even in the most Catholick kingdoms believers or Infidels were to have the upper hand. . . . The same period is remarkable for what the French term the *Renaissance* or the revival of classical literature and art—and oh ! what does that classical literature and art expose to our view ? *If it be true* that no period produced more canonized saints than that of the *Renaissance*, all I can say is, that it was highly necessary that the Providence of God should display more than ever the

wonders of His grace at such a disastrous and such a perilous period! but where is the man, who will tell me that it was the sight of the Venus de Medici or the Apollo Belvidere with all their dangerous beauty, or of that host of heathen memorials, which then again deluged our Europe with all the sensualism of a pagan age, that lifted so many souls to that chaste Paradise of Jesus Christ of which he pronounced *Beati mundo corde quoniam ipsi Deum videbunt*? Assuredly it was not the Renaissance nor its classical sensualism, that sanctified the great saints whose names alone redeem that dark period, a period the darker because it boasted of its light; no, the souls that reached Heaven amid what the world called *that blaze* of light, reached it under the guidance of a far different torch, they reached it in *spite* of the Renaissance, and I doubt not that the brilliancy of their crown was enhanced by the purity with which they resisted the allurements of such a dazzling trial.

The adoption by the Church in some degree of the prevailing taste of that degraded period was yet a merciful disposition of Providence: her attempt to Xtianize even the Renaissance, to cleanse even pagan taste from its most dangerous meaning, was a noble attempt, and one worthy of the Catholick Church, founded as she was by Him, who came not to destroy but to reform: and I have no doubt that any attempt at that time to *stem* the torrent, rather than to *direct* and *mitigate* it, would have proved ineffectual: the greatest honour therefore is due to such men, as the Jesuits, who then so gloriously rescued the souls of half Europe by enabling them to keep above the evil influences that surrounded them, turning as it were Satan's own weapons against himself: but did that condescension of the Church or that noble effort of the Jesuits annul the fact, the horrible fact, that the winding up of these 3 centuries was destined to witness *almost* the total extirpation of Faith from the Continent of Europe? and had the Renaissance with all its sensualism and all its dangerous elegance, terminating its career (*terminating* I say, for from that hour did God raise up a mortal and victorious enemy against it) with the impious adoration of a naked Prostitute on the Altar of Notre Dame at Paris, nothing to do with that manifest and almost universal revolt against God?

Thank heaven a brighter day has at length dawned upon us, the renaissance has finished its career, nothing now remains but to give it a decent and quiet burial. Let St. Peter's remain to attest what the Church could do even to sanctify the very follies and backslidings of her children, but for the future, the magnificent future that is now opening upon Her, let us shew not what the Church can do to heal our criminality, but what

her docile children can attain, when entirely subject even in the exercise of their *taste* to her heavenly maxims and her divine and unerring principles. The world itself seems to approve this sentiment, for, after what has recently passed in France in Belgium and in Bavaria, no one can any longer doubt that the revival of Xtian art is a thing decreed by all the greatest geniuses of Europe. It must prevail, nothing can stop it, it may indeed be impeded here and there in its course, but its ultimate triumph is certain.

This confidence of victory was hopefully based upon profound conviction; but we have lived to see its death-blow, so far at least as our small and stationary if not diminishing English Catholic body is concerned. What would Pugin and Phillipps de Lisle have said if they had been told that fifty years after the building of S. George's in Southwark, another Cathedral would be built for His Eminence the Cardinal of Westminster, without timbered, grass-grown precincts (the distinctive mark of English ecclesiological pre-eminence), instead of our traditional cruciform ground-plan, a commonplace plain parallelogram without orientation, blocking out all daylight from the narrow, dank and drooping streets hard by—no central tower or dome rising pyramid-like to the sky in an open space sunlit and breezy—no real transepts, with their adjacent mystic rood-screen—no stained glass, glowing with the colours and imagery suggestive of the New Jerusalem, the only department of the painter's art where Englishmen have rivalled if they have not excelled their continental neighbours—no pretence to continuity with or development from our glorious old Catholic English Gothic, Greek almost in its simplicity and beautiful proportions as has been so well said of late—but a sort of pre-Heptarchical evolution—Byzantino-Babylonian, bizarre—ignoring even in its dedication titles, so manifold and multifarious, S. Paul for over 1000 years the patron of London, and S. George, the pope-proclaimed Protector of England—in short, for I must forbear,¹ a huge

¹ A fine site, purchased by a syndicate of Catholic gentlemen, with a view to spacious precincts and due orientation, was presented to Cardinal Manning some twenty years ago, still however charged with some debt, which has been made the excuse for selling more than half of it. The late Archbishop wisely

indigested mass of unshapely agglomeration, a megalomaniac-hulk in a sea of unsightliness. The cathedral will, however, possess one great merit; it will recall the days of Pope Gregory the Great, the days before the great schism of East and West, when the face of Christendom was still unwrinkled with the hideous traces of a persecuting spirit. And if the *opus magnum*, the divine office, is chaunted daily under the mosaic domes to simple and solemn tones, the two A.P.'s would doubtless have willingly forgiven its material deficiencies. How Pugin strove and how grandly he stood forth without compromise or opportunism in his artistic convictions the next letter will show. It is dated Ramsgate, Dec. 18, 1840, and contains, by way of uncial letter, a hasty, yet faithful, sketch of the screen in S. Chad's, Birmingham, threatened but not cut up, removed and stowed away like its glorious counterpart in S. George's, Southwark, where the up-to-date pietist has vied with the puritan iconoclast in discarding the beloved *terminos quos posuerunt patres*.

DEAR MR. LISLE PHILLIPPS—I cannot sufficiently thank you for your very interesting letter. It is admirable. I think your description of the figured music at Derby perfect. Such things are awfully disgusting, but what is to be done? We are in a completely *diseased* state, and I do not see any cure. An affair has happened at Birmingham which has gone through me like a stab. We have had a tremendous blow aimed at us, and that from the centre of our camp. Dr. Wiseman has at last shown his real sentiments by attempting to abolish the great Rood-Screen after good Mr. Hardman has given £600 for its exe-

refrained from building until he could build in a style creditable to the Catholic body; and waived his own personal predilections in favour of the Classical for the national Gothic style, having ascertained that it was the almost unanimous wish of the clergy and laity to illustrate once again English Catholic traditions. The present erection, therefore, has no claim to represent the tastes and ideals of the clergy and laity generally, but is the creation of a circle. When before the laying of the foundation-stone a protest was written to the *Tablet*, the letter was expurgated without consent and published. And what were the sentences deleted? The *ipsissima verba* of Cardinal Manning testifying to the ascertained wishes of the cultured and devoted of his people! The Pope not long ago expressed his wonder that Mr. Bentley had been sent to Bulgaria or Dalmatia to choose his models instead of to the vales of Yorkshire, so rich in sacred architectural memories.

cution. I say attempted, because I immediately wrote to John Hardman to this effect, that if the screen was suppressed I should not remain architect to the church *one day* longer. You know how decidedly I act on these occasions, and you know how I can sacrifice anything to the advancement of Catholic principle. I am now resolved to live or die, stand or fall, for the *real thing* and nobly act for the real thing. Yesterday I was informed the screen was not to be allowed, but what a miserable state of things the grand division between the sacrifice and the worshippers, between priest and people to be attempted to be abolished by those who should be foremost in their restoration. My dear Phillipps we nearly *stand alone* if we except the Oxford men, for among them I find full sympathy of feeling. But the real truth is the churches I build do little or no good for want of men who know how to use them. Your observations on Derby are quite applicable to all the rest.

As you say, till the old Gregorian Music is restored, nothing can be done, but I now almost despair—I do indeed. I built a solemn church at Southport. It was opened with a perfectly disgusting display and a bill ending with an Ordinary at 2 o'clock, 3/6 each.

Keighley was opened the other day with a most horrible scene. Not only was all decorum violated, but a regular Row took place between the musicians, who quarreled about their parts in the church, and after an hour's delay one priest drew off his singers and a Miss Whitwell—whose name appeared in the bills in gigantic letters—quavered away in most extraordinary style. There was *no procession*. Every building I erect is profaned, and instead of assisting in conversions only serves to disgust people. The church at Dudley is a complete facsimile of one of the old English parish churches, and nobody seems to know how to use it. The present state of things is quite lamentable, and were it not for the Oxford men I should quite despair.

I quite agree with you that we shall do nothing without the real church music and where are we to find it? at your private chapel, where it is heard under every disadvantage for want of a good sounding church, powerful choir, organ, etc. It is shameful to the Catholic body that you alone have a correct service.

The service as performed in Catholic chapels in general is a perfect mockery of the real thing, and you have no idea of the mischief all this does among men of devout minds who come to our churches expecting solemnity and finding a mere theatrical exhibition.

I am delighted that you are pleased with Father Thiers. He

was an admirable man and a witness against *paganism and innovation during the very bad time*. I was not arguing against Benediction, but I want the use of *pyx* restored, and I well remember at Alton you told me how reverence of a covered vessel moved your devotion. I will write again very soon. This screen business has dreadfully upset me. I had actually written out my resignation and I have made a solemn resolution to sacrifice all interest to the cause. Those who employ me must build in accordance with the traditions of Christian architecture. If I were base enough to be all things to all men I might get pounds for shillings, but I have devoted my life to Christian Art, and I will never betray my principles. Threats or entreaties are alike unheeded by me, and I never will consent to assist in perpetrating modern monstrosities. Only let me have a few lines from you on this important matter. In great haste.—Your most devoted friend, ✠ A. WELBY PUGIN.¹

The following letter, written to his devoted friend the Abbé Gaume, the author "*Où en sommes Nous ?*" and many eloquent but perhaps *outré* works, attacking the whole system of a modern classical education, dated "Corpus Xti, 1859," is most characteristic, and I trust the reader will pardon the language in which it is written. It is a good specimen of De Lisle's elegance and simplicity of diction, which came as naturally to him in French as in his own mother tongue:—

A LONDRES, 23 Juin,
FÊTE DE CORPUS XTI, 1859.

MON BIEN CHER ET VÉNÉRABLE AMI—J'ai reçu et j'ai lu votre aimable Lettre de la Veille de la Pentecôte avec tout l'intérêt que je sens toujours pour tout ce qui émane de vous. Je n'ai pas perdu un moment sans commander votre grand ouvrage sur "*La Révolution*," et voilà déjà sur ma table onze

¹ Pugin in the enthusiasm of his devotion and desire for the exaltation of the Cross, signed a crosslet before his name, after the manner of a Catholic Bishop. It is curious to be able to relate that Mr. Gladstone, in docketing the letters he had received from Phillippus de Lisle, touching upon religious subjects, generally penned this quasi-Episcopal crosslet before their author's name. Seventy of these letters were returned, and some twenty have the crosslet. De Lisle, more rubrical in his devotion, never penned a crosslet before his own name, but in letters, which he considered more than ordinarily important, touching upon theology, penned a crosslet before the date at the beginning of the letter; and this crosslet was generally a Jerusalem cross, made up of a fourfold Greek *Tau*.

volumes (car le douzième n'est pas arrivé encore), que je viens de dévorer ! Je ne sais pas quoi admirer davantage votre érudition étonnante ou votre industrie infatigable en la rédaction d'une ouvrage si vaste et si plein du plus haut intérêt. Déjà j'ai recommandé la Lecture de cet ouvrage à mes amis le Vicomte et la Vicomtesse de Campden qui se trouvent actuellement à Londres, et la Vicomtesse a sur le champ donné l'ordre à son Libraire d'envoyer cet ouvrage précieux chez elle. Il sera beaucoup lu sans doute en Angleterre, et quand il sera connu il fera un bien immense. Vous savez déjà, comme votre Lettre l'exprime, avec quelle ardeur de sympathie je partage tous vos sentimens, toutes vos idées, et tous vos principes. La guerre qui vient d'éclater ne restera pas en Italie, et je doute fort si ceux qui l'ont commencée seront ceux qui la finiront. Je pense entièrement avec vous que ce n'est que le commencement d'une Lutte générale dans laquelle après que les questions des nationalités auront été débattues il y aura une terrible guerre entre la Démocratie Paienne qui s'accroît jour par jour et cette Royauté Paienne qui vainement lutte contre elle. Malheureusement partout où on jette ses regards on ne voit nulle part la récongnition des véritables principes Chrétiens. La civilisation de toute Europe est paganisée, et ce qui est la plus malheureuse considération c'est Rome qui en est la Mère et la Maîtresse. Je parle de la ville, non pas de l'Eglise, de Rome. Mais n'est-ce pas que c'est de là que la Renaissance a pris son origine, et où elle a toujours eu son Foyer principal ? N'est-ce pas que longtemps après que l'Angleterre, la Prusse, l'Hollande, la Russie ont cessé de regarder Rome comme centre de l'Unité et de Vie Chrétienne, elles l'ont toujours regardée comme centre de l'Art Moderne et Maîtresse de cette civilisation que la Renaissance a donnée à la Chrétienté ? Je vous en donnerai un exemple frappant. Après la Bataille de Waterloo, et quand la Paix fut proclamée, une des premières choses que Georges IV., qui était alors Régent de l'Angleterre, se pressa de faire, fut d'envoyer à Rome un Portrait de lui-même comme cadeau à Pie VII., alors rétabli sur le trône Pontifical. Le Pontife envoya son Portrait aussi au Prince Régent. Ce Portrait existe au château de Windsor, où je l'ai vu. Le Pontife y est assis sur un chaise assez moderne dans sa forme, à côté de lui une table, sur laquelle est placé *un crucifix* ? non—mais l'Apollon Belvidere !!! voilà dans ce portrait tout le résumé de l'idée moderne du Papauté, le *Patriarche des Arts* !!! voilà le seul lien aujourd'hui entre les gouvernements schismatiques et le Saint Siège ; le commun culte du Paganisme artistique ! C'est clair, depuis que Rome excommunia le grand Savonarola,

et que l'Inquisition le brûla pour sa glorieuse confession de la morale Chrétienne, depuis que Léon X. inaugura au Vatican ce que sa Noblesse corrompue déploya avec une ardeur égale dans leur Palais voluptueux, les monarques Chrétiens ont regardé l'exemple de la cour romaine comme le type et l'autorité de cette affreuse Révolution dans la Pratique publique que la Renaissance symbolisa — et depuis cette époque en cessant d'aimer ou de croire cette grande Vérité Chrétienne que la Chaire de S. Pierre ne cessa pas d'enseigner, ils ont volontiers appris de la Cour Romaine les leçons de ce Paganisme et de cette sensualité, qui reprenait alors son ancienne vigueur des jours de Caligula et de Domitien. Pour moi je crois fermement que si Rome continue d'être le foyer de ce Paganisme, elle sera toujours ébranlée par *la Révolution*, ce fléau de la *Renaissance* ! Et si elle, c'est à dire, si la Papauté ne renonce pas à ce Patronage de l'Art Païen, elle perdra de plus en plus sa Suprématie Chrétienne et Religieuse sur les Nations Chrétiennes qui ont perdu leur Christianisme et qui sont devenu Païennes en suivant l'exemple de Rome. C'est inutile de prêcher contre le Paganisme en Angleterre, en France, si à Rome il est patrociné, enseigné, pratiqué, honoré, glorifié par la Papauté elle-même — Voilà ma pensée.

What Phillipps de Lisle would have thought of the present magnificent church of the Oratory, which carries on the post-Reformation classical traditions of Sir Christopher Wren and King Charles II.'s noble Anglican Cathedral and City churches, it is not for me to attempt to say.¹ I have already quoted what he judged of the architectural merits of S. Peter's apart from its glorious spiritual privileges and transcendental associations ; but he refused to be on the committee for collecting funds for the first Oratory in Brompton, as a letter to Lord Shrewsbury shows :—

Do you see much of the Oratorians in London, I hear they are doing wonders : there is only one thing I regret about them, their strange and unaccountable enmity to Christian art and Gothick architecture. I hear that the new Oratory is to be built not in the old ecclesiastical architecture but in the *classical style* ! Lord Arundel and Surrey wrote to me to ask me to join him on the committee to aid in its erection ; but I declined, first because I never went to Town, and could not afford to give anything beyond a very trifling sum, and secondly because I was

¹ See *The Majesty of London*, 1885, by Edwin de Lisle, F.S.A.

too zealous a disciple of Christian art to aid in the erection of a building so contrary to what I believe to be the true sort of thing;¹ but that in any other way that I could help the Oratorians at any time, I should be ready to do so. I was very sorry not to concur in anything proposed by so excellent and zealous a man as Lord Arundel and Surrey, still I felt that consistency is after all the life and soul of a man's character, and for me to have done otherwise would have been very inconsistent. I am glad you attend the Jesuits' new church; after all there is no order like the Jesuits, I always venerated them beyond all others; and though in the beginning of the Roman Revolution I sometimes felt tempted to blame the part they then took, I have been convinced by subsequent events that they were right, and that they saw further than I did. . . .

When the machinations of some narrow-minded ultra-romanisers had obtained the condemnation of the restoration of the ancient form of the Chasuble, and indirectly of course of the whole ethos of the Gothic revival, De Lisle penned the following noble protest and entreaty, instinct at the same time with the spirit of St. Gregory,² the Apostle of England, and with zeal for our high traditions and national liberties:—

¹ Pugin thus describes in a letter to De Lisle his feelings about the first Oratory in King William Street:—"The Oxford men with some few exceptions have turned out the most disappointing people in the world. They were three times as Catholic in their ideas before they were reconciled to the Church. It is really quite lamentable. They have got the most disgusting place possible for the Oratory in London, and fitted up in a horrible manner, with a sort of Anglo-Roman altar. Those things are very sad, and the mischief they do is inconceivable. What a glorious man Formby is. He is about the only man who has stuck to the true thing, and never bowed the knee to Baal. A man may be judged by his feelings on Plain Chaunt. If he likes Mozart he is no chancel and screen man. By their music you shall know them, and I lost all faith in the Oratorians when I found they were opposed to the old song."

² Thou knowest, my brother, the usage of the Roman Church in which you were brought up. But it pleaseth me that if you have found anything, whether in the Roman, or the Gallican, or in any other Church, that will give more honour to Almighty God, you shall diligently adopt it; and make a rule taken from *the many Churches* for the benefit of the English (*Anglorum*) Church, which is still new to the Faith. For things are not to be loved for the sake of places, but places for the sake of their good things.—*Pope Gregory's reply to Augustin's second question*, Bede, *Hist. Eccles.* c. xxvii. § 60.

GRACE-DIEU MANOR,
St. Ambrose's Day, 1839.

MY DEAR LORD SHREWSBURY—Though I have countless number of things to say, this letter I must reserve almost entirely to one single topick, deferring the rest to another occasion. It was with deep concern that I learnt fm. our good Bishop as well as fm. Pugin that Propaganda have judged it proper to send a letter to Dr. Walsh condemnatory of the restoration of *our old English vestments* taking the same occasion to speak in terms not only of censure, but I might even say of reprobation of our zealous Bishop for having adopted Pugin's advice relative to the vestments. That Propaganda has been grossly and fraudulently deceived as to the real facts of the case, no one can doubt who looks at the terms in wh. its censure to the Bishop has been conveyed: and that Propaganda will not hesitate to retract that censure, as soon as it has received a true statement of facts, my conviction of the rectitude, justice, and prudence of the court of Rome clearly convinces me—but it is of the utmost importance that this statement should be made as soon as possible, and that we should discover the *quarter* from wh. the calumnious charge against Pugin and our Bishop has proceeded to Propaganda. I suspect either the English Jesuits or else Bishop Baines, but the former more than the latter, and this for solid reasons; let us ascertain this point, it is of importance. In the letter wh. I received fm. Pugin¹ on the subject only the day before yesterday, he expresses himself as quite broken-hearted and as determined to abandon any further attempts for the Catholick cause, in case this deplorable determination of Propaganda be persisted in: he entreated me to write to you strongly on the subject, for he sees clearly as I do that we have no hope but in you and in Dr. Wiseman, who I trust has more English feeling than to abandon us now. I answered Pugin's letter by return of post, promising my most zealous co-operation, but endeavouring to soothe him as much as possible, exhorting him to bear it, as a salutary cross sent from God, but assuring him that I was convinced it was only a little temporary trial sent for our greater good, and that as soon as Propaganda was rightly informed concerning the matter, all wd. be decided according to our wishes. But though I thus wrote in my answer to Mr. Pugin, I confess I view the thing exactly in the same light as he does. I regard the censure as a death-blow to the Catholick cause in England, if persisted in. No one feels a higher veneration than I do, for the court of

¹ For Letter, see below, p. 222.

Rome even abstracting it fm. the idea of the Holy See, but that all the rights and privileges of a National Church are to be stamped out for ever, and that the College of Propaganda is to regulate even the minutest details of our ecclesiastical dress, is to assume for a foreign congregation a degree of power that has never yet been claimed by any Pope, no nor even by any General Council of the Church. An uniformity of vestments or even of rites and Liturgies has never yet been enforced in any period of the Church, and the Bull of St. Pius V. *Quod à nobis* published in the year 1568 expressly sanctions the use of all *Missals* and *Breviaries* published 200 years before the Council of Trent (and hence there is no doubt that any English Bishop has full power to command the restoration of our glorious old Sarum Rite). Italy has her Chasubles very different in many respects fm. those of France, of Germany, and of modern England: the Roman Chasuble has no cross on the back, the French and modern English have the cross on the back, in many parts of Germany thro' wh. I have travelled, I observed the cross both before and behind; it is therefore idle to say that the restoration of the old English Chasuble hurts the uniformity of the Church, seeing that no such uniformity exists: it is equally idle to say that it infringes upon the rubricks; when the rubricks were composed most assuredly the modern form of vestments existed not, and therefore if either offended against them, it wd. be the latter, not our glorious old English form. Those who applied to Propaganda know all this very well, and therefore they thought it right to have recourse to lies and calumnies, they represented what had been done to be our *heretical* innovation, introduced "by an architect converted from heresy." As a convert myself I thank them for this mode of speaking, it is intelligible enough; they suspect our sincerity. And this is the recompense, wh. Propaganda makes to men, who to show their love for the Holy See, and the Church in Communion with her, have abandoned, some, their professional prospects, others *the high political position they might otherwise have occupied*, and all the many temporal advantages wh. are inseparably connected with the profession of a dominant religion; men, who have not been content to embrace her creed, but who have devoted every energy of their minds and bodies to the furtherance of her interests, sparing neither exertion nor expense, and thus to be *taunted* as *converts* fm. heresy: truly this is a poor encouragement. But I pray my God to make me persevere in the good cause, tho' these things have cut me to the heart, I pray that thro' good report and evil report I may do what is right heedless alike of the censure or

the flattery of men. But no, it is not Propaganda that I complain of, it is a set of nominal heartless Catholics here at home, who have misrepresented and calumniated us to Propaganda. Men, who have no scruple themselves of violating rubrics every day of their lives, who hesitate not to wear Chasubles of worsted in defiance of the Church, and who only cry out against the restorers of the ancient glories of Religion because they know they do nothing themselves to restore her long-lost influence, and because they hate those who devote themselves zealously to the blessed work of reconverting England. These are the men to be complained of, not Propaganda: Propaganda indeed! Why what is the example Propaganda sets in these matters? Propaganda respects the rights and privileges of even the half-civilised Greeks, Copts, Armenians, Syrians, nay even of the Ethiopian Negroes, witness the ceremonies used on Epiphany day in the College Church: and will Propaganda set at defiance the just rights of this noble kingdom? is this the way that she wd. render palatable to English tastes the Roman Yoke? (you must forgive this time) at a moment when the English people, wearied by the wanderings of 3 centuries are looking back with wistful eyes to the antient beacons, wh. their forefathers abandoned, are they to be scared away by a deplorable phantom of foreign tyranny, sent out as it were for the very purpose of confirming all the antient prejudices so deeply rooted in the Protestant mind, that the dominion of Rome is a dominion of arbitrary despotism, that spurns alike the Canons of General Councils or the prescriptive rights and usages of national Churches? No, deeply do I deplore this lamentable business: its consequences if persisted in, will be most disastrous, the very idea of them fills me with horror and alarm. For God's sake, my dear L. Shrewsbury do speak out firmly, that these good men who have been so grossly deceived may be rightly informed: do urge Dr. Wiseman to use his influence. I can tell you that it is the same party who are endeavouring to crush the restorers of Xtian art, who have vowed that Dr. Wiseman shall never be Bishop in England. I know it, for they tried to make a tool of me, in that business, and it was at their instigation that I wrote to you what I said of him in the letter I sent to Dover. But I thank God upon that point I am now better informed. Bishop Walsh has explained to me the expressions of Dr. Wiseman (that had hurt me) in a most satisfactory manner, and I only regret that I should for a moment have acted upon the suggestions of these intriguing men. God forbid that I should think ill of the whole Society, for what some of its members may do in England, and God

forbid that I should attribute even to these any sinister motive, no not even in the calumnies of wh. they have made themselves, I trust unwillingly, the vehicles against the restorers of Xtian art, in the charges they have forwarded to Propaganda; but sure I am, that if they obtain a triumph, it will be the victory of faction and a death-wound to the Catholic cause in England. Once more, my dear L. Shrewsbury I conjure you to speak out as the premier Earle of *England*, and as the restorer of the Church of God in this Kingdom: you have a right to speak and your voice will not be contemned.

The next three letters are characteristic of Pugin and Phillipps de Lisle's friendship, the two A.P.'s as they were called, which was so close and enthusiastic, based upon three great ideas which these more materialistic days find it a little hard to appreciate: the restoration of the English Church to Catholic Unity, the revival of plain chaunt in public worship, and the rehabilitation of our national Gothic architecture. They will form an appropriate close to this chapter, and are in themselves a witness of what progress or decline (according to the reader's standpoint) has been made amidst difficulties and distresses almost overwhelming.

RAMSGATE, *1st Sunday in Advent,*
Dec. 1st, 1839.

DEAR MR. PHILLIPPS—I suppose you have heard of the Censure passed by the Propaganda on the proceedgs. of our good Bishop. If you have not, keep the intelligence closely to yourself; but it is of great importance that you should be acquainted with all that is going on against us. The Bishop shewed me the other day a Letter he had just recvd. from the Propaganda, censuring his proceedgs. and denouncing me in no very measured terms. This is the result of some diabolical falsehoods and misrepresentations made at Rome by our adversaries, and the Propaganda have actually given credit at once to this exparte statement and have condemned the proceedgs. of the only Bishop in England who has really advanced the dignity of religion. Dr. Walsh found the churches in his district worse than Barns; he will leave them sumptuous erections. The greater part of the vestments were filthy rags, and he has replaced them with silk and gold. For this he has been censured!!! Is this to be believed? can it be possible? It is, and a blow has been struck at us, which if persisted in will be

far more fatal to religion than all the attacks of the hereticks. I am filled with dismay and indignation ; but in this matter I blame those who caused these misrepresentations to Rome more than the Propaganda who are utterly ignorant of the whole business and are only in fault in giving credit to the Lies and ignorance of these informers. I am disgusted beyond measure. It is madness in the present state of things to check the restoration of the dignity of religion. We have a detestable crew to deal with—ignorance, prejudice, timidity, tepidity. All combined—My dear frd., we have a sorry soil to plant in, and that not from protestm. ; actually protestants in many cases are far better inclined to Catholicism than half the soi-disant Catholics of our days. Every attempt to restore religion to its antient dignity and glory is met with sneers, insult, and opposition from those who ought to be foremost in aiding the great work.

This censure has been procured by the influce. of some English Catholick, and I fear ecclesiastick. In this censure the bishop is accused of having at *my* instigation introduced various *innovations* in the Liturgy and vestments. Intolerable ignorance, these innovations as they are called are the mere restoration of the glorious ornaments which the ascendancy of heretics had deprived us of, and because those who ought to *delight in the study of these things are utterly ignorant of them* we are to be denounced as *innovators*. Mark my words. Your chapel service, which is perhaps the most devotional in England, will be shortly put down because it is different from what has been lately seen in the scrubby rooms called chapels where *one urchin* is frequently the only assistant at the holy sacrifice, which is offered up in a place and at an altar far more calculated to excite ridicule than devotion. I am sick at heart. The apathy of the Catholic body on these things is alarming. I had formed dreams of returning glory ; but if this censure of the Propaganda is persisted in after the remonstrance which has been sent, I shall abandon all my hopes. I see every thing that we had hoped dashed to pieces. Do not deceive yourself, My dear friend, do not deceive yourself : the Catholics will cut their own throats, the clergy will put down religion. These are hard sayings, but they are twice mad fools ; straining at gnats and swallowing camels, the very men who do not hesitate to violate rubricks every day to suit their convenience or their pockets, now swelling with indignation and horror at the idea of an ample surplice or flowing chasuble such as almost every saint in the Calendar wore. Administer baptism out of an old physick phial ; reserve the blessed Sacrament in *dirty cupboard* ; say mass in vestment made out of an old gown ; burn gas on the altar ;

have everything as *mean*, as *pitiful*, as *shabby* as you please ; hire protestant performers to sing, *Leave out every ceremony in the ritual* ; do all this and you will be right. But if you venture to speak of antient glory and ecclesiastical dignity, oh, you are a man of extravagant opinions, an enthusiast, a visionary—and *ecclesiastical censure* awaits you. Again I say I am disgusted. *Rubrick* indeed ! *Innovators* ! I wonder those who have been doing all these things venture to name Rubrick and innovations. If their censure is acted upon and all our splendid vestments cut to pieces, I shall try no more. Our good Bishop has given in too soon. The Censure was based on a *wrong position*. He was accused of *innovation* ; he has not been guilty of the Least innovation. He should therefore have been firm ; but he has suspended the use of the vestments everywhere. Thus the wretched old thgs. are actually used in the new Derby Church while Lord Shrewsbury's splendid donations are shelved. This is tacitly acknowledging the charge. I feel cut up beyond measure, but I do not mean to let this business drop. I will set forth the antient glories of Catholicism and leave people to judge why the service now performed in the modern Catholic chapels is not a ghost of the antient rite. There is nothing out of Oscott so good as the service in your chapel, and that will be *put down*. I know it will. You are a marked man for the vengeance of those who do not like *to be put out of the way*. Pray let me hear speedily from you on this business, and believe me ever your devd. friend,

A. WELBY PUGIN.

Everything in modern chapels is bad—vestments, music, altars,—and the present Race of Catholics are so used to the miserable expedients which have been resorted to, through necessity, that they will not avail themselves of better things now that they are offered them. I feel completely upset and dejected by this business.

Pray write to Lord Shrewsbury on this business—the Propaganda have been shamefully deceived in their information. They little know what might be done in England if proper measures were resorted to. If the English Catholics were zealous and *really set forth* their religion England might be regained ; but under the present system never. Pray give my kindest respects to Mrs. Phillipps and Miss Clifford.

RAMSGATE, *Septuagesima Sunday*,
Feb. 7th, 1841.

MY DEAR MR. PHILLIPPS—Although I wrote to you the other day I cannot refrain from sending you these few Lines. I have

just read my Tablet and perused your glorious Letter : I have not words to express the delight it has given me. My dear Friend, if you had only done this one thing in your whole Life you are worth ten times your weight in gold. It must do an immensity of good. I was quite disgusted like yourself at the insulting manner in which three great, good and learned men were treated in the Tablet, and I rejoice with extraordinary joy that you have undertaken to place them in their true position.¹ You are a noble witness for truth. Rely on it these Oxford men are doing more to catholicize England and to work the great *internal change of mind* than all our joint body. I consider them quite as raised up by God in the present emergency, for we seem sinking into utter degradation. Do you know who the divine is who is alluded to by the Editor in his preface to your Letter? I think it is Dr. W. I know he is far from appreciating the importance of their Labours. I quite long to see you again as soon as the weather breaks. I shall come down. I had a most delightful letter 2 days ago from Mr. Bloxam, of Magdn., breathing a most catholic and reviving spirit. They are really the only sort of Letters I read with pleasure, for any communication from other quarters is full of amazing information. You will be grieved to hear that all the altar fittings that were made for Birgham. have been condemned by Dr. Wiseman because they are all in strict conformity with the antient solemn practices.

I have just given up now all hope of that church coming to anything *really good* : it will Look very well, *but it will not be the thing.*²

Poor Hardman is quite disheartened since the attempt on the screen, and Mr. Moore is thwarted in every way by the endeavour to thrust Italian novelties and arrangements into the churches we were raising in the true old style. The bishop is cutting his most energetic assistants from under him. I have mourned so much that I have grown indifferent to what happens, and turn all my attention to publications on these important subjects, by which true principles may be inculcated and become generally understood. But really half my time goes in writing answers to annoying letters on these subjects. I greatly fear that it is the intention to *pull down the great screen after it is finished*, and that it is suffered to remain at present.

My immediate resignation, *I have every reason to believe this is contemplated.* There is much bitterness in store for me from that quarter. I shall continue to act in a firm, respectful, and

¹ Bishop Walsh, Dr. Rock, Rev. Bernard Smith.

² S. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham.

catholic manner—truth till death. Down with the Pagan Monster. St. George and St. Edward for England.—Ever thy devoted friend,

A. WELBY PUGIN.

LONDON, 1st Sunday after the Epiphany,
Jan. 12th, 1842.

MY DEAR MR. PHILLIPPS—There are no two men in Engld. who ought to see and hear more of each other than you and me, and yet I never get a line from you. There is great excuse for my not writg. oftener for I am overwhelmed with business of all kinds, but for you there is none. Pray write here. We live in wonderful times, and I quite long to know what you think of the state of affairs. To me the prospect seems dismally gloomy, at least as regards a reunion. I think we are preparing for a desperate struggle. What an unnatural alliance is this with the Lutherans of Prussia? It is the crowning act of degradation. It is certainly the most *officially* protestant affair on record, by the present men. If the Oxford men do not act now I must give them up. If they tamely submit to a connexion with Prussian Lutherans they must never talk about Catholicism again; there can be *no legitimate excuse*. I cannot believe that God would continue to bestow His grace on those who could reconcile such a proceeding to their consciences, possessing at the same time the sentiments they do. We shall see; but, and I think this is the test, the idea of such a man as the king of Prussia sponsor for the future king of Engld. Perhaps you will say I take a gloomy view of things; but, my dear friend, really I cannot reconcile passing events with any other, and between you and me the Oxford men stand in an essentially false position. I have sat up late for some weeks studying deeply all the historical matters relative to the great Schism, and it appears to me *worse* than ever. Talk about *Puritans*! Why they were essentially puritans from Edward the 6th. Every day brings fresh documents to light which show the principles advocated by the Oxford men to be in *direct opposition* to every concoction of the system under which they remain.

Why, certainly, the bishop of London is quite consistent in pulling down stone altars: *not one* altar was left in Egd. except a few in chantries that were disused. I mean not one *high altar* was left in Egd. after Ewd. the 6th, and I have found the injunction of Elizabeth that all erected dg. the reign of Mary should be pulled down forthwith, and the reason assigned by the then Bishops was that the idea of *sacrifice* should be *utterly abolished from the minds* of the People.

I never went so minutely into matters before, but the result has been that I am convinced the present Church of Engld. is 10 times more protestant than I thought it, and I would not remain one second in such a concern, even with the hope of converting the Grand Turk and the Emperor of China. My dear friend, delays in conversions are very dangerous, generally *fatal*. I really tremble for those who do not unite. The Vicars Apostolic are the only legitimate Ecclesiastical Authority at present in Egld., for I hold all the deans, canons, Bishops, etc., at less estimation than the worst French chasuble man amongst us. I mean with reference to real authority; I think I hear you say *Piano!* but I only say all this to you, and I do not judge rashly. But if this Prussian affair does not bring some of them out I would excommunicate them all over again. What I greatly fear is this, that the Oxford men will accustom themselves to this miserable state of things and *suffer it all* as part of *their duty*. In one of Bloxam's letters he terms R. Sibthorp's conversion a *wretched* step. This might be only a passing expression, but it is very awful; because when a man believes privately all he believes I cannot conceive how he can speak of another's absolute union in such terms. I think of all these things night and day. Pray send me a line, for I long to hear from you.

CHAPTER XX

LITERARY LABOURS—COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT— ILLUSTRIOUS CORRESPONDENTS

1835-1875

WE have seen how Phillipps de Lisle devoted his pen to promote two of the darling projects of his life, the restoration of Gregorian Chaunt in the worship of Almighty God, and the destruction of the Kingdom of Antichrist, whose hereditary representative he believed the Sultan of Turkey to be, the acknowledged head of the Mahommedan religion, that corruption of the Faith of Abraham, based upon the cruel supremacy of the sword and the slavish subjection of women. Of his endeavours to rehabilitate the claims of our National Gothic Architecture we have read something, although he never published any treatise upon this subject. He was satisfied to support and encourage his enthusiastic friend Augustus Welby Pugin. His other literary labours were mostly of a religious character, designed to promote the master passion of his soul, the restoration of the Church of England to Catholic unity, to peace and communion with the churches of the Continent and the Holy See. To appreciate the character of his writings is perhaps difficult to the ordinary Catholic as well as to the ordinary Protestant, who are both so little versed in each other's intellectual standpoints, although it is much easier now than it was in 1839, when De Lisle published his first great work, beautifully illustrated by artists of the Overbeck school, an exquisite, nervous translation of his chivalrous friend the Comte de Montalembert's *Life of St. Elizabeth of*

Hungary. De Lisle's grand idea was to promote the sacred cause of Reunion by exciting, kneading the Catholic or Orthodox leaven which still remained in the National Church until the Catholic leaven shall ferment and leaven the whole lump of insular irregularity.¹ For this purpose, naturally aiming high, even to the apex of the social pyramid, he conceived the idea of dedicating his work to the youthful Sovereign upon the throne.

"In presuming to dedicate to your Majesty this History of the illustrious S. Elizabeth of Hungary, I feel that under the peculiar circumstances of the times, there are those who might accuse me of temerity. Yet when I reflect that the individual whose life is recorded in this book, was herself also a powerful sovereign, and that your Majesty's illustrious House is collaterally descended from her, I confess it appeared to me an act of dutiful loyalty, no less than of the strictest propriety, to consecrate to your Majesty the result of my labours, in bringing before my countrymen the history of this royal and truly Christian lady. In thus presenting to your Majesty from the annals of your own family one of the most lovely and glorious histories that ever graced the records of humanity, it is true that I have gone back to a period far remote from our own, no less than to one which the religious opinions of those whose faith is established as the national creed of this Kingdom, had heretofore induced them to regard as an age of darkness and barbarism. But the progress of historical science has of late years wrought a wonderful change even in the minds of those who still protest against the faith of S. Elizabeth—that is against the ancient Faith of England and of the vast majority of the civilised world: without approving of the abuses and other material evils that existed during the middle ages, it is now universally admitted that no period of Christian history presents us with brighter examples of human conduct in every rank of life;—and that if the poet has a right to dwell with enthusiasm on their chivalrous and romantic character, while the artist glories in the mighty remnants of their architecture and their painting, the moralist may point with equal satisfaction to such characters as those of our St. Elizabeth; of the glorious St. Louis—the wise, the holy, the brave King of France; or to our own glorious and blessed Kings Alfred and St. Edward the Confessor, whose crown God has called your Majesty to wear."

¹ "The kingdom of heaven is like to leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened."—MATT. xiii. 33.

In reply to Lord Shrewsbury, who endeavoured to prepare the way for the presentation of a copy of the work, already bound in crimson velvet and adorned with the crown and Royal monogram without, the illustrations all tinted in gold and colours within, Lisle Phillipps was informed that the proper course was to write to the Queen's librarian at Windsor for permission. Which being done, he was further informed "that as the work appears to have been dedicated to Her Majesty without any permission to do so having been first obtained, the librarian fears that he cannot, under the circumstances, venture to submit it to Her Majesty."

This was the first of many disappointments and discouragements, for nothing that he ever undertook had more than a partial success; but as he never undertook any serious work or labour in order to make money or to promote his own self-interest, he was buoyed up with the reflection that the words of Thomas à Kempis, though old, are ever new, and worthy of all credence: *Sed ad Me potius respice in cælum qui potens sum eripere ab omni confusione, et unicuique reddere secundum opera sua.*

This translation, however, was the commencement of an ardent friendship with its gifted French author, who declared with enthusiasm that the translation excelled the original for grace and point and vigour. Count Montalembert and "his very dear friend and brother," as he always styled De Lisle, became the closest of friends, joined together by artistic tastes as well as religious enthusiasm, a perennial record of which remains in the glowing pages of "Les Moines d'Occident," which was planned and vowed as he and Phillipps de Lisle knelt down together on the site of the ruined high altar at Fountains Abbey to pledge themselves once more to the work of their lives—the restoration of *Catholicism without Coercion*. In a dogmatic sense they were both ardent Liberals, and this very modern phrase sums up in a word the ethos of their wrestlings. How Montalembert began life as a romantic monarchist and ended it almost as a so-called Christian socialist, the following brilliant series of letters will show. Reading between the lines the student will also perceive that Phillipps de Lisle, who began life as

a very high Tory, having shelled his father's Whiggery together with his Protestantism while still in his teens, became more and more of a Liberal-Conservative, his admiration for the great personal qualities of Mr. Gladstone and of Count de Montalembert no doubt influencing very considerably his political evolution.

Careful observers of French politics will also perceive how the policy of Pope Leo XIII. vindicates the sagacity, the foresight, and the genuine Catholic principles of Montalembert's glorious but, as it then seemed, unsuccessful apostolate. Unfortunately it has not been possible to get back any of De Lisle's letters to Montalembert, but those which follow, written in English, are in themselves a complete biography, at least so far as the delineation of a sensitive character and a high noble purpose are concerned.

CHÂTEAU DE VILLERSEXEL

(Dep^t. de la H^{te}. Saône),

le 13 Mars 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—What will you have thought of my not having written to you sooner, in answer to your most affectionate and interesting letter of last February twelvemonth? Why, I hope and trust you will have thought nothing wrong, but you will have heard that we have been running about the whole of Europe, East and West, and that time and leisure, not inclination or affection, have been wanting to your friend and brother, to enable him to resume his correspondence with you. Besides which, I have a new theory about writing between such friends as we are, founded upon the example of St. Louis and the Blessed Egidius, whom you no doubt remember in the Introduction to S. Elizabeth. I don't pretend to compare the *persons* but only the *affections*, and I say that when two Catholic hearts are bound together as ours are, they can read in each other without the help of speech or letter—at least as far as what we hope, love and fear is concerned. Nearly two years are elapsed since I first and last saw you, and God knows if ever we shall be again united here below, but yet I do not feel the slightest relaxation in the bonds of sympathy and love by which we are united in our earthly career which seems to offer so many *points de ressemblance*. Do not therefore, my dear friend, ever look upon my silence as a mark of neglect or forgetfulness: I feel sure of you and you must feel sure of me—

but I am constantly under the weight of an over-pressure of business of all sorts. Not choosing to waste more time and paper on these, useless excuses, I proceed to congratulate you and your *sweet Laura* on the birth of my godson Reginald Bernard, who must be a big boy by this time, and perhaps already able to pronounce my name, which will be a famous spelling-lesson for him in future. I hope the other charming *enfants de cœur* and their sister are quite well, and that God has in no wise diminished that domestic happiness by which He so amply repays your zeal for His cause on earth. Reginald Lord Lisle and his Cistercian generosity are what we call a *grand souvenir de famille*, which you have done very right to revive; and I hope you will give me some more details about him and Garendon, so that I may find a nook for him in the history of St. Bernard.

As for me since last winter (excepting always my domestic enjoyments which, thank God, increase with time, and have during this period suffered no interruption, my wife and child being in perfect health and happiness), my life has been a series of great disappointments. I was on very good terms with the Thiers ministry and was principally instrumental in getting Mgr. Affre promoted to the archbishoprick of Paris¹—but the deplorable *question d'Orient* was the rock on which I split with so many other persons and things. At the end of June, not having the slightest *pressentiment* of what was going to pass, my wife and myself started for the East: we had a delightful voyage through Germany, Austria and Hungary (particularly at Mariazell, the celebrated Styrian pilgrimage, one of the sweetest places in this world), and went all down the Danube and through the Black Sea to Constantinople. Here we were most kindly received by our Ambassador, and highly gratified by our visits to the interior of the mosques, the Seraglio, and all the other wonders of this wonderful city—but at the same time plunged into the greatest agitation and disappointment by the events subsequent to the Treaty of the 15th July: we were obliged to give up all thoughts of visiting Egypt, Syria, and particularly Jerusalem, which was the ultimate object of our pilgrimage: and reluctantly trudged back through the Mediterranean to Malta, where we performed our tedious *quarantaine* of twenty-one days. Events looked so black, and a disastrous and immoral war so impending, that as soon as our Parliament was called together I thought it my duty to return to Paris, giving up a delightful journey in Sicily and Southern Italy, which I have never visited and had kept in store as a compensation for the loss of Palestine. But things changed

¹ He was murdered on the barricades in the Revolution of 1848.

all at once with the new ministry, and all the result of my speedy return to Paris was my rupture with the *Univers*. My letter from Malta and my speech on the address, if you read or remember them, will have sufficiently informed you of the nature of my opinion on the Eastern Question—and therefore on the conduct of the *Univers* during my absence. Not content with having torn asunder the bonds of union, which I had so laboriously striven to keep together, with the Catholics of Belgium, Germany and the greatest part of those of England, the ungrateful and dishonest men who are now at the head of this journal, MM. Bailly and St. Chéron, have deprived me of every sort of authority on their *rédaction*, although this authority was solemnly guaranteed to me by a formal contract, on the faith of which I and my family were foolish enough to give them more than a thousand pounds. With the help of this money they have saved their perishing journal, doubled the number of its subscribers, and as soon as it was *all* paid and they saw that for the present there was nothing more forthcoming they literally *turned me out*. Now as their principal pretext for this most ungentlemanlike and disgraceful conduct was my partiality for England, and my strenuous objections to their gross and outrageous language against foreign countries and particularly England, I confess I was grievously astonished to see you, in the beginning of the beautiful letter published by them some time ago, deliver them a most flourishing patent of admiration for their impartiality and *esprit d'union* with their foreign brothers. I can certainly not have the slightest objection to your continuing to write them such excellent and interesting letters, which are a consolation and a help to all Catholics—but you will forgive me, my dear friend, for having been surprized and afflicted at seeing you give them as it were *gain de cause* as precisely on the ground for which I had in vain struggled and been defeated by shameful means. I thought their friend, Mr. Gordon, who seems an honest man, and who told me he had seen you, would have informed you of the real state of things. You will easily understand how deeply I have been wounded by the conduct of these men, for whom I have wasted so much time and money, which might have been so much more profitably spent—but such sad lessons of the vanity of all human ties and enterprises are of great use. Experience can only be bought at this high price. As I always acted with regard to the *Univers* in the sole view of being useful to God and His holy church, I know full well that I have gained in God's eyes all I have lost. Thank God I do not feel prone to discouragement and *abattement*, although more inclined than ever to doubt

of the salvation of this country, notwithstanding Lacordaire's strange eulogiums.

I have followed with great interest your correspondence with the *Tablet* on the Puseyites, and am quite of your opinion. Go on, my dearest friend, in your work of real progress and holy warfare—the Almighty has already given you splendid marks of His protection and paternal love: I for one am convinced that there is no country in the world where there is a more ample harvest for Catholicity than in England.

Have you ever heard of Augustus Craven, son to Lord Craven's brother, Keppel Craven, who lives mostly in Naples? He is (the son) attaché to the English Embassy at Brussels, has married a daughter of Count de La Ferronnays, a dear friend of mine, and has become a most zealous, pious, and intelligent Catholic. He wrote to me the other day to ask some details about you, and why you were not in Parliament, where he wishes much to enter, if he could find out some Catholic leader to fight under. He is much discontented with the Catholic members, such as Ld. Surrey, Fitzallan, Howard of Corby, etc. If ever you meet with him, go up to him as to an old friend; let me be the link between you—he is a charming soul, and his wife too.

My wife is staying through the winter with her old grandfather and grandmother, the Marquis and Mse. de Grammont. I have come here for a short relaxation and return in a few days to Paris to fight and vote against the infamous *Fortification* bill. I have changed my house and live now *Rue du Bac*, 36 *bis*. When shall I see you there? The Countess would be so delighted to make your and your dear wife's acquaintance. She desires her best regards to both. Pray write soon, and believe ever in life and death your friend and brother

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

MADEIRA, December 7th, 1842,
feast of *St. Ambroise*, your blessed patron.

MY DEAREST FRIEND AND BROTHER—The date of my letter will rather startle you, I suppose, and indeed so it well may do: I should have been myself sadly startled if any body had told me six months ago that I should be now and for an indefinite period confined to this *morally* most deserted island! As you may however easily imagine, one cause alone and that a most urgent one, my wife's health, could have brought me here. She has been in rather a declining state—since her last *accouchement* in May 1841, (about the time I last wrote to you); and after

having tried without success the waters of Ems this summer, I determined on doing at once what is too often done too late, and going as far as possible to look for whatever benefit climate and repose can give—having been informed through English friends and physicians of the extreme power of the air of Madeira in cases of the chest, and knowing by personal and painful experience the inefficacy of the most celebrated Italian places of resort for invalids, *nous avons pris notre courage à deux mains*, and we came here, about two months ago—My beloved wife is, thank God, not at all in an alarming state, at present, but in pulmonary complaints we too well know that if *preventive* measures are not speedily and energetically employed, *repressive* measures, as in many other cases, are of no use. How long we shall stay here, God only knows: it will depend on the result we anticipate from this winter's experience—I am greatly afraid that we shall hardly be able to get off before the spring of 1844.

Such a long exile, and in such a place, is indeed a serious trial, particularly so to me, who am thus completely severed from all the numerous ties of political, literary and social life which made my existence in Paris agreeable to myself and perhaps in some degree useful to others. But I could not hesitate between that and a paramount duty. I have brought some books with me; and I intend to work as hard as I can at my history of St. Bernard, although the total absence of any sort of public or private library, and of every stimulus through conversation or emulation, must naturally damp my spirits and constantly arrest my pen—nothing can exceed the moral and intellectual destitution of this miserable place: as a climate it is *really* excellent, and then there are some very picturesque parts in the remote quarters of the Island, although so difficult of access as to preclude much enjoyment of them. But, my dear friend, how melancholy would not your tender and catholic soul feel, if you were to see what a state of decrepitude these unfortunate people have fallen into, owing partly to the torpid stupid despotism of the old régime, and partly to the empty and brutal pride of their new-fangled liberalism. The Jesuits and Franciscans have been swept away with everything poetical, noble and generous, and there remains nothing but a set of half-starved wine merchants who look upon themselves as mightily *éclairés* because they have read Voltaire and never open their prayer-books—the lower orders are still good in point of faith, but completely abandoned by the secular clergy, who are most unworthy—more than half schismatical—leading the most irregular life, and gabbling over the divine beauties of the Roman Liturgy, with the most shameful haste, in order to get

out of the Churches as soon as possible and shut them up like the protestant Chapel. So much so that even on Sundays after midday, it is impossible to get into the Church.

There are here about five hundred English, of a most inferior description, but some of whom are full of biblical zeal, and go about distributing Portuguese Bibles; luckily they do not seem to have done much harm as yet—God in His mercy has not allowed the enemies of His holy Church to discover the *really* weak parts of her fortress.

When I turn my languid thoughts from this scene of decline and atony there is no spot, I can sincerely say, on which I am more firm to rest them than on England and on her glorious advances to Catholic unity, through the efforts you so sensibly describe and appreciate in your delightful letter of last October. Thanks to the *Tablet* and the *Catholic* I can follow with an anxious eye and heart every step your Puseyite friends are taking; and I do so with the most heartfelt sympathy—I *fear* that too much is said about them, and too hasty conclusions drawn out of their writings and actions, in the Catholic press both of England and France: Whenever I read anything on this subject in our foolish papers, I always wish I could gag the editors and throw away all their ink—because however useful and pleasant it may be to comfort *us* by informing us of what is going on, it is a thousand times more important not to put the slightest impediment in the way which these Puseyites are so marvellously treading in—I have been reading *Faber's* book "*Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches*," and have been really *confounded* at all I have found in that book.—At Brussels on my way here, I met at Craven's (who completely sympathizes with you and me on this subject) Mr. Seager, who had come over in order to reprint the Sarum Missal and Breviary—he is a most agreeable man—much indeed, I should have liked to follow your suggestions and called at Oxford, a place now to me almost as interesting as Rome itself—but as Lord Bacon said, "a man who has a wife and children has given hostages to fortune that he *will* not do as he likes"—The approach of winter hurried me through England, where we did not spend in all *forty-eight* hours! had I been able to direct my movements as I had wished, I should certainly have fell in upon you, my dearest friend, with my wife under my arm, but this could not be: my wife was accompanied by a part of her family who only left her at Southampton, where we embarked, and we could not run the risk of missing a packet without encountering the serious danger of a cold which might have rendered our journey to Madeira ineffectual.

You know, I am sure, how I feel with you in all you say about

the *old* English Catholics—they are indeed (except your friend Lord Shrewsbury) a pitiful set : and so they are in France : their narrow-minded *petitesse* is constantly throwing difficulties and disappointments in the path of those who are struggling towards the sweet light of Catholic truth and unity. But if we turn the pages of history, we shall find that it has almost always been so ; that the most dangerous (when not the guiltiest) of the Church's enemies have always been in her own bosom : this is certainly one of the mysteries of God's power and greatness. We must not neither be *too* indulgent for all Puseyites : in many there is still great *pride* and self-confidence. I send you a copy of a sublime letter from Father Lacordaire, my old friend and companion in arms, to a *Greek* Lady in *THE* print which the Puseyites must be kept to. Now you, my dearest friend, must send me back this copy here and immediately, (as I have no other and can not do without it). I think it may be of great use to you and your Oxford friends. You know the mail comes out to Madeira from London the 1st and 15th of every month : unfortunately it does not return from hence by the regular steamers, but only now and then through Lisbon.

Last autumn (1841) I made a most exquisite tour in Brittany ! I was delightfully surprised to find so much faith and Catholic beauty of all sorts in that noble province. If ever you *can*, go to *St. Anne d'Auray*, near Vannes, on St. Ann's day (July 26th) and you will see such a sight as will make your heart leap with joy and love. I was unfortunately not able to find an estate to purchase in Brittany, when my life would have been one of constant enjoyment and sympathy—and have at last been obliged to put up with one in Burgundy, called *La Roche-en-Breny*, half way between Paris and Lyons near Saulieu and Semur : it is a *relai de poste* and to be found in every map. It is on the borders of a wild and rather romantic tract called the *Morvan*, where I have also some property, and not far from *Franche-Comté* where my wife's estates are situated. But the place is far from being what I should have desired, particularly as to the inhabitants who are of the common French sort of democratic infidels—the Château is old but wants a deal of repair and embellishment, so that you must not come and see me there for several years to come, even in the favourable supposition that I should ever get out of Madeira.

I am glad to see that you seem quite come round to my view of the close and natural union between Catholicity and real Conservatism (which does not at all mean Tory corruption nor the low servile *monarchisme* of continental Catholics) : you remember I used to reproach you with being a little too much of

a Whig, while reading the morning Chronicle in your father's saloon at Garendon, and during that most delightful tour of ours in Yorkshire.

This is your *fête*, my dearest friend, and I bless the happy opportunity of a vessel that leaves to-morrow for Lisbon, and enables me thus to *vous la souhaiter bonne et heureuse*. Mind if you have not yet got it, to have Dom Gueranger's admirable *Avent Liturgique*, wherein you will find such hymns and prayers to your St. Ambrose as you have no idea of. Pensez à moi pauvre exilé, in enjoying them. This Dom Gueranger, abbot of the only real Benedictine abbey in the world, I am afraid, is *sur le tout* the best ecclesiastic we have in France. I take it for granted you have read his two volumes of *Institutions Liturgiques*; no thing can be more instructive or interesting—I recommend you also the *Vicissitudes de l'Eglise Catholique en Russie* by Theiner, that is to be published *now* at Debecourt's with a short preface of mine.

Pray tell me in your next if *Bowden's* life of St. Gregory VII. is worth reading—if there is any good to be picked out of it—or whether it is mere trash like Sir Roger Gresley's.

The Countess having kindly volunteered to make the enclosed copy of Lacordaire's epistle for your sake, you may keep it for good and *not* send it back.—And now my dearest friend and brother, I must bid you farewell, hoping that you will soon have pity on me and write, and that you will ever rely on the faithful attachment of your devoted and affectionate friend,

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

I congratulate on your last increase of family and beg to be respectfully remembered to your Lady.

LA ROCHE EN BRENY (CÔTE D'OR),

August 29th, 1846.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—Your affectionate and valuable letter of the 6th inst. only reached me a few days ago, on my return from a short excursion in Savoy, I now hasten to tell you that I was far from supposing that your prolonged silence arose from the feelings of grief and vexation which you now inform me of, as having been produced in your heart, by my letter to Mr. Neale. Not only do I most heartily forgive you for your supposed trespass against me, but I craved your forgiveness for myself, and for the pain I gave you by this letter, although most unwillingly. I must however confess that I am quite at a loss to understand *how* my letter to the Camden Society could give any sort of check to the course you had been

so usefully and so nobly pursuing for many years. Many people have told me quite the contrary: and if I remember right, Mr. Tickell, one of the recent converts, quoted in his public letter to the *Times*, a passage from my said epistle to the Camdenians, in order to justify and explain his going over to Rome. Surely my letter contains nothing more severe against the Puseyites than the eloquent picture of the so-called Anglo-Catholic Church, drawn by Mr. Newman himself in the *Dublin Review* for last June, p. 453. I confess I cannot refrain from making a most essential difference among the Puseyites or Anglo-Catholics, between those who are humble, simple, and *feel* the weakness of their positions, and those proud ignorant and obstinate fools, who think themselves the true representatives of Catholicism in the world, like the people who write in the *English Churchman*: who pretend, like Neale himself and so many others, to understand every beauty and to practise every virtue of Catholicity, in maintaining their schismatical disobedience against Rome and their outrageous contempt of the "Romanists" in England. These men, I am convinced, will always prove the worst enemies of the Church—more so than infidels themselves.

However, whatever may be our slight differences on these appreciations, not of principles but of persons, we have surely sufficient reasons to be more united than ever in our devotion to the Catholic cause, and in our gratitude to the Almighty for the immense mercies which he has granted to both our countries. Do you remember, my dearest friend, our kneeling down in sight of the ruins of Fountains Abbey, and the prayer and the vow that we then made to Heaven, that it might please God never to let us repose from action till the Church of our forefathers had recovered her freedom and her rights both in England and in France? Little could we then suppose how near we were to the consummation of our wishes: little could you suppose that within a few short years the Anglican prison would be shook to its very foundation, and that so many bright souls would rush forth from her dungeons and fall into our opened arms: still less would I expect that the Catholics of France would break through the trammels of three centuries of despotism, gallicanism, and jansenism, and astonish the world by the energy, the perseverance, and the glorious unity of their efforts against the tyranny of bureaucratic rationalism. We have indeed made great progress, and the recent elections have given most unexpected proof of our increasing strength: but things will not go on always so smoothly, and we must now look forward to more than one defeat, and particularly to the defection of some of those on whom we had relied till now—*cum infirmior, tunc*

potens sum . . . that must be our comfort. As for me, it has pleased God to call me up to a position for which I am really unfit, and which I can only occupy in default of some one much better calculated than I can be for such a responsibility: this *some one* is certainly residing *somewhere*, and he will appear when necessary and I shall be both proud and happy to recognise him as my chief. Till he arises to claim his right, I must do my best, but the consciousness of my *utter unworthiness* to fill the station I *seem* to occupy, is a source of continual weakness and distress to me. I thank you, my dearest friend, for all the interesting information your letter contains: I heartily condole with you on the loss of your sweet Reginald, my godson, but what consolation to be able to say every day of him in the language of your beautiful old English epitaphs for children: *cujus anima cum Deo!* My wife and two little girls are, thank God, in good health, and I trust no further Madeira voyage will be necessary. I am going on slowly with my history of St. Bernard, and find it most difficult to carry on historical researches *de front* with political and parliamentary struggles. However I hope to have some months' quiet study in this old *délabré* unfurnished manor, which I have neither the time nor the money necessary to repair and furnish. How much I should like to go and see all your glorious works in England! but for this also leisure and money are wanting! Lord Shrewsbury kindly invited me to the consecration of the new church at Cheadle: and I have this year become the friend of Lord Arundel and Surrey, a most precious acquisition, I assure you, and *quite a convert*, although born a Catholic but brought up by such a Father!! Pray write to me often and *pray, pray* constantly, for one who stands more in need of prayer than you *can imagine*, Believe me *ever* your affectionate and devoted friend and brother,

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

Offer my most respectful homage to your amiable wife, whose gracious hospitality I can never forget.

CHÂTEAU DE TRÉLEN (NORD),
3 September 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—I hope you have not been tempted to accuse me of being ungrateful or forgetful on account of my long delay in replying to your most affectionate and interesting letter of last May. When I received that precious token of your constant friendship and interest for my spiritual and temporal welfare, I was still in the thick of the struggle which I have been unexpectedly called upon to lead and direct among

the Catholic laymen of France. The most laborious and difficult part of the struggle does not, as might be conceived, consist in the public exertions and *field-days* on which we are obliged to display whatever we may possess of strength and courage ; but much more so in the every-day wear and tear of mind and spirit which is necessary to cope with the interior difficulties of our cause, to accustom the slow and the fearful to open warfare, to discipline the unruly, and to enlighten those whom we are obliged to follow and respect, even when they are led astray. Almost the whole burden of this most fatiguing work falls upon me : and this must plead my excuse for not having sooner thanked you for your paternal remembrance of me. Besides these labours for the sake of God and His Holy Church, which always bring their reward sooner or later, I have been of late worn down by matters of a very inferior description, and of much less certain result ; by pecuniary difficulties of all sorts, newly purchased estates to manage, and old colonial property to retrieve from rack and ruin if possible. I have been detained in Paris by these sordid and worthless avocations even beyond the protracted term of our parliamentary session, and have but very recently been able to join my wife and children here, at my father-in-law's estate, where I hope to remain some time in peace. Let me answer your most affectionate inquiries about her by informing you of her safe arrival in France just at the close of that eventful discussion on the freedom of education which you have so well understood. Her health, although not completely set up, is on the whole considerably better, and we have the greatest hopes of her being able to spend next winter in France, which is the more ardently to be desired, as it would be most difficult for me to leave this country in the present state of affairs, for any prolonged period. Both our little girls, Elisabeth and Katherine, are going on very well.

And now let me tell you, my dearest friend and brother, that amongst the numerous testimonials of sympathy and approbation which have rewarded me far above my deserts, none could have been more gratifying to my heart and soul than your delightful letter. Often have I thought of you during my labours, and of the gratifications with which your most Catholic spirit must have witnessed the gradual resurrection of the long-compressed energy of Catholic France. We have indeed much to praise and bless God for : there are few miracles in the History of the Church more astounding than the conduct of the French Bishops, considering whence they come, and by whom they have been chosen ! The inferior clergy is most admirable : but the laymen are still asleep and require unceasing exertions to be called up

to a proper sense of their duty and responsibility. Much therefore is still to be done: and the ultimate event of the struggle is very doubtful. Mais c'est là l'affaire de Dieu: le nôtre est de lui obéir et de le servir, *advienne que pourra*. We have more than ever need of perseverance and humility—for we are still most weak—but as the apostle says: *cum infirmor, tunc potens sum*. And I pray to God that in His mercy He will never deprive us of these necessary incitements to remain meek and humble before Him, in this awful period of pride and self-sufficing.

Weighed down as I am under a constant pressure of unremitting duties and avocations, it would be quite out of my power to accede to your wish in writing any thing about our present struggles for the English periodicals. Bishop M'Lennan asked me to do so some months ago for the *Dublin Review* but I was obliged to decline. In this case *charity begins at home* and I am really accountable of all my time to the French Catholics who have been so generous in their confidence in me—The very little leisure I have must be exclusively devoted to my history of S. Bernard, the first volume of which *ought* to be published next winter. A sample of this volume, the Story of St. Anselm, has recently come out in the *Correspondant*, a most excellent periodical, by far the best that has yet appeared in France, and which I most strongly recommend you to take in, with the *Univers*. The principal contributor is M. Charles Lenormant, a first-rate writer and Savant, member of the Institute, and our most precious conquest amongst recent converts. I have read several numbers of the *English Churchman*, but neither there nor in the *English Review* have found anything to make up for the loss of the *British Critic*, nor to induce me to change my opinion about the definitive result of Puseyism. But my mind is open to conviction: only I must wait for proofs. I sent Dr. M'Lennan some time ago a letter I wrote from Madeira to a Puseyite I met here, the author of "*Nierologus*": I do not know what he has done with that letter which was meant for the *Dublin Review*. Pray if you see him inquire about it. I am sorry to see you are so severe about the *Tablet*: I confess I esteem its *vulgarity* much higher than the base conduct of the England aristocracy, including Lord Arundel and Surrey, to the Emperor Nicholas! The Catholics want spirit everywhere, and Lucas has got spirit—that is his great virtue—a thousand thanks for Mr. Faber's beautiful lines. Pray let me hear from you *as often as possible*, your letters are a balm to my weary heart. Let me present my respectful homage to Mrs. Phillipps and believe me ever your most affectionate and faithful friend and brother in Christ,

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

Did you ever get my speeches I sent you in a letter as well as to Lord John Manners and Mr. Smythe with whom I got acquainted in my passage through London.

LA ROCHE EN BRENY (CÔTE D'OR),
in Apparit S. Michaelis, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—Having escaped for a few days from the dreadful furnace of Paris, in which I have been plunged for the last fifteen months without intermission, I make use of my first moments of leisure to thank you for your most kind, interesting, and edifying letter of last January. I have however neither time nor strength enough to enter into the different subjects which you so feelingly and eloquently discuss. Suffice it to you that there is *not one* point (excepting *poor* Ireland and that *less* than in former times) on which I differ from your truly Catholic appreciation of men and things. Your reference to our pilgrimage to the Cistercian abbeys of Yorkshire has moistened my eyes with tears of sweet memory, but also of deep regret at the thought of my dear historical and monastic labours, so grievously interrupted and demolished by the shipwreck of our unfortunate commonwealth. Two volumes of *Introduction* to the history of St. Bernard, I had not only written but *printed* when the last revolution broke out. The change of circumstances, and a pungent conviction of the imperfection of these volumes, has decided me to suppress them, and to *begin again*; but when and where? God alone knows. I have had to exchange the calm dignity and freedom of the Peerage for the odious and brutal democratical life of what is called in our *jargon* a National Assembly! Silence, peace, retirement, hours of laborious leisure, are now out of the question, and will be so, till some new revolution, which may perhaps, if I am not devoured by the revolutionary Leviathan, throw me on some unknown and solitary shore, where I shall, under God's mercy, resume my monastic labours. Till then, strife, noise, and *useless* struggles against the revolutionary monster must be my lot! Pray for me, that I may not sink under my burden, that my sins may not turn away the mercy of God from me, and above all that I may not forget and betray my own soul, in the midst of the turmoils and distractions of a political life, which is now nothing less than a constant battle against the deadliest enemies that society has ever known.

Believe me, my dearest and kindest friend, I should be most happy, most grateful to God, if I could return to England and particularly to Grace-Dieu not to stir you up, as you say, (I am

heartily tired of that), but to enjoy the peace and joy of Catholic unity with such friends as yourself and Lord Arundel, in the only country of Europe which has as yet been spared by the revolutionary torrent. But *when* and *how* I shall ever be able to re-visit England unless as an emigrant, is what I am completely ignorant of. And besides will you be long spared? I trust and most ardently wish you may, but I can hardly hope so. I am deeply alarmed at the gradual invasion of democratical ideas, language and measures in the policy of England. The *defection* of Sir Robert Peel and the odious continental system of Lord Palmerston in Switzerland, Italy and Spain, display a sad falling off from the glories of Chatham, Burke and even Canning. If England could or would become Catholic, then indeed I should be sure even of her temporal salvation. But as you remark, nothing at present can lead us to expect such a consummation.

I suppose you take in the *Univers*, the only journal in Europe which can keep a Catholic *au courant* of what interests religion in the whole world. I need not therefore, even if I had time, enter into details about the state of France or Europe. We are all progressing onwards to the *bottomless pit* of socialism, which is nothing else but the logical conclusion of protestantism and democracy. Nothing, I am convinced can or will save us. Thanks to Louis Bonaparte we have now a short halt on the road: but we shall ere long *move on*. As you most justly say *the day of Europe is passed; she has sinned too deeply to be forgiven: every power except the Church will be utterly destroyed*. But let us beware of becoming, to any degree, the instruments or accomplices of the work of destruction, as too many Catholics amongst us, such as Lacordaire, Ozanam, Maret, etc., are inclined to do or have done.

I quite approve of your scheme of a confraternity to promote sound Catholic principles, in politics, in education, and in art: but who is to put the scheme in action, to give it the necessary impulsion? At all events I shall be ready to adhere. Your domestic information has much interested me: I am happy to hear that Mrs. Phillipps is so well. I grieve that *my godson* should have so soon disappeared, although certainly it is much the best for him. My wife was confined a few weeks ago of a 5th daughter (two having died infants): this new-comer has been named *Magdalen*, in honour of the great saint who is the real heroine of the Pascal time during which our child was born. Adieu, my dearest friend, and believe me *ever* and most truly yours,

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

I subjoin a few notes on the subject you so kindly insist upon.

TRÉLORS (NORD), *September 30th, 1850.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—If you begin to get suspicious and *fretty*, like any common-place protestant enlightened democratical Man of the world, I shall give you up as a bad and ungrateful friend, notwithstanding all the gratitude I owe you and feel for you—I thought I had already explained to you, that being for the present chained up in the galleys of political life and strife, I could not think of allowing myself the gratification of corresponding with you as if I was a Catholic gentleman at large, wandering about ruined abbeys and dusty folios, as I did for six months every year before the glorious *Æra* of the Second Republic!—But when we knelt down together, in a paroxysm of admiration and indignation, in the midst of Fountains' noble and desecrated remains, I thought that you would thenceforth have relied upon me *for ever*, and go on treating me *generously* during the remainder of our lives. This generosity must consist for a long time to come in writing to me as often as you can without expecting regular answers, and particularly without complaining about my very involuntary *silence*. During our too short prorogations I am almost as much taken up by electioneering journeys, political correspondence, public or private interference in Catholic affairs, and also unfortunately by domestic embarrassments and the *rights* and *duties* of property, as I am by legislative battles and parliamentary Tactics while the assembly is sitting. I have at present on the *tapis* a great report to be made, at the re-opening of the session, on the bill for ensuring the *better observation of the Sabbath*: and if I could save a few weeks to look through my two volumes of manuscript *Monasticon*, which have been closed and concealed for the last two years, I should feel most grateful to God. But how is all this to be carried on with frequent and regular letter-writing? However I feel I must write to-day, in order to thank you for your very kind and interesting letter of July 2d, and also for the beautiful lithography of dear St. Bernard's abbey, which has been sent to me here from Paris, and which I intend to have framed and hung up at my poor place in Burgundy, as an ornament and a comfort, until the Socialists come and turn me out to be hanged or otherwise to experience the sweet mercies of democracy.

You ask me if I am in better spirits and have better prospects for the future, than when I last wrote—not in the least, my dear friend and brother! We have indeed achieved most glorious and unexpected triumphs both for the Church and for Society, by the *quasi-miraculous* restoration of the Pope, by the

Education Law, and by our last measure against universal suffrage. But these victories have been cruelly embittered for me by the sad division amongst Catholics, which has been created by the violence, pride and brutal calumnies of the *Univers*. That *you* should have felt *for* me and *with* me, during this painful contest, has been a deep and serious consolation to me, and the more so as I have generally met with the greatest injustice and ingratitude among my former friends and disciples. My conscience was not only at rest, but I felt I had never during my whole life acted as a truer and more devoted son of the Church, than in consenting to act as lieutenant to my junior M. de Falloux, in his attempt to end a struggle on the best possible terms,—although these terms were neither to my taste nor of my invention. This however was so mis-interpreted by the *Univers* and its supporters (people who for the most were living on my past efforts both political and PECUNIARY) that I have been held up as a deserter, a traitor, etc., and hardly has this storm subsided, than a new danger arises, from the blind passion with which the Catholic press is throwing itself at the feet of the Count de Chambord and the legitimist party, thus undoing all our work of the last twenty years to secure the independent and impartial position of the Church towards *all* political parties, and at the same time repaying by the blackest ingratitude the immense services that Prince Louis Bonaparte has been rendering to the Catholic cause. All our evils, as you see, are the work of that *infernal* instrument, the *Press*; and if allowed to go on as it does, I am afraid it will render the government of spiritual affairs almost as impossible as temporal power is become throughout all Europe.

However, that the Church will stand, and not only weather the storm, but ultimately emerge more brilliant and more powerful than ever, is my most decided conviction. But for the salvation of temporal affairs throughout Europe, I have no hope whatever. Many individuals will be converted, and we see every day striking instances of the salutary effect produced on the minds and hearts of people who some years ago ranked amongst the foremost enemies of truth and justice. But I see no symptom of a downright change in the political and social views of those nations, whose popular passions and prejudices are now invested with omnipotence, by the absurd and fatal theory of *equality* and universal suffrage. To save Europe from the wreck of democracy, she must do what St. Remigius required of Clovis: *burn all that she has adored and adore all that she has burnt*. Very few being inclined to such a *radical reform*, I conclude that democracy will gain its point, which is and must be the total

overthrow of society. When any human institution is destroyed, then those who remain alive will undoubtedly turn to the Church, and request her to rebuild the edifice which she had constructed for modern Europe a thousand years ago. But as I am convinced that the duty of a Christian is never to become the accomplice or the instrument of revolutionary men or principles, (although Revolution is both the consequence and the Chastisement of all that had been done against the Church), I am determined to stand firm and die on the breach, as many of my ancestors have done for a less worthy and less glorious cause.

That England will survive, is what I can hardly suppose. You know how great an admirer I am of Old England, notwithstanding all her faults: but I cannot refrain from thinking that *New England* will sooner or later reap the fruits of Lord Palmerston's infamous policy, and that the spirit of Dickens, Carlyle, the *Daily News*, and such new luminaries, will soon steer the fine old man of war into such shoals and storms as will ensure its speedy destruction. But there as elsewhere the Church will prove the strongest. If England would repent and become Catholic, every thing even in a temporal view, might be saved. But there seems no chance of that. Lord Fielding's conversion must have been a great consolation to you all. Many such examples will most likely be given, but the bulk of the nation and the aristocracy appears to be irrevocably vowed to the adoration of *Mammon*. The unspeakable wrongs of Ireland must be expiated, and will be so—I am afraid,—ere long. Although a great admirer of Father Newman, and particularly of his last *lectures on Anglican difficulties*, I quite agree with you on their absurd system of architecture—and having had lately an opportunity of writing to Lord Arundel, I have told him my mind about the shocking idea of building up in smoky London a counterfeit of the horrible Roman Churches, without having even the poor compensation of Italian sun and sky. I am quite confident however that they will not succeed: it is now proved throughout Europe that no new Churches can be built *by subscription*, except Gothic ones. In France and Germany we see the fact most curiously exemplified every day.

I am delighted to hear that Mrs. Phillips and your numerous family are going on so well. Pray give my kindest remembrance to your amiable Lady. I am far from despairing of being able to renew my visit to Grace-Dieu—quite the contrary. One of these days you will see me once more knocking at your door—perhaps as an exile if not as a Pilgrim. My wife is tolerably well, and so are my three daughters, Elisabeth, Catherine, and Magdalene. My brother is married and has two boys. Never

forget me in your prayers, and rely on your affectionate friend
and brother,
CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

VICHY, *July 17th*, 1853.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—I hope you have not been hurt or astonished at my long silence and apparent ingratitude in not having sooner thanked you for your most interesting letters of November 1851 and June 1852. Severe illness, (the consequences of which oblige me to spend some time every year at the watering-place where I date this letter), and still severer moral pains and disappointments have taken up my time and attention for a long period. My book on *the Catholic interests of the XIXth century* must have been looked upon by you as a personal letter, corresponding to all our old and durable sympathies, as well as to the very precious and sagacious notions contained in your last communications. I was greatly concerned not to meet you in Paris last November, where I arrived but a very few days after you had left—but still more, I must confess, at hearing that YOU ALSO (*et tu, Brute !*) were an admirer of the present order of things in France, and a decided partisan of the deplorable and detestable identification of Catholicism and despotism upheld by the *Univers*. I had hoped that my arguments and demonstrations, as expounded in the above-mentioned essay, would have in some degree *converted* you—but from what I hear about your hoping that the Pope will come and crown our present absolute monarch, I must conclude that you and I are unfortunately completely at variance on this most important subject. I shall not attempt to enter into a lengthened discussion with you on facts and principles. I trust that time and approaching events will sooner or later open your eyes to the fatal consequences of what is going on in France. But I cannot refrain from expressing my grief and surprize at the strange fact that *such a perfect MEDIEVAL man as you*, my dearest friend, should for one moment admire and adopt a system so completely at variance with the glorious principles and traditions of the Catholic ages of faith and freedom, as the base and stupid rule at present exercised by the Emperor of France and upheld by the ravings of Veuillot, Coquille, Rupert, and such pitiful writers! That guilty and ungrateful France may have *deserved* such a humiliating punishment is not to be doubted: but to transform this humiliation into a merciful and blessed dispensation of truth and Christian justice seems to me quite monstrous. I was, as you may remember, a decided partisan of Louis Napoleon, when he was still an honest man, at war with

party intrigues on one hand and with socialist passion on the other, while the *Univers*, with its usual reckless violence, was his decided antagonist and doing its best to identify the Catholic cause with that of the Count de Chambord. I even went very far in my approbation of his *Coup d'Etat* and its immediate consequences; but I turned away in disgust from the man and his measures, as soon as I discovered that he was exclusively directed by mean personal dynastical motives, and led away by the most inexcusable baseness to commit the crime which triumphant socialism had not dared to commit in 1848, and despoil the House of Orleans (who had *twice* granted him his life) of their legitimate patrimony. I now only ask you how you conceive the clergy in France will be able to preach the respect of the seventh Commandment *non furtum facies*, after having received the five million of francs allowed to them out of the produce of this theft? But alas! the strength and honor of the Catholic cause is withering away in France, under the baneful influence of the *Univers* and its patrons. Our Bishops have spoken and written in a style which will dishonour them before posterity, and place them on a par with the lowest ecclesiastical courtiers of the times of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. All the old and popular prejudices against the alliance of religion with tyranny and hypocrisy will be renewed: all the fruit of our long and laborious efforts in favour of religious freedom and independence, which were productive of such glorious results from 1848 to 1850, are now all but lost. The beginning of this most painful and dangerous situation may be traced to the guilty and frantic opposition of the *Univers* to the Education Bill of 1850, which emancipated Catholic Schools; this opposition began the division amongst French Catholics, which is now at its climax and will not probably cease in our lifetime.

Why you who are so justly severe about the *Tablet* and the *Rambler's unnecessary harsh and insulting language*, should be so partial to the *Univers* is more than I can conceive. You must know that *all* the old and tried champions of the Catholic cause since 1830 are against the *Univers*; Lacordaire, Falloux, Lenormant, Foisset, Carné, the two Riancey's, &c., &c.—but we see the mass of the clergy borne away by the torrent of servile adhesion to the *droit des plus forts*, which has been pouring forth day after day by our only daily paper. We are barely able to stand firm in our small retrenchment of the *Correspondant*, a monthly periodical, in which we now and then protest, as far as our present legislation permits, against the folly and the baseness of those who are doing their best to bring back things to what they were under the Restoration. The next number will con-

tain an article of mine on Donoso Cortes. Whatever may be the ultimate result of our struggles (and my hopes are nothing less than sanguine), you will never find me amongst the cringing servile flatterers of the present régime. I for one, both as a Catholic and a Frenchman, shall never resign myself to look upon despotism, silence, and base material lucre as the *beau idéal* of government. When the Church shall have obtained *one* single liberty, such as those we obtained for her in 1848 and 1849; when the State shall rank amongst its chief magistrates *one* single honest man, then, but not till then, shall I be induced to mitigate my determined opposition to the Imperial régime. To turn to a more pleasing subject, I must tell you, my dearest friend, how delighted I have been to make your two sons' acquaintance. They are really most agreeable and accomplished youths and you may easily imagine with what interest and heartfelt gratification I behold those two little boys whom I so well remember bearing the cross and incense at mass in Grace-Dieu Chapel in 1839, grown up to be such fine and noble intelligent youths.¹ They are great favourites with my wife and daughters. I hope we shall still have them next winter in Paris. As for you, I *don't wish you to come over at all*, since you only intend to come when the Pope comes to the Coronation!! But I have great thoughts of going over myself with my wife to England next spring, only to breathe a little fresh air in a free country, and also in order to judge by myself of the state of Catholic interests in England. I greatly fear that most of your converts are rather too much *Italianised* by their conversion—and regret this the more as nothing in my opinion can be greater or more glorious than the combinations of Catholic faith and truth with the old English Spirit. I am now proceeding to my poor place in Burgundy, *La Roche-en-Breny*, (Côte d'or) in order to resume my monastical and historical studies. I have already told you I think that your beautiful view of the Cistercian abbey founded by you and visited by me with you was hung up before my desk. I trust I shall go there once more with you. Pray give my respectful and affectionate homage to your wife, and believe me always your true and devoted friend,

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

PARIS, June 10th, 1854.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—I have received with gratitude and read with the deepest interest your eloquent letter

¹ His eldest son Ambrose Charles who died in 1883, and Everard killed at Delhi in 1857.

of the 2d inst. The details it contains and the views it expresses are calculated to give strength and consolation to every Catholic mind; and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for having afforded me this consolation at a time when I am, for *many* reasons, more inclined to grief than to joy.

I thought myself authorized, by what you had stated in a previous letter to your son, to communicate this most interesting document to M. l'abbé Cognat, who, I have no doubt, will know how to use the information it contains for his own advantage.

I have no doubt of the *ultimate triumph* of Catholicism in the present world, and even in the present century—but I am afraid that its date will be deferred, by the present attitude and conduct of many of the Church's rulers and advocates, a conduct and an attitude so entirely at variance with that of their predecessors and with their own, during the twenty-five years which the spirit of O'Connell and of Pius IX. had seemed to *résumer* so gloriously.

I had hoped to have conferred about all this with you at Grace-Dieu Manor—and about this very time—but my *procès* will prevent my leaving France this summer. Most people think that the total absence of evidence will oblige the Imperial Government to let its hostile intentions against my humble person fall to the ground. But as yet there is nothing definitively known about the result of the judicial proceedings which have been worrying me for the last three months. I could not doubt for one instant of your friendship and sympathy for me—although my *great* affliction, during my recent difficulties, has been to see myself most sadly and strangely betrayed and abandoned by some of those whom I looked upon as my *oldest* and *best* friends. But I feel quite sure of *you*, notwithstanding our political differences. How such a *medieval* man as you can talk of the “great and comprehensive mind of the Emperor,” is what I am quite at a loss to conceive. I know him well, and can assure you his is a very *little* mind and particularly a very *little heart*—*Sed de his iterum in tempore opportuno*.

We have sometimes the pleasure of seeing your son, who is an excellent youth. I hope all the rest of your family are well. My wife and children are going on very well. Adieu, my very dear friend and brother; ever pray for me; your now *old* and *shipwrecked* friend, that the Almighty may grant me His grace and His mercy, of which I always stand so much in need.

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

PARIS, EASTER SUNDAY, 1856.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—Lord Fielding, on going through Paris a short time ago, informed us of the cruel trial you had undergone by the death of your dear little Bernard, and gave us some most interesting and edifying details on this holy child's departure for a better world. Having never lost a child, except two babies a month old, I cannot know from experience what you have felt; but I am sure you know that nothing that befalls you can be indifferent to me. You and your dear wife have doubtless borne this Calamity with Christian meekness and fortitude: but how painful it must have been to both your hearts, to see this flower you were carefully watering and nursing cropt in the bud: and although we may safely hope and believe that you have in this departed son another protecting angel in heaven, yet all must grieve with you that Catholic England should thus be deprived of a Catholic gentleman reared by you, who would assuredly have proved a worthy Scion of your noble stock.

I hope soon to hear that Mrs. Philipps and yourself are as well as can be expected after such an affliction. My family is in good health—my oldest daughter, now 18 years old, is just *coming out!* my second, who is four years younger, we have placed for some time to come in a very good convent, in order to keep her apart from the trial of staying at home and going to bed while her sister is to go out into the world. My wife will be confined in July, and after that we shall immediately proceed to a small place belonging to her family in the highlands of Franche-Comté where we shall expect you and your son, if you execute the plan we spoke about of a journey to France and Switzerland next summer—and great indeed will be my gratification to see you again and talk over the interesting days I have so lately passed under your most hospitable roof at beautiful Grace-Dieu.

Of all the numerous letters I have received about my book in England, I assure you that none gave me greater pleasure than your excellent and eloquent letter of December 29th. I was so delighted to see that you at least, my dearest friend, did not, like so many English Catholics, find me *too English*,—as if the greatest service a man could do to the Catholic cause was not just to show that Catholicity does *not* exclude that just pride and legitimate patriotism which all Englishmen ought to feel when they look on the social institutions and the political liberties which they owe to their Catholic ancestors. But as you justly say, the majority of the present English Catholics would bring us back to the

palmy days of James II. I confess I was far from expecting that any one in England could write against me, as a Mr. T. W. M. did in the *Catholic Standard*, and that not a voice would be raised on my behalf; but the service of truth and honor is not meant for pleasure or even for justice in this world.

On almost every other point I agree with you, and particularly in your prospects of the downfall of Christian Europe, which is treading in the footsteps of Imperial Rome, so much now, that you constantly meet with Sophists like Merivale, Troplong, and the *Univers* of the 21st inst., who maintain that the Roman Empire with its unheard-of bestialities and debasements was far superior to the Greek or Roman republics! On Austria also I think you are in the right. With the present Peace I am satisfied, as I think it will rather hasten the decline of the Ottoman domination. The *Correspondant* is going on splendidly: you will be delighted with Villemain's article on Greek Christianity in the next. The Almighty has blessed this undertaking till now.—Believe me ever, my very dear friend and brother, yours most affectionately,

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

VICHY (ALLIER), *ce* 10 *Juillet* 1857.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—At length I am enabled to answer your most kind and most interesting letter of last July. You must not accuse me of forgetfulness or indifference; but you must condole with me on the numerous and painful events which have prevented my writing to you and to many others, although to none more indebted than to yourself. You have most likely heard of the premature death of my father-in-law, Count Guy de Merode, whose loss has been so deeply felt and proved so great a misfortune for Belgium in its present emergencies. You can well understand the difficulties and labours of all sort which are the consequence of such a catastrophe, with a numerous family and with a legislation such as ours. You will also have probably seen in the papers that after twenty-six years of public services, I had been set aside in the recent elections, and for the first time since I came of age, deprived of a vote in the councils of my country—and this thanks to the *clergy* of Franche-Comté, half of whom voted against me, and the other half staid at home. Such has been the result of the influence of the *Univers* and of its calumnies and denunciations for the past seven years against me and my friends. Although I cannot feel much aggrieved by becoming *à mon tour* a victim to that ostracism against ALL honest and intelligent men, which is the fundamental principle of the Imperial

government in France, yet I must blush at the conduct of the clergy. If they had set up against me a man like Veillot or some such, whose fanatical ravings they approve of, I could have understood their preferring him; but to give me up, the *oldest* and I think I may say the *staunchest* soldier the Church has known in France for long long years, in order to nominate an unknown young man, without any sort of public or private virtue, who has never done and never will do any thing either for religion or for society, but *who belongs to the Imperial domesticity*, and rejoices in wearing a Chamberlain's key behind his back; this, you will confess, shows to what a degree the feeling of *honor* has been exploded amongst those who follow the inspirations of the *leading Catholic Journal*, so much admired and held up in England and Ireland!

But a much more serious misfortune than to be set aside with all the worthiest men of France from the scene of public degradation, is the state of my health. You remember, my dearest friend, how weak and unwell I was even at Grace-Dieu two years ago—the very painful and very humiliating complaint of which I had then felt the first symptoms, has greatly increased, and I have spent all the first months of this year in a melancholy alternative between excruciating sufferings and tedious *régime*. I have had to undergo the cruel operation called *lithotritie*, and even that did not relieve me as it ought to have done—the waters of Vichy have been more successful, and for the first time since last January, I feel invigorated and refreshed. But I cannot conceal from myself that my life will most likely be shortened and, at all events, completely *bouleversé* and *transformé* by a disease which all the science of medicine can but attenuate without ever completely curing it. My greatest trial is to be condemned to greatly reduce the amount of study and intellectual preoccupation to which I have been for ever accustomed, and which physicians pretend to be the cause of my complaint. I call upon all my Christian friends, and upon you above all others, to aid me by their prayers, in order that I may bear this infliction with the humble patience of a Christian—*Saltem vos miseremini mei, amici mei*.

I thank you again and again for your most *true* and most interesting letter of last year. Be assured that we are quite of the same opinion *au fond*, and even the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, which like you I do not look upon as *essential* to the maintenance of his spiritual authority, but which I cannot bear to see demolished or undermined by either monarchical or democratical despotism. The foolish exaggeration of Canon Miley I am no admirer of. I have been reading with interest and

sympathy your tract on the *future unity of Christendom*. Perhaps you are mistaken in point of *fact* on the *extent* of the good dispositions of so large a body of the Anglican clergy as you suppose—but in point of theory, I stand with you, as well as in your historical appreciation of King James II. p. 12. Nothing can be better expressed than your strictures on a Catholic party, p. 28, and on religious intolerance, p. 56. But, my very dear friend, you must expect to be branded as a *fusionist*, a *transactionist*, a *semi-rationalist*, and so on, by that blustering band of Catholic bullies, whose passionate folly has unfortunately got the upper hand in the Church of our days, and whose pestilent influence is destroying in France, Belgium, England and everywhere all that had been gained by quite a different order of principles and conduct from 1800 till 1850. There was in the *Rambler* of last December a very good article on English Catholicism, which I thought might be from your pen. With regard to the Church of England, you have the great authority of Count de Maistre who says: “Si jamais les Chrétiens se rapprochent, comme tout les y invite, il semble que la *motion* doit partir de l’Eglise d’Angleterre. L’Eglise anglicane, qui nous touche d’une main, touche de l’autre ceux que nous ne pouvons toucher, et quoique, sous un certain point de vue, elle soit en butte aux coups des deux partis, et présente le spectacle un peu ridicule d’un révolté qui prêche l’obéissance, cependant elle est *très précieuse* sous d’autres aspects, et peut être considérée comme un de ces intermédiaires chimiques capables de rapprocher les élémens inassociables de leur nature.”

When you see Father *Sisk*, pray tell him that when he wrote to me from Paris, on the occasion of my father in law’s death, I was in Brussels, very unwell, from whence I did not return to Paris till last April and when I had no one to write letters in English for me. Let him therefore charitably excuse and forgive my silence. I can no longer be such an abundant correspondent as I have been, but to you, my dear and *faithful* friend, from whom I still expect long and frequent letters, *en attendant* your long promised visit, I trust to be able till the last days of my life, to express my old affection and true sympathy.

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

LA ROCHE EN BRENY, CÔTE D’OR,
le 20 Janvier 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—The death of my only brother, and indeed of the only near relative I possess, together with the sad state of my health owing to constant returns of the

infirmity I am afflicted with, have prevented my sooner answering your affectionate letter of last November. I trust these lines will reach you soon enough to inform you of my grateful acceptance of your proposal to be the godfather of your next child—and I hope to see *him* or *her* alive and well, together with you and your dear wife, if ever I return to England—which is, I am afraid, not very likely, considering the (to me) most disgusting attitude which the whole English nation has once more assumed towards the French Emperor. Sorry I am to see that you yourself, my dear friend, have not been preserved by your chivalrous and catholic feelings from this Palmerstonian Contagion. You are quite mistaken when you suppose that I am guided in my estimate of the third Napoleon by any *Bourbonic* feeling. I am personally fond of the Orleans princes, but I have no sort of faith or confidence in any dynasty or any royalty, past, present or future. I only love, revere and desire, in the government of this world, three *things*, independent of every person, *justice, freedom and honour*; these three things are directly antipathetic to Napoleon III. as they were to Napoleon I. The nephew is just like the uncle in this respect; he is certainly not such a sanguinary monster, but he is neither an honest man nor a *gentleman*. He may be, as you style him, a *wonderful* politician; if, as is unfortunately too often the case, *enormous lying* is one of the principal qualities of great politicians; I also know that many besides you have looked on him as the *great vindicator of Catholic Rights*, but even before his recent conduct towards the Pope, I confess I never could admit that feigning, spoliation, and political hypocrisy can entitle any man or any prince to the esteem or confidence of those Catholics who have not given up their claim to be looked upon as honest men. Besides I hate *Cesarism*, and on the whole, after having had a sample of both, am convinced that *Socialism*, although more disagreeable, is less dishonourable both for Church and State. To turn to a subject on which we shall better agree, I must tell you that my brother's most painful and unexpected death has reminded me of your good son Everard. He had come safe out of the Italian campaign, and of the dreadful slaughter of Solferino, where he earned his long delayed promotion to the rank of full colonel. His new regiment being in Africa, on the first news of the expedition against Morocco, he flew to join his colours, and hardly had he been a week *en campagne*, when he fell a victim to typhus, which he caught in attending on his poor sick soldiers. On the first attack, he wrote to his wife (who remains with *five* little children): *quelque soit mon sort je l'accepte, en expiation de mes péchés*. A Jesuit father received his confession,

and he expired, with a chaplet in his hand, after *nine* days of solitary agony, in a miserable hospital, on the Morocco frontier. His loss, with all the attending circumstances and heavy responsibilities which it entails on me towards his children, has been a very severe blow to me and mine.—Believe me ever your devoted and attached friend,

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

PARIS, *March 9th*, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—Many, many thanks for your kind and interesting letter of last January. I had been long thinking of congratulating you on your daughter's marriage with Lord Edward Howard, a nobleman whom I am very fond of, and who, like his most excellent brother, has always been a friend to me. I hope that, if this young *ménage* come over to Paris they will take care to let me know. I cannot tell you how distressed I have been by my daughter Catherine's entrance into a religious life. She had been for the last ten years, and indeed ever since my fall from public life, the great joy, comfort and delight of my home. She was a most gay, handsome, sprightly, *dancing*, amusing, ironical being, whom nobody had ever suspected of anything like an inclination towards the cloister; although she had meditated her plan for the last five years, and when on receiving her first notice, only a fortnight before her leaving us for ever, I attempted to obtain a short delay and to seek for some unknown *tristesse* as the reason for her strange determination, she literally *floored* me by long and cogent quotations from the *Monks of the West*! She is now quite *rayonnante* in the novitiate at Confléurs near Paris, where she has been lately joined by a younger sister of my wife's whom we had brought up like a daughter, and whose departure is another source of grief to us—as we have now only two girls remaining which is too small an *interieur* at my age and with so few comforts out of doors.

I was delighted to see that you so completely agreed with my speech at Malines. But what must you have thought of all Manning, Oakley and *tutti quanti* of that School have written and done against me! I have heard from Rome that the Oxford converts and Cardinal Wiseman have been my principal antagonists. Have you read Mr. Ward's tract, privately printed, against me: *civil intolerance of religious error*? How strange, how painfully strange that such opinions should be held by an English man, written and printed in the English language, and on behalf of those English and Irish Catholics who have hardly had time to breathe since their escape from the bloody gripe of the

Penal Code against the freedom of their own religion ! You will however be glad to hear that the Papal Nuncio here, Abp. Chigi, has been authorised to give me full security against any condemnation or censure being pronounced against my speech at Malines. But I am afraid the fanatical party will contrive to get some sort of declaration from Rome more or less contrary to what they call *modern ideas*, that is to say, the effectual conditions of modern life. With affectionate remembrance to Mrs. de Lisle and your children, I shall ever remain, my dear friend and brother, yours most devotedly,

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

PARIS, 15 December 1866.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—I had long hoped to be able to write to you with my own hand, in order to answer your affectionate and interesting letter of last April. But alas ! ever since the fifteenth of that month I have been, as you most likely know, the victim of a serious and painful illness, although my physicians seem to agree that there is no danger in my present state, they do not hold out any hope of a speedy recovery. I can only leave my bed for a few hours each day. I am able to read, but not to write, and even to dictate is for me a great fatigue. I cannot therefore touch as I should wish on the various points which you alluded to. All I can say is that I perfectly agree with you on every opinion which you express and particularly on the fact which you so forcibly and so justly describe, when you say that the insane violence of the leading party amongst Catholics, has done more to alienate men's minds from religion, than such books as Renan's and Colenso's. Pray therefore, rest assured, that nothing has occurred to impair the feeling which united us twenty seven years ago, and of which you so affectionately remind me. Indeed I do not remember any subject on which we have not agreed since that, except on the Emperor of the French for whom I believe you feel a sympathy which I can neither understand nor approve of. I was delighted to hear that my third volume of the *Monks of West*, should have reached you just on the day of your patron saint. If I get a little better, I trust to be able to send you within a few months the two next volumes, which are almost entirely printed and which will conclude the conversion of England ! I am sure you will be pleased at least with the spirit in which this part of my book has been written.

The inclosed passages of the *Weekly Register*, will, I am sure, have struck you, as it has painfully affected several friends of mine. I feel almost sure that I never can have written to you

the words which Mr. Gurney attributes to me, but I should like to hear of yourself if you remember anything of the sort and how he came in possession of them.

If ever I return to England I shall certainly do my best to revisit Garendon, and my wife and daughters who have never been in England, would be most happy to accompany me. But there is little chance, I am afraid, of such enjoyment being laid in store for me. *En attendant*, I am happy to hear such good news of your son and his children. Pray remember me very respectfully to Mrs. de Lisle, and believe me, my dear Friend and Brother, yours most affectionately, CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

Pray excuse the bad writing of my *amanuensis*, who is my third daughter Madeleine and not a very good English scholar, although I have been her only master!

PARIS, le 9 Octobre 1869,
40 RUE DU BAC,
finished on the 12th.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—I cannot say how concerned I was not to have been able to see you when you called the day before yesterday. We only arrived in Paris three or four days ago from Belgium, and since my arrival I have been almost always confined to my bed by an insignificant but very disagreeable aggravation of my usual evils, called an *eczema*. If I could have foreseen your visit, or if you could have given me time to settle some arrangement with you, I should have been most happy to see you; but my wife and daughter were both out and I am afraid the servant did not or could not make himself understood by you, so that we have missed this opportunity of meeting again in this world, to my very deep regret!

My state is about the same as it has been for the last year. The illness which has now afflicted me for eighteen months has become a sort of permanent infirmity which prevents my being able to walk or to write. So that I have but very little hopes of ever being able to resume my historical labours, and I cannot accustom myself to dictate anything longer than a letter, and that not without great fatigue. But as for managing heavy MS. folios and other voluminous works which the continuation of the *Monks of the West* would require, that seems to be quite out of the question.

In your interesting letter from Boulogne (September 24th) you allude most affectionately to my *Life of St. Elisabeth*, of which you were kind enough to translate the first volume some thirty years ago, in a magnificent edition. Now let me ask if you

should have any objection to another translation of the same work being brought out in a more modest form. This question has been put to me by an English Carmelite who wishes to translate, for the benefit of her Convent, French catholic works into English.

The volume of *Essays on Reunion*, which you were kind enough to send me, I have found on my return here, with many other books, which I have not yet had time to look through, but I shall make a point of reading your article and shall be very grateful for the information it will certainly give me. I really am at a loss to know how things are going on in England, as no English people ever come to see me, and I know nothing but through stray newspapers. But the little I do know does not encourage me in the hope that Catholicity will make any real progress in England, as long as the fanatical spirit of Archbishop Manning, Mr. Ward, and others of the same stamp is prevalent amongst English Catholics.¹

Nothing astonishes me more than your opinions on him whom you call *the great Emperor*! You are certainly the first man whom I have met with in my life, either Catholic or Protestant, French or foreign, to whom he has inspired a feeling of ESTEEM, which of all feelings is the one I suppose he cares the least about. The base treachery with which he and he alone has destroyed the temporal power of the Pope, will sufficiently stamp his moral character, in the judgment of history, while, by the creation of United Italy and United Germany, he has shown the worthlessness of his policy and destroyed that relative greatness of France which he had received from the hands of the House of Bourbon and from the Republic. But what is worse than all that, he has debased the moral character of the nation, and under the hollow covering of the material improvements which you signalize, he has destroyed every principle and every habit of conservative resistance. This will become evident in the next Revolution, when instead of the conservative reaction getting immediately the upper hand (as was the case in 1830 and 1848) France will become a lasting prey to the atheistical and jacobinical party which has been fermented in every village by the imperial administration. This perhaps you will see, my dear Friend; I trust I shall not, as having lived for sixteen years under the rule of Napoléon III. has utterly disgusted me with this world and everything in it.

¹ Evidently Cardinal Manning's latter-day spirit, when Newman was created a Cardinal, and Leo XIII. was promulgating his great encyclicals upon social questions, would have won a different epithet from the eloquent writer.

I trust all your family are quite well: I have no longer any hope of returning to England, but if I ever do, you may be sure that Garendon will be one of my first stations.—Ever most affectionately yours,

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

LA ROCHE EN BRENY,
CÔTE D'OR, le 28 *Aout* 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—Two years have now nearly elapsed since that unfortunate day when I missed your kind visit in Paris. Your affectionate and interesting letter of October 1867 has been constantly near me and I will now attempt to answer it with the help of my daughter's handwriting as I am in rather a better plight than usual. But I have made no progress towards any sort of recovery from the incurable illness which has now afflicted me for nearly four years. I am indeed much weaker than I was last year and I can no longer attempt to walk or to work at anything. But I have got over most unexpectedly a second grievous illness which had ingrafted itself on the former one and under which I have much suffered during the last spring and winter. My chief physician, the famous Nelaton, having sent me off into the country has done me all the good he could. In my present state I can do nothing else but go over my past life and contrast its extreme though very fruitless activity with the tedious and wearisome inaction to which I am now sentenced for the remainder of my days; in these remembrances I always perceive as a glittering spot our first journey together to the ruins of Fountains Abbey now thirty years ago and since that the happy days I passed with you and all your family at Grace-Dieu, where I first made the acquaintance of Lord Dunraven who has also remained like yourself a good and true friend of mine, and of poor Lady Campden, who came to see me on my sick bed a short time before her premature decease.

I have heard nothing more about the English translation of St. Elizabeth which was one of the motives of my last letter to you, but I must not let you suppose that I have the least notion of the Carmelite *translatress* being Lady Minna Howard, your son-in-law's niece. By the bye I should much like to know all about dear Lord Edward Howard with whom I used to be on very good terms during his father's and his excellent brother's lifetime. When you next write, pray give me all sorts of information about your children and grand-children, as I suppose that you are now like me, a happy grandfather. Your eldest son Ambrose has taken your place at Grace-Dieu Manor, if I mistake not, and is most likely surrounded there by a numerous

family, while you are established, as I see, at Garendon. The splendid timber of your park constantly haunts my memory, for, as you most probably know, we have a quantity of wood or rather *brush-wood* in France, but very few real trees, which is particularly the case in my part of the country.

Last winter I had two very kind visits of Mgr. Manning. I did my best to convince him of the egregious mistake, he and all his numerous adherents are committing in doing their best to identify Catholicism with those exaggerated doctrines about Papal authority which were the rock on which the Catholic Church in England shipwrecked three hundred years ago. But he seemed mildly deaf to all my *historical* and *political* arguments, for naturally I did not think of touching on theology. I often read the *Weekly Register* and particularly the new *Tablet*, but almost always with utter disgust. I often think that *two* men at least in England have the same impressions as I have in perusing these most *un-English* productions, and those are, yourself and William Monsell.

How unfathomable are the designs of God in allowing such oracles as Dr. Ward, Mr. Vaughan and others to be the representative of Catholic intelligence in the eyes of that immense Anglo-Saxon race which is so evidently intended to cover the whole modern world !

Your Napoleonic heart will, I hope, have been gratified by the unexpected move which your hero has been making towards the re-establishment of that parliamentary government which he had not only destroyed eighteen years ago but which he and his partisans have so shamefully abused ever since. As for me I declare that he has at last acted like a sensible man ; and although his foe from public and personal motives, I heartily wish that his new plan may succeed, and that France may get back her former national freedom without a new revolution. My satisfaction is at least disinterested as I shall unfortunately no longer be able to take a part in public life whatever may be the future prospects of France. *Libertas, que SERA tamen resperit* INERTEM.

Pray let me have that *heraldic* criticism on the *Avenir politique de l'Angleterre* which you mention as being explanatory of English ideas. Everything proceeding from your pen, mind or heart will always be most acceptable to your old and true friend,

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

The good Count did not live to pay his hoped-for visit to Garendon. He lived just long enough to mourn over the downfall of his country, which he had but too clearly foreseen.

In the early days of his married life, De Lisle published a fat prayer book, entitled *The Manual of Devotion*. It was modelled after the old English manual, so dear to Catholics in the penal days of cruel Protestant persecution, when for nearly three centuries it was high treason for a priest to say Mass, and a punishable crime for a layman to receive holy communion from his consecrated hands. This book was a compilation of all the most beautiful prayers to be found in ancient books of devotion, and was remarkable for many sublime extracts taken from the writings of S. Buonaventura, Abbot Blossius, S. Theresa and S. Mechtildis. It contained morning and evening prayer for every day in the week, composed of anthem, hymn, psalms, responsary and collects, after the manner of the Canonical *hours*. There were also litanies in great number, all made up of Scripture extracts, full of unction and heavenly inspiration. At the end, in an appendix, is to be found a complete Missal and Vespéral for all Sundays, holidays and greater festivals. In days before sentimental hymns of the Moody and Sankey type had become so popular it was highly thought of, and had it been less bulky might have become generally used; but its size was a heavy argument against taking it to church or chapel. *A Popular Manual*, which however can hardly be said to have become popular, has since been published on similar lines by the authority of the English Catholic Bishops; but in these days of cheap printing and binding and widespread education, cultivated devotion is happily tending in the direction of the Missal and Breviary proper, a want which is being well supplied by the Marquis of Bute's admirable translations.

We have already touched incidentally upon several essays, pamphlets, and books written or translated by De Lisle in the service of the Church and the Catholic Faith, but they generally come back to or hover round the one great central idea of his life, the Reunion of Christendom. In 1865 he wrote an article on the Definition in 1854 of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, which was published in the *Union Review*. It was intended to prove that the doctrine was no new development, but merely a

solemn affirmation of the plain sense of scripture when it is written *Ave Gratia Plena*, and a renewal of the well-known doctrine of the early Fathers which was first dimmed by the scholastic subtleties of the Thomist writers of the later Middle Ages. De Lisle instanced the continuous tradition of the Anglican Church in its *Book of Common Prayer*, which has never blotted out from the Calendar the Commemoration of the Conception of the Virgin Mary, kept, as in the Roman Church, on the 8th day of December, which if it had not been extraordinary and untainted with sin could not have been solemnly *feasted*.¹ This article led to the following correspondence with Father Newman, which reveals the great Cardinal's (as he afterwards became) mind upon the subject of Corporate Reunion perhaps more fully than anything that has yet been published from his pen. It shows how anxious De Lisle was to prevent the leaders of Catholic thought from throwing in their lot with the party of Disestablishment, for he felt very strongly that the cause of the Monarchy and of the House of Lords as well as of the Landed Gentry were very closely bound up with the fate of the Establishment. Whether that is so at the present day, since the creation of County Councils and the extension of popular local government, is a question which need not here be discussed.

THE ORATORY, BM., March 3, 1866.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—You seem in your letter to imply a wish that I should regard your Article in the Union in concurrence with its *object*, viz. the corporate reunion of the Anglican Church with the Catholic Body. When I read it, I was naturally attracted in the first place to what is after all the real subject of it, viz. the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception—and that the more, because I had just been myself writing on the same subject, and, to my very great pleasure, found that I had been running, in my remarks, almost in the very groove which I found laid down in your Paper.

Now, however, I will say all that I have to say about Corporate Union. I say "all I have to say" because I find it very difficult to realise such an idea as a fact. As a Protestant, I

¹ Cf. *The Sinless Conception of the Mother of God*, by Frederick George Lee, D.D., 1891.

never could get myself to entertain it as such ; nor have I been able as a Catholic. Nothing is impossible to God—and the more we ask of Him, the more we gain—but still, His indications in Providence are often our guide, what to ask and what not to ask. We ask what is probable ; we do not ask definitely that England should be converted in a day ;—(unless under the authority of a particular inspiration,) such a prayer would be presumptuous, as being a prayer for a miracle. Now to me, the question is whether the conversion of that corporate body, which we call the Anglican Church, would not be in the same general sense a miracle,—in the same sense in which it would be a miracle for the Thames to change its course, and run into the sea at the Wash instead of the Nore. Of course in the course of ages such a change of direction might take place without miracle—by the stopping up of a gorge, or the alteration of a level. But I should not pray for it ; and, if I wished to divert the stream from London, I should cut a canal at Eton or Twickenham. I should carry the innumerable drops of water my own way by forming a new bed by my own labour—and for the success of this project I *might* reasonably pray.

Now the Anglican Church is *sui generis*—it is not a collection of individuals—but it is a bed, a river bed, formed in the course of ages, depending on external facts, such as political, civil, and social arrangements. Viewed in its structure it has never been more than partially catholic. If its ritual has been mainly such, yet its Articles are the historical offspring of Luther and Calvin. And its ecclesiastical organization has ever been, in its fundamental principle, Erastian. To make that actual, visible, tangible body Catholic, would be simply to make a new creature—it would be to turn a panther into a hind. There are very great similarities between a panther and a hind—still they are possessed of separate natures, and a change from one to the other would be a destruction and reproduction, not a process. It could be done without a miracle in a succession of ages, but, in any assignable period, no.

See what would be needed to bring the Anglican Church into a condition capable of union with the Catholic body. There have ever been three great parties in it. The rod of Aaron (so to call it) must swallow up the serpents of the magicians. That rod has grown of late years—doubtless—but the history of opinion, and of Anglican opinion, has ever been a course of reactions. Look at ourselves ; truths *de fide* are unchangeable and indefectible, but you yourself were lately predicting, and with reason, a re-action among us from Ultramontanism. The chance is, humanly speaking, that the Catholic movement in the

Anglican Church, being itself a re-action, will meet with a re-action—but suppose it does not. Then, it has to absorb into itself the Evangelical and the Liberal parties. When it has done this, the Erastian party, which embraces all three, and against which there is no re-action at present, which ever *has* been, which is the *foundation* of Anglicanism, must begin to change itself. I say, all parties ever have been Erastian. Archbishop Whitgift, a Calvinist, was as Erastian, as much opposed to the Puritans, as Laud was. And Hoadley, the representative of the Liberals, was of course emphatically an Erastian. But let us keep to the Catholic party. They were Erastian in Laud, they are Erastian in their most advanced phase now. What is the rejection of Gladstone at Oxford, what is the glorification of that angel D'Israeli, but an Erastian policy? and who are specially the promoters of it but the Union Review and the party it represents?

When then I come to consider the possibility of the Established Church becoming capable of Catholicism, I must suppose its Evangelical party adding to its tenets the Puritanism of Cartwright as well as disowning at the same time its own and Cartwright's Protestantism;—I must suppose the Catholic party recalling the poor Non-jurors and accepting their anti-Erastianism, while preserving and perfecting its own orthodoxy—and the liberal party denying that Royal supremacy which is the boast of members of it, as different from each other in opinion as Tillotson, Arnold, and Colenso. I must anticipate the Catholic party, first beating two foes, each as strong as itself, and then taking the new step, never yet dreamed of except by the Non-jurors, who in consequence left it, and by the first authors of the Tracts of Times, the new step of throwing off the Supremacy of the State.

Then comes a question, involved indeed, but not brought out clearly, in what I have been saying. Who are meant by the *members* of each party, the clergy only or the laity also? It is a miracle, if the "Catholic" *clergy* in the Establishment, manage to swallow up the Evangelical and Liberal—but how much more difficult an idea is it to contemplate, that they should absorb the whole laity of their communion, of whom, but a fraction is with them, and a great portion evangelical, a greater liberal, and a still greater, alas, without any faith at all. I do not see, moreover, how it is possible to forget that the Established Church is the Church of *England*—that dissenters are, both in their own estimation and in that of its own members, in some sense a portion of it—and that, even were its whole *proper* laity Catholic in opinions, the whole population of England, of which Dissenters

are nearly half, would, as represented by Parliament, claim it as their own.

And of course, when it came to the point, they would have fact and power on their side. It is indeed hard to conceive that the constitution of the Church of England, as held by Act of Parliament, can be made fit for re-union with the Catholic Church, till political parties, as such, till the great interests of the nation, the country party, the manufacturing, the trade, become Catholic, as parties. Before that takes place, and sooner than it will, as it seems to me, the Establishment will cease to be, in consequence of the Free Church and voluntary principle and movement. So that, from my point of view, I cannot conceive, to end as I began, the Establishment running into Catholicism, more than I can conceive the Thames running into the Wash.

And now excuse me, if I have been at all free; but, since you seemed to wish to know what I think on so momentous a subject, and it seems to be a time when we shall all arrive best at what is true and expedient, and at unanimity and unity, by speaking out, I have thought I might throw myself on your indulgence, even in such respects as I fear will not commend themselves to your judgment.—I am, my dear Mr. de Lisle, very sincerely yours in Xt,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,
of the Oratory.

Ambrose L. M. Phillippus de Lisle, Esqr.

March 6, 1866.

MY DEAR FATHER NEWMAN—I thank you most warmly for your kind Letter just received, and for the able, lucid and exhaustive way in which it enters into the difficulties which beset the Question of Corporate Reunion, and the obstacles that stand in the way of its *realisation*. I never for a moment thought that your approval of my Article on the Eirenicon *necessarily* committed you to an approval of its objects or its Hopes, tho' I thought not only from that but from your own Letter to Dr. Pusey that you were drawing toward us, and I still think, if I may venture to say so, that this must ultimately be the case. And in saying so, I will venture to say more, and it is this that it is precisely because I think you have exhausted all our difficulties (I mean that you have stated them all) that I also think even more hopefully of our object, than I did before: and without referring to Names, and strictly confining myself to the arguments adduced I will endeavour to enter fully into them in my forthcoming *Essay*, in the volume of Essays (on Corporate Reunion) which is now preparing for the Press: but in the

meanwhile I am sure you will let me say a few words, the more so as I fully agree with you that now is a Time "when we shall all arrive best at what is true and expedient, and at Unanimity and Unity, by speaking out."

Now first of all it strikes me on reading your Letter that substantially after all there is no difference between us, for if I understand it rightly we both of us agree upon the main point—that the Conversion of England is even humanly speaking *possible*, that it is neither visionary nor presumptuous to desire or to pray for that—our difference seems therefore only to be about the best practical means for attaining that end—that is of working for what we pray for. You are for cutting a new channel for the Thames and draining its waters into that new channel (I presume) in *buckets* though you talk of "Drops." Well now I am not for that, though a thirsty man is thankful even for a Drop, nor do I accept the alternative you propose for me of emptying the Thames at the Wash instead of the Nore. I am content with Father Thames as He is and as Nature has laid his bed from the fountain Head to the Ocean itself. All I want is to purify his Waters, I only want to do, what is actually being done, I want to get rid of the filthy accumulations of 3 centuries of neglect, and I want to make it once more as healthy a stream, as when its sturgeons were a dainty dish for the Royal Table, or when a Lord Mayor's Feast could draw forth a salmon at London Bridge. This is all I want, and this I think can be done, is being done, and will be completely done. I do not say how soon, that depends upon circumstances.

But apart from the metaphor of your Letter, I quite admit the enormous difficulty of the Purification of the Anglican Church which I contemplate. It is indeed a Herculean Task, but I conceive that it is not impossible especially when I look to "the mountains, whence cometh our Help."

In the first place are we quite agreed about our premises? Are we agreed as to the fact that the Anglican Church, though Schismatical and Heretical, is the same Church (as an organic Body) which was originally planted by S. Gregory and S. Augustine in England? A good deal, not all, depends upon these premises. For the moment however I argue, as though we were agreed upon them.

Well then I want to eliminate Heresy and scepticism from the Church of England: that done she becomes Catholic in toto, as much as you or I became, when we got free from our errors many years ago. Now shall I say something more, which will perhaps shock you? You say a great deal about Erastianism as an obstacle to my scheme. I am not so sure of that—suppose

that after all the advocate of the scheme should be an Erastian? Well now in a certain sense I confess that I am. I am not for submerging the State altogether in the Church. What is the State? It is to each national subdivision of mankind, what the Church is to the Body of Believers, or what each National Church is to the Believers in each nation. Now I hold that in a perfect state of the Church the Lay element has, and ought to have, a large influence—instanced in the Primitive Church by the election of Pastors, and subsequently to the Conversion of Constantine in the gradual transfer to the Crown of that right of election, the Crown being the symbol and the representative of the whole People now united with its Ruler in the common Profession of Xtianity. I hold that in the perfect Xtian State the King, or, if a Republic, the Government have a just right to elect the Pastors of their Community. And even Ultramontaniam in giving this right (if it could do so, which it never will be able, while *States* remain Xtian) to the Pope in fact is establishing the same principle under a different form. For in my opinion Theocracy is nothing but Erastianism developed to its furthest Limit. And the Papal Sovereignty is the most Erastian Government on the face of the Earth.

I say then boldly I have no wish to abolish the Royal Supremacy! I would confirm it under its own true Limitations, those which it had in the time of the Primitive Church. I hold with Bossuet that the Christian King is an External Bishop, and that he ought to be, and that unless he is, you may have an Atheist State but you cannot have a Christian One. I go a step further, and I affirm that without the balance of a Royal Supremacy on the one hand and a Papal Primacy on the other you cannot have such a thing as a Free Church.

I accept therefore the Bed of your metaphysical Thames. Keep it where it is: the Bed wants cleansing not changing.

In the reigns of Henry and Elizabeth the Popes would allow no Royal Supremacy over the National Sections of the Church Universal, but their losses in England taught them sobriety: and the concordats with Francis I., and with all Catholic Sovereigns subsequently, acknowledged the principle for which I contend, and if that principle be but fairly worked, I contend you obtain *real Church Freedom* in each country, guarded on the one hand by Royal Prerogative from any excessive Action of the Papacy, and on the other by the Spiritual Primacy of the Pope from dogmatic error and an undue influence of the Crown.

So much then for my Erastian Difficulty, it is on the contrary the very basis of my scheme. And Statesmen, who look deeply into things, are its best supporters.

Now here is a fact—Disraeli, Gladstone, and Cobden, are or were the acknowledged Chiefs of the three great Political Parties in our Representative Parliament—Tories, Whigs, Radicals. All three are or were upholders of Corporate Reunion. A few weeks before he died, Cobden, who had become a frequenter of daily Choral Service in his Parish Church, told a friend of mine, the latter a strong Tory and a leading man in the Unionist Party, that he fully entered into the Reunion Scheme. Disraeli and Gladstone are both reported to do the same.

In fact if England is to remain a Xtian country, it can only continue so by the triumph of Reunion.

(1) But then you say, the Reunion of the Anglican Church implies the conversion of all the discordant Parties now existing in it into one concordant Mass of Catholic Believers. Not necessarily. We are cleansing the Thames, we are not turning its muddy Particles into clear water, on the contrary we are eliminating whatever is incapable of that transformation. Every day indeed, even under my own observation Low Churchmen and Broad Churchmen are turning into High Churchmen and Catholic-minded Churchmen. This is the Purification of the water: we are getting rid of mud: and when the Process is completed those who are still incorrigible need not concur in the Act of Reunion. I never looked upon Reunion as the Incorporation of the whole English People in the Catholic Church, but as a Lever to that end—as the gaining of the Governing Class with a view to an ultimate gain of all who are governed by them. The Reunion as viewed by me is not the conversion of England, but the most practical means of ultimately attaining it.

(2) This brings me to what you say about Dissenters, you say, they (the Dissenters) are half the Nation. Numerically they are that or even more: but potentially they are nothing of the kind. They clog our Chariot wheels, but we move notwithstanding. Dissenters represent the Pride and restlessness of human Intellect, they are in the Religious Sphere what Radicals are in the Political, but they belong essentially to a non-governing class, a vulgar Class. And the moment any one emerges by his industry or his intelligence from it, at once either he or his immediate successor abandons dissent and adopts the established Religion of his country. How many examples of this could I count up within the sphere of my own limited acquaintance in this single County of Leicester! It was but the other day a Leicestershire Man whose Father was a Socinian, and whose Grandfather worked in a stocking frame, but who now is one of the richest men in the County, was ex-

pressing the intense Interest he took in your Apologia, precisely in the relation which I claimed and he allowed between it and the Reunion movement, and he wound up with an ardent profession of High Church and Unionistic Principles. Now my dear Father Newman, permit me to say so, but I believe that one great secret of the popularity of your Apologia was its wise and charitable Tenderness towards the Anglican Church, not in view of any errors upheld by Her, but as an organic Institution part and parcel of England and England's Political Constitution. That feeling was confirmed by your still more recent Letter to Dr. Pusey on the Eirenicon, and unless I am greatly mistaken in my facts any public disclaimer of this leaning would *pro tanto* diminish that Popularity, which is now rising to so vast a height, and which I will add is so essential to your usefulness in promoting the cause of God.

Then let us but consider what a dreary prospect hangs over the alternative ; of a triumph of discord, of an overthrow of the Established Church with all its terrible consequences to Property in general, of a state of religious chaos and Political Anarchy ! And all for what ? in order to form a Tabula rasa for some new Foundation which will then be impossible. We know who it is, who fishes in troubled waters, it is neither Christ nor Peter. But the prudent Builder, who accepts with tenderness the Mansion of his Forefathers and strives to remedy its defects and to adorn it when repaired and reformed,—will in nine cases out of ten produce a more comfortable and convenient House, than the reckless man who pulls his ancestral abode to the ground and ere he has finished the New House “has spent his estate.”—I remain, my dear Father Newman, very affectly. and devotedly yrs. in Xt.,

AMBROSE L. M. P. DE LISLE.

THE ORATORY, BM., March 9, '66.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I cannot help sending you a line to thank you for your truly interesting letter. You must not suppose, because I do not fully go along with it, that I have any wish to “overthrow the Established Church.” You know I have in print distinctly said the contrary. I have only given my *reasons* for thinking it will never rise above the level of the source (Henry VIII., I say) or stretch beyond its measure—but that it is a providential instrument of great good to England, & all along has been, I fully grant. I never should wish it destroyed till England got *something better*. So far we are quite agreed.—Very sincerely yours in Xt.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,
of the Oratory.

Ambrose de Lisle, Esq.

The next and last of De Lisle's literary labours that need here be noticed is the very elegant and limpid translation he made of *The Diurnal of the Soul*, or Maxims and Examples of the Saints for every day in the Year. In the preface he gives an account of how he came to be engaged in this labour of love.

The book which is here presented to the English reader was first seen by the Translator at Naples, in the year 1829. It was under circumstances so interesting that the recital of them seems to claim a place here. In one of those lovely mornings in the month of April, which can only be witnessed beneath the warm sun and the clear sky of Italy, I had ridden forth with some companions at the earliest dawn, to climb to the summit of a high mountain, about four miles from Naples. Our object was to visit the celebrated monastery of Camaldolese Hermits which is situated on the top of that mount crowning the vast forests of chesnut-trees which clothe its precipitous sides. After riding through some extent of gardens and vineyards we at length reached the forests which cover not only that mountain but many others, stretching the whole way from Naples into the interior of the country. We proceeded through two narrow valleys, at the bottom of which roared a rapid torrent. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the scene: the trees were covered with the richest foliage in all the fresh verdure of the early spring, a vast variety of flowers embalmed the atmosphere with the most delicious fragrance; the sun cast amid the trees the most beautiful shadows; and at every turn of the valley were displayed noble views of the surrounding mountains. Here and there were erected crucifixes and little chapels, so that at each step the pilgrim was reminded of the sufferings of our Redeemer, and of the mysteries of the Christian faith; whilst he was led by these devout memorials to lift up his heart from the beauties of the material scene, to the ever adorable Author of nature. At length we began to climb the mountain by a most rugged path, so that we felt inclined to distrust the safety of our horses,—but the surefooted beasts seemed better acquainted with the road than their riders, and rarely made a false step. After climbing for above an hour we reached the summit of the mountain, and soon found ourselves at the convent gate. It is impossible here to describe the magnificent view which is seen from this spot—even the pencil of a Claude would fail to do justice to such a scene. The beholder finds himself placed on the highest point of a long range of mountains, forming a promontory bounded by the Mediterranean; immediately around him he sees the great

forest before described ; beyond that, on one side the city of Naples, with its innumerable domes and spires, its lovely bay washing the feet of Vesuvius which rises up in giant height, constantly emitting fire and smoke ; and in the furthest distance the great range of the Eastern Apennines, with their summits covered with snow, reflecting the sun's rays in dazzling brightness. On the other side, a scene of less grandeur, but of no less interest, displays itself ; the old extinct volcano of Astroni ; the peaceful lake of Aniano, with its flowering meadows ; and in the distance, beyond the promontory of Mycenæ, the lake Avernus, the Elysian Fields, and all the classic ground immortalized by Virgil in the sixth book of his *Æneid* : still farther to the right, the rising grounds of Pozzuoli, the ancient Puteoli, so celebrated in the days of the Roman Empire as the luxurious retreat of the emperors and senators, the sides of whose hills are still covered with innumerable ruins of temples and villas. Beyond all this, as far as the eye can reach, stretches into the farthest horizon the blue Mediterranean, out of which rise, at a great distance, the beautiful islands of Capri and Ischia.

But let us turn awhile from this glorious prospect ; let us forget the recollections of history with which it has inspired us. We are standing at the gate of the monastery, which now claims our attention, as it was the object of our toilsome climb to this height. The space inclosed within the walls of this venerable retreat is considerable ; it is occupied by the great church of the monks, near to which little detached hermitages are built, each inclosed by a little garden, containing a small chapel. Near those there is one large garden, laid out with noble evergreen oaks, and a variety of other shrubs. At one end of this garden is a raised platform surrounded with seats from which the beautiful prospect which has just been described is visible.

The monks were dressed in long white habits and wore beards ; many of them had attained a great age (a proof that the austerities of their rule are not otherwise than conducive to health and longevity) ; they live an eremitical life, never taste flesh meat, or even fish, but live on bread, fruits and herbs, and a little wine as S. Paul commendeth ; hardly ever speak, nor ever meet together excepting in their church, where they sing in common the divine praises, and on certain great festivals. Most of them are priests, so that many times a day the holy sacrifice is offered up. Besides which, every morning, a high mass is sung, with the organ, and their solemn chaunt. A great portion of their time is spent in the exercise of mental prayer and contemplation : all rise at midnight and present themselves in the choir of the church to sing matins and lauds.

The congregation which frequents their church is chiefly formed of the shepherds which frequent these lone mountains, and strangers coming out of devotion or curiosity. Some of the monks are always to be found in the church, taking it by turns; so that the perpetual adoration of our Lord in the blessed Sacrament is observed by the community. . . . The order was founded by S. Romuald¹ of the royal house of the Honesti who were for long periods dukes of Ravenna. . . . He founded many monasteries; the most celebrated of which are that of Castro near Ancona in the states of the Church and that at Camaldoli in Tuscany; which latter has given its name to the whole order, which is in fact a branch of the Benedictines. Every one has heard of the monastery at Camaldoli no less famous for the romantic beauty of its situation than for the sanctity and austerity of its recluses. Our great poet Milton took up his abode for some time in this monastery. It is indeed a place where poets, philosophers, and saints would love to dwell. My learned and noble friend the author of *Mores Catholici*² in the second book of that admirable work, has given an affecting and sublime description of his visit to that holy and solemn monastery; a description which it is impossible to read without tears. . . . We knocked at the convent gate, whereupon a venerable monk with a long silvery beard and cheerful look came out to receive us. He saluted us right graciously, bowing himself to the ground, which reminded us of the simplicity of patriarchal times. Then he conducted us to the church where we saw many of the hermits kneeling with their hands joined in profound meditation. The stillness pervading everything was sublime: one had left the noisy world, one beheld men living a life of angels upon earth. Oh! how blessed is this form of divine life! how enviable is the lot of those, who have received from God the grace to embrace it! What peace, what tranquillity, what recollection, what union of soul with God! O angelical state! O heaven upon earth! what tongue can ever praise thee as thou deservest?

But in describing the holy inmates of this sacred cloister, the beauties of the church itself must not be passed by. It is a noble building of considerable size, the interior is entirely encrusted over with marbles, and adorned with precious stones, the gifts of faithful nobles and princes. There are many side chapels with splendid altars adorned with flowers, and over them devout pictures. The massive candlesticks and lamps of silver form no mean ornament in this solemn temple. But who shall describe

¹ Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, vol. ii. Feb. 7.

² Kenelm Digby.

the grandeur of the sacred chaunt? the pealing of the organ, the sonorous notes of the monks, the clear high notes of the angelical novices, whose youthful beauty and devout faces beamed with the joys of heaven? O how blessed are they who thus bear part with the heavenly choirs in the unceasing praises of the Eternal! and thrice happy the land that has received the grace to present so lovely an offering to the Lord of the Universe!

This suggests an objection often advanced by those who have unhappily been separated from the Catholic Church; they continually ask of what use to the world are monastic institutions? Of what use indeed? Let him who has been taught by the sacred Scriptures the efficacy of prayer answer this question. Does not the book of Genesis record the power of Abraham's intercession, and the gracious promise that ten just souls should save even the guilty Sodom? How often was not Jerusalem pardoned for the sake of Holy King David? What was not the force of King Hezekiah's prayer? And did not the temporal prosperity of the people of God depend upon the merits of the prophet Elias? And does not S. James declare that the fervent prayer of the just man availeth much? And shall we presume to question that Christian states have owed their safety and prosperity to the prayers of these holy recluses, of men who endeavour to live only for God, and who seek to serve His Divine Majesty with the purity of angels, and the most sublime perfection? And can it be doubted that such a state of life is pleasing to God and conducive to sanctification? Those at least who have read of Elias, who have heard of John the Baptist in the desert, or who have remarked how the holy gospels record that our Lord used to retire for the purpose of prayer to solitary places, to mountains and gardens, will not doubt it. In the primitive ages of the Church with what fervour was the monastic state embraced! All ages, sexes, and ranks eagerly entered into a rule of life which was so calculated to secure salvation. The deserts of Egypt were peopled with recluses; and all over the east and west, wherever the gospel was received, crowds of holy souls attested the faith of the church on this point. Even before the birth of Christ, men who were guided by the sole light of reason confessed the force of this truth; many of the heathen philosophers taught the excellence of a solitary life and that the perpetual contemplation of the chief good—*Summum Bonum*—was the most sublime employment of man. . . . It was here that I first was made acquainted with the holy book of which a translation is now presented to the English reader. So great was the edification I derived from the perusal of it in the original Italian, that I have ever since felt a great desire to translate it into

English. . . . With regard to the book itself what is now published in this second edition is a complete translation of the whole work. I need say nothing more in commendation of it but that it has been greatly approved in Italy and at Rome, and has gone through thirty editions in the Italian language. It is compiled from the writings almost entirely of canonized saints; and the moving maxims it contains are illustrated by examples out of the most approved histories of saints' lives. . . . In these days of shallowness and scepticism men pride themselves on calling everything into question, as if they proved their claim to wisdom according to the measure of their unbelief. But those who dive a little deeper into things will not be so ready to admit the claims of modern insolent writers. They will find that our ancestors had heads as sound, judgments as cool and unprejudiced, at least, as any of these moderns: and the more they examine, the more reason will they find for attaching weight to their testimony. In my intercourse abroad with divers holy priests and religious monks, I have seen and heard enough to convince me that many things take place in this world of a supernatural order. Nor do I believe that there ever has been a period in the history of the church when our Lord has not borne testimony to her divine truth, and to the admirable sanctity of her children, by evident and glorious miracles. This is the faith of the church; and who shall gainsay the teaching of that society that carries with it the experience of eighteen centuries, the immutable promises of God, the attestations of innumerable martyrs, and the consent of nations? . . .

Among others of his non-Catholic friends De Lisle sent a copy of this book to Dr. Forbes, the Episcopalian Bishop of Brechin, who possessed a very considerable fund of Catholic learning, although he never could or would master the true Catholic idea of the Papacy. He actually wrote in a letter to a friend, which I have seen, that if the Pope taught there were eight persons in the Blessed Trinity a Romanist would be bound to believe it. He would not accept the statement that the proof of the *Infallibility* doctrine is the immutability of its teaching, and that if an essential contradiction (*ex hypothesi*) could be proved the Catholic system would collapse—*quod est absurdum*, since Christ our Saviour has promised that the Gates of Hell shall not prevail. I print two of the Bishop's letters which are of interest. He always looked upon De Lisle as the real

author, and Grace-Dieu as the cradle and home of modern Ritualism :—

DUNDEE, *Nov.* 21, 1868.

MY HONOURED AND DEAR MR. DE LISLE—I beg to thank you for the Maxims of the Saints and your most interesting letter.

The first one can read with delight and with humiliation—*ἀληθῇ τίνα κρᾶσιν*—delight at the varied pictures of holiness therein portrayed—humiliation, when one thinks how far beneath the feet of the least of God's saints one must acknowledge oneself to stand. I am sure your book will be acceptable to many both within and without your communion.

What you say of our Great divines does you honour, for candour and discrimination. I think they have had a work to do, and have done it, as Ffoulkes well points out, especially in the department of Evidences.

Dr. Pusey's certainly is a great work, and that his bold *εἰρηνικόν* should have passed unchallenged by the Protestant Faction is not the least curious feature in its history. To reassert Tract 90—Du Pin and Sta Clara—and not to be challenged for it by the Puritan Element in Anglicanism is a very remarkable fact.

I should like indeed to see you before I go to Rome, but my plans are still very uncertain, and depend a little on those of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whom I owe a visit.

Pray present my respectful comps. to Mrs. de Lisle and your family, and believe me affectionately yrs. in J. C.,

ALEX. EPIS. BRECHIN.

MY DEAR MR. DE LISLE—It is a very long time since I have heard from you, but the recollection of all your former kindness is most vivid in my soul, and you must not interpret the frequency of my thoughts of you by that of my letter.

I have been in bad health for 18 months, but by a visit to Italy, I am now thank God much restored and able to take some little charge of my poor flock.

I propose returning to the Continent for another winter, which I hope will have the effect of entirely restoring me.

I hope you will let me know how all your family are ; I have not heard of them since your son's marriage, which seemed a very happy arrangement ; and I trust there is a continuance of the ancient stock of the De Lisles.

My experiences of Italy are very mixed. I think the new kingdom will certainly keep on its legs, but more by the folly of

its opponents than by the worth of its supporters. The present actual rulers in Italy are bad and corrupt, but the resources of that glorious country are developing.

On the other hand, the reactionary party are not up to the christian civilization of the 19th century. To employ Brigandage as a political engine shocks the moral feelings and I *know* that that has been allowed in very high quarters. Then the lives of the ultra-montane clergy in spite of the Pope's efforts are anything but what they ought to be—tho' indeed there is little to choose in this respect between them and the Liberals.

I was disappointed with the learning of Rome. With the exception of Theiner, De Rossi and a few Jesuits, everybody is so busy keeping up the temporal power that they have no time to read. I was however much pleased and edified by the Fathers of Monte Cassino.

I came back by Munich, where I had the honour and privilege of seeing something of Dr. Döllinger.

With every kind wish for yourself and dear Mrs. de Lisle, believe me, ever most truly yours, ALEX. EPIS. BRECHIN.

Before concluding this chapter I may perhaps quote from a letter (July 31, 1899) received from a former private chaplain at Gracedieu, always an eloquent and mystical preacher, now a contemplative monk:—

I believe it would be a great help to that Reunion which your good Father had so much at heart if you could get some Catholics to take a juster view of the Anglican position. And first of the Continuity theory: Cardinal Newman says that he believes they always maintained the identity of the Pre and Post-Reformation Church of England, and it is plainly on the face of the Preface to the Book of Common Prayer. That maintaining¹ of the newness of the theory puts a Catholic Controversialist in the position of an Ignoramus whose statements are so palpably false as to deserve no serious consideration. . . . It seems to me evident that if the English are to be converted your Father was quite right in the belief that the Conversion must be by the Church of England from within, retaking the orthodox doctrines—not by means of the "Italian Mission," as they call it, converting them from without.

These words aptly sum up the substance of De Lisle's literary labours. His was the voice of intelligent accuracy

¹ See *Tablet*, 1892-99 *passim*.

crying out in a wilderness of inaccurate controversy; and whilst not for a moment placing Catholic fallacies of statement¹ upon the same level as the overwhelming, outrageous mistakes and calumnies of most Protestant and of some Anglican writers, one of the main reasons which seem to proclaim the publication of this Life and these Letters well-timed is the desire to restate, and if it may be to rehabilitate, a policy and a prayer which are not even given a hearing in the *soi-disant* "correct" English Catholic press. *Magna charitas et praevalebit.*²

We have seen how Cardinal Barnabo at first hoped for great things from this policy when in 1857 he wrote these words, which De Lisle ever clung to as to a well-poised buoy in a choppy sea: "For nothing could be better, or more in accord with my prayers as Prefect of Propaganda than the accomplishment of the designs which your letter declares to be of no insurmountable difficulty." The two letters which follow from those unrivalled exponents of Catholic doctrine in the celebrated pulpit of Notre Dame in Paris, seem to promise a similar hopeful solution. At least they appreciate the intentions of Phillipps de Lisle. The Pères de Ravignan and de Lacordaire were for some time looked upon as all but canonised saints. They will always be admired and revered by the soundest Catholics of France. But in that enigmatic country fashions seem to change in religion as well as in the varieties of female attire.

PARIS, 9 février 1850.

MONSIEUR—J'ai vu hier pour la première fois M. le Vicomte Adare que vous avez bien voulu m'adresser et me présenter par

¹ Three years ago a reply was made to what appeared to be Mgr. John Vaughan's misrepresentation of Lord Selborne's defence of the Anglican position in regard to Disestablishment. The editor of the *Tablet* refused admission to the letter, on the ground that the statements were "heretical," but would carry more weight than any refutation he could produce of what had been written!

² See Newman's letter, above, page 271. Newman was too well-versed in Anglican theology to assert the *newness* of the *Continuity* theory; but he denied its *trueness*. De Lisle affirmed continuity, never forgetting, however, that absolute *Orthodoxy*, not *Continuity*, is the distinguishing mark of the *alone saving* Church of Christ.

votre honorable lettre du 3 janvier dernier. J'ai été bien aise de faire sa connaissance, et encore plus de recevoir de votre main un témoignage de sympathie chrétienne auquel je ne m'attendais pas. Il y a bien longtemps, Monsieur, que votre nom est venu me trouver, et que j'apprécie les services éminens que vous rendez à l'Eglise dans votre grand et beau pays d'Angleterre. Vous êtes du nombre des rares esprits qui travaillent à la délivrance des âmes, à la réédification du Christ dans le monde, à l'avènement d'une ère meilleure, si Dieu permet à nos efforts de la voir jamais réalisée. Il est bien difficile de croire qu'il n'en sera pas ainsi. Les peuples chrétiens ont en eux des remèdes de vie que ne possédaient pas les nations les plus favorisées de l'antiquité païenne ; le mystère de la résurrection de peuples est un phénomène qui ne s'est pas encore vu, et qu'il est digne de la toute-puissance de la Grâce de nous faire voir. D'ailleurs l'unique troupeau et l'unique Pasteur, si clairement annoncés dans les prophécies, ne s'est pas encore révélé ; l'univers n'est pas chrétien. Il le deviendra. Supposez l'Europe unanime sous les lois de l'Eglise, combien de temps lui faudrait-il pour être maîtresse de l'Afrique et de l'Asie ? Jamais la civilisation et la puissance chrétiennes n'ont été plus proches de gouverner toutes les parties du monde, et si le christianisme n'était pas divisé audedans de lui-même, il semble qu'il ne faudrait qu'une heure pour que toutes les nations fussent à ses pieds.

Que nous devons jamais voir ce succès final, ou qu'au contraire l'Europe marche à une décadence irrémédiable, vous aurez travaillé, Monsieur, à la lumière et à la vie. Je vous en témoigne ma part de reconnaissance, si peu qu'elle soit pour qui attend sa récompense de Dieu.

Je vois avec plaisir par votre lettre que vous êtes membre du tiers-ordre de St. Dominique. J'en saisis l'occasion de recommander à vos prières l'œuvre de notre restauration en France. Elle est déjà bien avancée, mais elle a encore beaucoup à faire.

Veuillez agréer les sentiments de haute considération avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, Votre très humble et dévoué serviteur,

FR. HENRI-DOMINIQUE LACORDAIRE,
des Fr. Prêcheurs.

PARIS, 35 RUE DE SÈVRES,
14 *nov^{bre}* 1850.

MONSIEUR—J'ai été bien heureux, je vous assure, et bien honoré de recevoir par Lord Campden la lettre que vous avez bien voulu m'écrire. Il est venu me voir avec son compagnon de voyage et j'ai été charmé de faire sa connaissance. Tous

deux me parurent parfaitement bien disposés, et il faut espérer qu'avec la grâce de Dieu ils arriveront bientôt au port de l'unité. Quelle consolation de voir ce mouvement religieux de l'Angleterre ! Malgré les assauts violents de la tempête et les cris de fureur, l'œuvre s'accomplira. Vous serez alors doublement couronné et récompensé de vos efforts et de vos travaux. Tous nos vœux ne cesseront de vous accompagner et de hâter le moment désiré de la délivrance.

En France, la religion n'est pas sans vie et sans quelques résultats. Le travail qui se fait dans les nations réunie les éléments d'ordre et de foi qu'on n'a pu détruire : le désordre et les folies des hommes s'useront et disparaîtront ; l'Eglise restera, ou du moins elle soutiendra le choc en continuant sa mission divine pour le salut des âmes. Le cœur est doucement ému au souvenir de ses biens immenses répandus dans notre sein. Puissions-nous être généreux et fidèles.

Je remercierai Dieu, Monsieur, comme d'une grande consolation de cette occasion qui m'a mis en rapport avec vous dont le nom m'était si bien connu et si respectable : veuillez me regarder comme entièrement à votre disposition pour tout ce que je pourrais faire à Paris qui vous fût agréable, et recevoir l'assurance de ma haute considération et de mon profond dévouement.—

XAVIER DE RAVIGNAN,
Soc. Jésus.

To mention at length or to quote sufficiently for a complete appreciation of Phillipps de Lisle's voluminous correspondence with illustrious men of his day would exceed the limits proposed in this Life. Suffice it to have quoted a considerable selection of letters to and from men so eminent as John, Earl of Shrewsbury, who by his liberality and religious-mindedness gave the first impulse to the revival of Gothic architecture and solemn splendour in Divine worship, whose correspondence with De Lisle was so constant and discursive that it alone would make a goodly volume ; as Cardinal Wiseman, who best understood the revival of religion in England, and was to him of all bishops most sympathetic ; as Count Montalembert, who tried hard, and perhaps in vain, to teach Frenchmen how to be zealous lovers at the same time of religion and true liberty, and under the forms of real popular representation to persuade unbelievers and agnostics to live and let live all

who wish well to France and mankind; as John Henry Newman and William Ewart Gladstone, the mere mention of whose names recalls the most grandly picturesque men of our times; as Cardinal Manning, that most single-minded of prelates, of modern churchmen most worthy of the throne of S. Thomas à Becket, and others whose names it is unnecessary here to recapitulate. His correspondence with men of lesser note—Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, who drifted into mere Liberalism, a sort of refined Judaism with the Messiah left out; William Monsell, Lord Emly, who became a Catholic and remained a Unionist; the late Earl of Dunraven, whose family did not follow him in his change of Faith; the late Earl of Glasgow, too solid and slow to change; Kenelm Digby, the author; Augustus Welby Pugin, the architect and apologist; Rev. Henry Formby, that rigid and indefatigable defender of Revelation, who thought even Cardinal Manning “a minor antichrist” for his apparent compromise on the subject of state education; the Rev. Dr. Lee, of Lambeth, who created a church within a sect and called it an Order of Corporate Reunion; Mr. Aubrey de Vere, the poet; Dr. Ward, whom De Lisle always loved and admired for his logical acumen and piety, even in their acutest differences; Dr. Coffin, some time tutor to his boys, afterwards the saintly Bishop of Southwark; Bishop Brownlow, who still cherishes the hope of reunion and reconciliation; Bishop Patterson, with whom De Lisle could never quite agree; the late chivalrous Earl of Denbigh, who invented the injurious *mot*, “A Catholic first and an Englishman afterwards,” although we are born Englishmen before we are baptized Catholics; not to speak of the many foreign ecclesiastics—giants in those days—Rosmini, Lacordaire, Abbé Gaume, Dom Guéranger, Dollinger, and at home the writers and leaders of the Tractarian movement—all these letters, some preserved, many lost, would still form an ample volume worthy the study of earnest men, zealous either in the search or defence of religious truth. Phillipps de Lisle belonged, indeed, to a wonderful crop of a past generation of men of whom it may be truly said, “Hæc est generatio quærentium Deum, quærentium faciem Dei Jacob.”

Of his private correspondence within the inner circle of his family we shall see just enough in the next chapter to emphasize the affectionate son, the devoted husband, the indulgent father, the hospitable neighbour, the steadfast friend.

CHAPTER XXI

LIFE AT GRACE-DIEU AND GARENDON—POLITICS—SUNSHINE
AND SHADOWS—INTIMATE FRIENDS

1835-1878

"By the bye," said Coningsby,¹ "what sort of a fellow is Eustace Lyle?² I rather liked his look."

"Oh! I will tell you all about him," said Lord Henry.³ He is a great ally of mine, and I think you will like him very much. It is a Roman Catholic family, about the oldest we have in the county, and the wealthiest. You see, Lyle's father was the most violent ultra-Whig, and so were all Eustace's guardians; but the moment he came of age, he announced that he should not mix himself up with either of the parties in the county, and that his tenantry might do exactly as they thought fit. My father thinks of course that Lyle is a Conservative, and that he only waits the occasion to come forward; but he is quite wrong. I know Lyle well and he speaks to me without disguise. You see 'tis an old Cavalier family, and Lyle has all the opinions and feelings of his race. He will not ally himself with anti-monarchists, and democrats, and infidels, and sectarians; at the same time, why should he support a party who pretend to oppose these, but who never lose an opportunity of insulting his religion, and would deprive him, if possible, of the advantage of the very institution which his family assisted in establishing?"

"Why indeed? I am glad to have made his acquaintance," said Coningsby. . . .

¹ Benjamin Disraeli. ² Ambrose Lisle Phillipps. ³ Lord John Manners.

In a valley, not far from the margin of a beautiful river, raised on a lofty and artificial terrace at the base of a range of wooded heights, was a pile of modern building in the finest style of Christian Architecture. It was of great extent and richly decorated. Built of a white and glittering stone, it sparkled with its pinnacles in the sunshine, as it rose in strong relief against its verdant background. The winding valley, which was studded, but not too closely studded, with clumps of old trees, formed for a great extent on either side of the mansion a grassy demesne, which was called the Lower Park; but it was a region bearing the name of the Upper Park that was the peculiar and most picturesque feature of this splendid residence. The wooded heights that formed the valley were not, as they appeared, a range of hills. Their crest was only the abrupt termination of a vast and enclosed table-land, abounding in all the qualities of the ancient chase: turf and trees, a wilderness of underwood, and a vast spread of gorse and fern. The deer that abounded, lived here in a world as savage as themselves; trooping down in the evening to the river. Some of them, indeed, were ever in sight of those who were in the valley, and you might often observe various groups clustered on the green heights above the mansion, the effect of which was most inspiriting and graceful. Sometimes, in the twilight, a solitary form, magnified by the illusive hour, might be seen standing on the brink of the steep, large and black against the clear sky.

We have endeavoured slightly to sketch St. Geneviève¹ as it appeared to our friends from Beaumanoir,² winding into the valley the day after Mr. Lyle had dined with them. The valley opened for about half a mile opposite the mansion, which gave to the dwellers in it a view over an extensive and richly cultivated country. It was through this district that the party from Beaumanoir had pursued their way. The first glance at the building, its striking situation, its beautiful form, its brilliant colour, its great extent, a gathering as it seemed of galleries, halls, and

¹ Garendon Park.

² Belvoir Castle.

chapels, mullioned windows, portals of clustered columns, and groups of airy pinnacles and fretwork spires called forth a general cry of wonder and praise.

They arrived, and the peacocks who were sunning themselves on the turrets, expanded their plumage to welcome them. "I can remember the old house," said the Duchess, as she took Mr. Lyle's arm; "and I am happy to see the new one. The Duke had prepared me for much beauty, but the reality exceeds his report."

Those who know Garendon, Grace-Dieu, and the monastery of Mt. St. Bernard, will not recognise a very accurate description of any one of them; but granted the license of the poet, the colouring of the artist, and the imagination of Oriental genius, a fairly good combination-picture of an ideal home, with the best characteristics of all three jumbled together, will be the resultant—and this is what Lord Beaconsfield is said to have intended when he made the heroes of the *Young England* party¹ ride over from Beaumanoir to St. Geneviève to make the acquaintance of Lord John Manners's unwhigged friend and sympathetic fellow-worker. The description of the "modern mansion in the finest style of Christian Architecture" was however not altogether imaginary, for Augustus Pugin had made a series of exquisite drawings, preserved in the Library at Garendon, which, if carried out, would have made old Garendon, then a ramshackled rats' castle, into a miniature palace of Westminster, with the twenty-seven old fish-ponds artistically connected one with another, to form a complete moat of defence, which was to have been approached by a drawbridge and gateway. However, the only external Gothic feature that now exists at Garendon is the college-like gatehouse leading to Hathern, and that is the work of Mr. Railton, the architect of the real Beaumanoir, the beautiful seat of Mrs. Perry Herrick. The best features of Garendon are distinctly classical, and owe their origin to Ambrose Phillipps, son of Sir Ambrose

¹ *Addresses* delivered by Lord John Manners, B. Disraeli, and Hon. G. Sydney Smythe, M.P.s, in 1844 at Birmingham, Manchester, and Bingley, Yorks.

Phillipps, who purchased Garendon in 1682 from the Duke of Buckingham. This Ambrose Phillipps was a most accomplished designer in the revived Roman style, and spent most of his time in Italy, where he was known as "*il bello Inglese*," collecting materials for the embellishment of the house and park at Garendon. He succeeded in carrying out the greater part of his designs, and what with its temples and statues and Dutch-gardens and obelisk and porticoes, and the magnificent avenues intersecting the park in every direction, which was then bounded by the royal chase of Charnwood, Garendon must have been at the end of the eighteenth century the most perfect home in Leicestershire. But the splendour of its ancient features have been sadly marred; Sir William Gordon, the second husband of Samuel Phillipps's widow, obtained leave from the Lord Chancellor to cut down the finest triple avenue, and put £10,000 into his pocket to pay for his entertainments when he was Ambassador at the Hague; the storms and tempests have blown down some hundreds of the fine timber trees, which have passed the 200 years generally allotted to the life of an elm; and saddest of all, Edward Welby Pugin, who had all the creative recklessness without the genius of his Father, was called in by Phillipps de Lisle to renovate and enlarge, and as it turned out to maul and mutilate the antique charm of this venerable Abbey pile. Even the Norman doorway arches and broken buttresses, which carried one back to the days of King Stephen, were obliterated, and a modern mansard-roof, with no higher pedigree than Baron Haussmann's Parisian models, now jars upon the cultured mind which once could feast and rest amid the time-worn features of old-world Garendon. The great hall, however, is a noble room not unlike the vestibules of the Doge's Palace at Venice, and the picture gallery, 100 feet long, contains three superb landscapes by Salvator Rosa, and many other fine pictures of the old Italian and Dutch masters.

At Grace-Dieu in the forties De Lisle was in a happier mood, and his passion for building and improvements was guided by wiser and more artistic men. We have already

seen how he built a Tudor mansion near to the ivied ruins of the forlorn nunnery, impressing upon it a character distinct from the ordinary modern mansion by the erection of its beautiful church-like chapel.¹ Here it was that the revival of English Church Architecture and Gregorian Chaunt was cradled; here it was that the leaders of the Oxford Movement, or at least those who carried out in their own lives its final logical conclusions, came to see how the old English Catholic forms of worship and the modern Roman Rites meet and touch and mingle so as to be almost indistinguishable; here it was the present "Crisis in the Church" took its origin, for as Bishop Forbes of Brechin confessed shortly before his death to his former host: "It was what we saw carried out in your beautiful chapel that first inspired most of us to imitate it, so far as in our sad circumstances we were able to do." Here altar-lights and incense, and choristers in copes of crimson and cloth-of-gold, carried back the worshipper to the days of undivided Christendom, when Greek and Latin were united in the true traditions of the beauty of holiness unchallenged scarcely since the days of the Apostles. The chapel therefore deserves a more particular description.

St. Mary's Chapel was built at three different stages. The present choir is the original chapel, and was built by Mr. Railton, the architect of Nelson's Column, Trafalgar Square, London, at the same time as the manor house, in the year 1835. Some years later the nave was added at the suggestion of Father Lithgoe, the celebrated Jesuit, who was a strong advocate of gathering Catholic congregations together under the patronage of the lord of the manor, believing that the prestige which attached to the landed aristocracy was thus partly shared by the humbler Catholics of their neighbourhood. The chancel arch was of rather debased Tudor design, but it was furnished

¹ It is interesting to recall the description of Grace-Dieu written by the poet Bancroft as far back as 1639:—

Grace-Dieu that under Charnwood stand'st alone
As a grand relicke of religion!
I reverence thine old, but fruitful worth,
Whose brave heroic muses must aspire
To match the anthems of the heavenly quire.
The mountains crowned with rocky fortresses
And sheltering woods secure thy happiness.

with a Rood-screen, the first which had been erected in England since the general destruction of Roods ordered by Parliament and Convocation in Queen Elizabeth's unholy reign. When Augustus Pugin first came to Grace-Dieu he fell upon De Lisle's neck with delight at the sight of a Screen and Rood, and exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Now at last I have found a Christian after my own heart!" He soon persuaded his host to allow him to put in a better gothic chancel-arch of the decorated period, and a beautiful screen of carved oak was added. The Rood was painted and gilded all over, glorified as a Rood should be, for "Christ dyeth now no more, death shall have no more dominion over him." Lord Shrewsbury gave the figure of the Crucified, which was treasured as the Rood of Zion Abbey before the Reformation, carried to Spain by the fugitive nuns, and brought back by the great Duke of Wellington; and Pugin had figures of S. John and the Blessed Virgin carved to suit. There were four gilt candlesticks on the beam which were always lighted on greater feasts. The High Altar was dedicated to our Lady of the Grace of God in recognition of the name of the place, which takes its origin from the dedication of the ancient Augustinian Nunnery hard by: Sanctæ Mariæ de Gratia Dei, or in Norman French, *Grace Dieu*, as it is still called to this day. There is no east window, although the little church is oriented according to the universal and honoured traditions of Catholic antiquity; over the High Altar, recessed in the tracery, is placed the beautiful 13th century picture of our Lady of Grace-Dieu, held to be miraculous, and given to De Lisle by his friend and admirer Cardinal Zurla. This picture has something of the Byzantine tradition lingering about it, and is a half-length representation of the Virgin Mother holding the Infant Christ in her arms. The Mother is veiled and crowned, holding the orb; the Child has around his head a golden nimbus charged with a flaming cross, holding a plain Latin Cross in one hand and a wand-like sceptre in the other. Beneath on gold ground is the following inscription composed by Phillipps de Lisle, gothic lettered, gules and sable:—

Hæc sacratissima imago Beatissimæ Virginis Mariæ, clara miraculis, in sacra Urbe Romana diu et devote honorata, adprobante Urbis Vicario Reverendissimo Dnō Cardinale Zurla, a Dnō Ambrosio de Insula Phillipps, Dnō hujus manorii de Gratia Dei, in Angliam solemniter translata fuit. In hac Ecclesia, devotionis causa erga eandem beatissimam Virginem Dei Genitricem, honorabiliter collocata anno salutis MDCCCLXI.

Mater Divinæ Gratiæ, ora pro nobis.

Outside of the Rood-screen, flanking it on either side, the nave being considerably wider than the choir, stand the altars of S. Philomena on the north side and S. Joseph on the south. These Saints are painted on gold backgrounds covered with gothic diaper, clothed in rich garments of a semi-classical character, but essentially non-Italian. They were painted at Rome by a disciple of Itenbach in what Pugin considered the revived "Christian" style. All these three altars are richly painted and gilded, and have the appearance of being made of gold. They follow the tradition of the Roman Basilikas, in which statues are never seen at the back or above the altars, but always pictures or pictorial mosaics. The four south windows of the nave were some years afterwards filled with rich stained-glass, the gift of John, Earl of Shrewsbury, and represent patrons of the family standing under celestial crowns supported by angels, two lights in each window; S. John Baptist and S. Ambrose; S. Winifred and S. Bertha; S. Aloysius and S. Charles Borromeo; S. Osmund and S. Francis of Sales. They were executed in the early days of the revival, of translucent glass, treated mosaically by Hardman of Birmingham, and will still bear comparison with the best and latest glass made in this country. The west window, a three-light window, was filled with very fine glass in 1875, designed by the Rev. Frederick Sutton in memory of his youngest sister Frances, and erected by her disconsolate husband Ambrose Charles de Lisle, representing the Resurrection of our Lord in the centre, the Raising of Lazarus and the Raising of the Widow's Daughter right and left, with three Old Testament types on a smaller scale below, the Annunciation filling the upper traceries. The font, in which more than one distinguished convert has been conditionally rebaptized, stands at the south-western angle of the nave, screened off by open oaken traceries; and on the north side opposite stands the tower with its deep-toned bell. About 20 years later the north wall was pierced with 3 decorated arches, and thus an aisle was added for a Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, dedicated to S. Elizabeth of Hungary. The altar stands under a noble stone canopy or ciborium, the front gable of which is pierced with flowing tracery. The roof, which is ample and solid, stands upon four decorated pointed arches, which again are supported by four graceful columns richly clustered. Round three sides hang curtains, which on feast days used to be of cloth-of-gold. This ciborium Pugin always considered his best effort in the reproduction of that most beautiful feature of early and mediæval church architecture so seldom seen except in the Roman basilikas. It is satisfactory,

however, to notice that the dignity of the ciborium is beginning to be recognised once more, and good examples may now be seen at the Catholic cathedrals of S. Chad in Birmingham, S. Barnabas in Nottingham, and S. John's in Portsmouth. The two north windows are very beautifully traceried three-light windows filled with some of Hardman's very best glass. They were executed under Pugin's general superintendence, but the figures were drawn and most correctly modelled by German artists. The one represents the Last Supper, the Sacrifice of Abraham and Melchisedech, and the Celebration of the First Passover; the other, three miraculous events in the Life of S. Elizabeth of Hungary, including the uncrowning of herself at the foot of the crucifix, "*ut nuda nudum Jesum sequeretur.*" It is unnecessary to add that the treatment is as chaste as it is natural, and becomes the dignity and modesty of a queen and a wife. On the north wall over the sacristy door hangs one of Mr. Kenelm Digby's large devotional paintings, the Adoration of the Magi. Two large figures standing under wooden canopies upon stone pedestals, furnished with candlesticks, of S. Gregory the Great and of our Lady and the Holy Child complete the adornment of the north walls of the nave and aisle. Under the whole length of the nave is a spacious crypt with a stone altar dedicated to S. Edward the Confessor, in which lie buried three of De Lisle's sons, one daughter, his eldest son's first wife, and two grandchildren. A broad flight of steps leads down to the crypt from the north aisle, and in Holy Week the subterranean chapel, hung with crimson cloth with gold orphreys, made a solemn and devotional *cenaculum*. In these days, since the universal revival of gothic architecture and mediæval choir arrangements, especially in the Church of England, there is nothing wonderful about the Chapel of Gracedieu, although it is beautiful. But in those early days it was wonderful that a layman should build a Catholic church for choral service with the organ in its true place by the choir instead of a west-end gallery, duly oriented instead of anyhow on dissenting lines, with reredoses without statues or other modern developments; with lateral chapel and choir screens, and holy rood hanging from the chancel arch; with a lectern for gradual and antiphonal and all the stern dignity of that masculine worship which was once the glory of the Church Catholic. That this revival of ancient forms was not a mere antiquarianism but the work of "the wise householder bringing from his treasure-house things old and new," is shown by the fact that Grace-Dieu Chapel contains the very first altars ever dedicated to S. Philomena, *i.e.* in 1835, the newly-discovered martyr of the Catacombs, and to

S. Joseph, the foster-father of our Lord. It is strange, but there is no evidence of an altar ever having been raised in his honour in England, either before or since the Reformation, till Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle invited Bishop Hendren to dedicate to Almighty God, under his invocation, the truly mediæval-shaped altar of S. Joseph at Grace-Dieu.

The services too at Grace-Dieu¹ were not of the then stereotyped, meagre, or fashionable character. During the 45 years that the chapel was open to Catholic worship (it has been closed² owing to the house and grounds being let to Protestants for the last 17 years) no figured or operatic music was heard within its walls. No books were ever used by the surpliced choir except the Gradual, Vespéral, Processional, or Antiphonal, with their square notes and four leger lines; and no High Mass of a maimed character without Introit, Gradual, proper Offertory, or Communion was ever sung, although Mass was frequently sung on week-days as well as on Sundays. A feature of the Sunday service was the procession to the Altar of the Blessed Sacrament after the *Asperges*, when the proper anthems taken from scripture, as found in the Mechlin processional, were solemnly sung both as the procession moved along and at the *Statio*. After Vespers in the afternoon a procession was formed from the choir sanctuary to the Altar of the Blessed Sacrament, where the Benediction was sung and given as they do sometimes to this day in the side chapel at Cologne Cathedral. As no elaborate music with never-ending repetition of phrases of the Gloria or Credo was resorted to to mark the greater festivals, *more moderno*, sequences and hymns collated from the Sarum, Rouen, Cologne, Milan, and other ancient missals were sung after the Gradual, a custom which the Roman use has preserved

¹ The services at Grace-Dieu may be said to have reached their zenith about the years 1860-1862, when the Rev. Hubert de Burgh was chaplain. He had a beautiful voice, and the pathos of his *Preface* and *Pater Noster* moved all who heard him to compunction and devotion.

² When Father Ambrose St. John, Cardinal Newman's dearest friend, visited Garendon in 1874, shortly before his death, he wrote on his return to Edgbaston to Mrs. de Lisle as follows:—"I must not let another post go without writing to thank you for your very kind reception of me at Garendon Park, and for the pains you and Mr. de Lisle took to shew me over the many sights of Garendon and Gracedieu. I suppose that which struck me in all I saw must strike every one, viz. the amazing work one single-minded man, devoted to his work, can achieve in a lifetime. I almost wish I had not seen Gracedieu Chapel, but it must come right again. It is something to pray for." When F. St. John died, Newman wrote: "I am sure you will excuse my silence; I have been so overset by this blow. . . . His loss is the greatest affliction I have had in my life."

only for the Easter, Pentecostal, and Corpus Christi Festivals; and De Lisle fondly hoped that the permission which Bishop Roskell gladly gave would be the beginning of a revival of this appropriate mode of marking the feasts. But in this he was disappointed, for although anything and everything inappropriate in music of the most secular character is tolerated as Offertory pieces, the Gradual, which once gave its name to the High Mass choral book of the Church, is as a rule not even sung, or if attempted, is either mangled by mutilation of Alleluia or versicle, or else slovened through by one voice to a vesper chaunt. It was to cultivate higher ideals that De Lisle devoted so much of his leisure to writing about or editing plain-chaunt manuals; and no part of his quiet life in the country gave him greater delight than chaunting the ancient sacred song in his private chapels either at Grace-Dieu or later on at Garendon.

On the Feasts of Palm Sunday, Corpus Christi, and the Finding of the Cross, processions were held out of doors through the lovely grounds and woods, or over the wild granite rocks and along the gentle rippling stream and the rhododendron valleys, where formerly Wordsworth mused and wrote amongst his sonnets the one beginning:—

Beyond yon eastern crag, rugged and high,
Of Charnwood's forest bound, stand yet,
But, Stranger! hidden from the view
The ivied ruins of forlorn Gracedieu.

The cantors wore copes of cloth-of-gold with crimson hoods richly foliated from Pugin's best designs; the women, mediæval hoods or cloaks like as were worn in the city guilds and elsewhere, whilst the acolytes were clothed in scarlet cassocks with scarlet sashes and skull-caps like as they still wear in many parts of Normandy and Provence. The short-clipped cotta and the cut-away chasuble were never seen at Grace-Dieu; neither was there heard the tom-tomming of drums, the braying of brass instruments, the twanging of fiddles, or the piping of the flute, whilst "the dreadful mysteries," as S. Chrysostom calls the holy sacrifice of the Mass, were being celebrated at the altar.

But life at Grace-Dieu was not all service and plain song. On the contrary no house in North Leicestershire showed a more constant succession of interesting visitors, or exhibited in the large and vigorous young family more healthy instincts or a greater love of sport and pastimes. Even Bishops broken with decaying health and harassing

cares did not disdain to roam in the beautiful woods and enjoy the pranks and frolics of the merry young people who filled the woodland solitude with their ringing shouts. Bishop Hendren, the last Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District, in announcing his retirement, writes thus under date March 24, 1853 :—

I can never be sufficiently grateful to you, my dear Mr. P. and to Mrs. P., and my dear young friends, for the very great kindness I experienced from you all during my long and, I should have feared, *tiresome* visit ; but Mr. P. assures me it was quite agreeable, and that you would not grieve if it were repeated. Now I can assure you that to me it would be very delightful to repeat it. I please myself with thinking of the noises, the shouts and screams of laughter, *we young folk* might make, running about the woods and up the rocks, if the weather should be fine, and gout would it to me permit. But oh ! this cruel gout ! Since this morning (Saturday) the villain has got again into the unlucky left knee, and threatens the right foot ; and most painful is it to go about, and more painful to sit down, because the knee must be bent for this last purpose. All hope of saying Mass to-morrow is now at an end, if even the state of the *thumb* would have allowed it. Well, be it so. As Job says, “ Dominus dedit, Dominus abstulit : sit nomen Domini benedictum.” I have been during this blessed week, and still am, very happy in thinking on the sufferings and the love of our Blessed Lord. I fancy this attack may have been occasioned by kneeling for a long time together on the bare cold pavement of the Church on some of the days of this *praying* week, and chiefly on Thursday. I have taken to *nasty* Colchicum, and have some hopes of expelling the enemy, as I did by the same means some ten or twelve days ago.

I have spoken of running about the wood, &c., with my dear young friends : for, to say the truth, besides the awful noises we make in the house, I am in fear of the great staircase being shaken down, or some other direful mischief being perpetrated. And therefore, if I am happy enough to find myself again at Grace-Dieu, and my young friends after lunch ask me to *play with them*, I shall say, Very well—if we can go out. Please to tell them this, lest they think me grown crusty. And let them not flatter themselves, that because they are so much younger and lighter than I am, therefore I shall never be able to catch them in the woods. “ The race is not always to the swift ” : and like an old fox, I am acquainted with tricks and stratagems. My blessing to them all, dear good children !

I must come to an end, or you will wish me at an end. Seyn sie mit gesegnet! May all the blessings of Heaven descend upon you & Mr. P. and all your dear ones!—Believe me ever, my dear Mrs. P., most gratefully and affectionately, yours in God,

J. W. HENDREN.

When he grew up, De Lisle's eldest son, Ambrose de Lisle, junior, kept harriers and more horses than he could well afford. His harriers hunted foxes occasionally, by permission, when Sir Richard Sutton and the seventh Earl of Stamford and Warrington were masters of the Quorn. Even hunting six days in the week did not satisfy the sporting passions of this young Nimrod. There are still a few of his boon companions alive who remember how one Sunday morning, early in November, he stole off to covert at the old Reservoir in the Blackbrook valley, found a game old fox, ran him nine miles as the crow flies, and killed just outside Lockington gorse. Before eleven o'clock they had all found their way home again, sedately dressed for church as if nothing had happened out of the usual well-worn routine.

Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle resided at Grace-Dieu for just under thirty years, and during those years, and afterwards, justified the character which we have seen Lord Beaconsfield attributed to Eustace Lyle as a politician. Without taking an active part on the Conservative side, with his father's consent and approval (the former Whig representative of the whole county) he used his influence quietly in favour of Lord John Manners and his several colleagues, until the last Reform Bill cut up Leicestershire into single-member Divisions. When in 1874 the Hon. Henry Strutt, the son of his great friend and neighbour, the first Lord Belper, was defeated as a Liberal candidate, De Lisle wrote to his wife who, a thing most rare, happened to be away from home:—

I am very sorry Henry Strutt¹ has been thrown out, but he can bear it with more equanimity when there are so many others of his party who have to put up with similar defeats—in fact the country has manifested a most extraordinary Conservative

¹ Now Lord Belper, Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms in the Liberal-Unionist Administration.

Reaction, and Disraeli will come into office with a stronger and more united Party to back him, than any minister has had for a very long while. It must be a great mortification to our friend Mr. Gladstone. He is very much in the position of the poor Emperor Napoleon at Sedan. It was he who declared war, who evidently counted on victory won upon his own terms, and who has been signally defeated and compelled to capitulate.

The general election of 1868 was perhaps the contest in which De Lisle took the greatest interest on account of the question of the Disestablishment of the United Church of England and Ireland which he conscientiously opposed, hoping always that a levelling-up policy would eventually prevail, and so strengthen the normal position of Catholicism, which is to sustain the powers that be, and inculcate the fundamental law of the Christian religion, the maintenance of order, and a reverent attitude towards the sovereignty. He felt keenly how difficult is the situation for the genuine historic Church of the Irish people, which never for a moment has failed under the most cruel persecution to maintain its Episcopate unbroken, its clergy orthodox, its people faithful, requiring heroic almost supernatural virtue to exercise the ordinary duties of civil loyalty. The following letters to Mr. Clowes and the late Duke of Rutland bear upon this subject:—

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBRO',
April 20, 1868.

DEAR CLOWES—Mr. Giles the solicitor of Loughbro' called on me this morning to ask me to put my name to a Requisition inviting you to offer yourself as a Candidate for the Representation of North Leicestershire in the room of Mr. Hartopp. I know of no reason to hinder me from doing so, or from offering to you my support in the event of a contest for this division. I am, as you know, a Conservative, and I have given my support to the Conservative Members. Still at the present moment, when there is a great Question before the country, I think it more straightforward to write to you, before I put my name (as I hope to be able to do) to the Requisition.

Although I do not concur in Mr. Gladstone's mode of dealing with the established Church in Ireland, I feel it needs great change, and in its present position is entirely indefensible—but I think Lord Stanley in bringing forward his amendment ad-

mitted as much, although unfortunately the language of the Prime Minister did not agree with that of Lord Stanley.

I could concur with yourself or any one else in opposing Mr. Gladstone's *mode* of dealing with the Irish Established Church, and in upholding the principle of a Union between Church and State. But this may be done without attacking my own Religion, and without contrasting Protestantism with Catholicism, and admitting that the Irish Protestant establishment needs great modification.

Are you prepared to take this moderate view of the question? If so, I shall be prepared to put my name to the Requisition and to give you my support in the event of a contest for this division. —I remain truly yours,

AMBROSE L. M. P. DE LISLE.

GARENDON PARK, *May 6, 1868.*

MY DEAR DUKE—I thank you very much for your kind letter of the 1st, from which I am delighted to find that you are so well and quite free from gout. This is specially agreeable to me to hear at such a critical moment in our National History, for it will leave you at full liberty to take your part in your own House of Parliament. I very much agree with you in regarding the present prospect as a gloomy one, and though I think on the Irish Church question that great changes and modifications are necessary, I heartily concur with you in condemning the policy of Mr. Gladstone. I disapprove both of its Principle and its details. I think the abolition of the Union between Church and State (taking that Union in a Catholic and not an Erastian sense) is impious in the extreme, while in order to carry this out the proposal to abolish the Maynooth Grant and to uphold the present Latitudinarian system of Education in Ireland would have the double disadvantage of entailing a fresh and heavy pecuniary burthen on the Catholic People of Ireland and of weakening their attachment to dogmatic religion.

So much for my opinion of Mr. Gladstone's movement.

I therefore rejoice in the decision of the Queen to retain her present Ministers and to give them an opportunity of an appeal to the people.

On the other hand I do not believe that the result of that appeal is likely to be favourable to the present state of the Established Church in Ireland, but rather that it would issue in a still larger majority against it, *unless* the present Govt. can devise in the meanwhile some Policy, which, while it would remove what is most anomalous in the existing form of *Church*

and State Union in Ireland, would secure the Political adhesion of the Catholic Body in the 3 Kingdoms, and generally throughout our world-wide Empire, to the Conservative Party.

If Disraeli's masterly mind can do this, he may count upon a Majority in the next Parliament and he may have the glory of inaugurating a new and brighter era in our History. But there must be no denunciation of Ritualism, no Official discouragement of the great Catholic Revival in the English Church ; but rather it must be regarded with favour as a Providential Preparation for that future Union of sincere Christians in both our Communions, which I firmly believe is as necessary for the welfare of the State in its future struggles with Lawlessness and Democracy, as it is for that of Xtianity itself in its combat with Latitudinarianism and Infidelity.

A House divided against itself cannot stand, and neither Xtianity nor the State can claim any exception to this rule.

If the Conservative Govt. can only hit the happy medium between a blind adherence to antiquated abuse and the rash scheming of our Radical Reformers, I think the changes, which have been made up to the present time (such as the Reform Act of last year) will be but an occasion for the grander development of this country—but if they should fail by some such Policy to rally round their standard the great mass of Loyal and Xtian Men, I should indeed then look forward to the overthrow of all that we have hitherto valued in the Theory and the Institutions of this great country. But come what may, I shall not fail to do what I can to aid in the Conservative cause in the coming struggle ; and with a view to that I have already put my name to the Requisition inviting Mr. Clowes to stand for N. Leicestershire in the room of our friend Hartopp, understanding, as I am led to do, that it is with your approval that he offers himself.

I hope I have not bored you with this long letter, but heartily praying for your continued good health, and asking to be kindly remembered to any of your Family, with whom I am acquainted, who may be staying with you, I remain, my dear Duke, very sincerely yours, AMBROSE L. M. P. DE LISLE.

De Lisle was High Sheriff for the county during this eventful year, and had the pleasure of declaring the poll at Loughborough on Nov. 23 in favour of his friends Lord John Manners and Mr. Clowes, who had been opposed by Mr. Frewen in the ultra-protestant interest. To go back to 1841 is a long way, but in order to do justice to De Lisle's opposition to the policy of Disestablishment and Disendow-

ment we must do so, and consider the question from his point of view, as he sketched it in letters to Lord Shrewsbury. It was in this year, 1841, that De Lisle first started allotment gardens at agricultural rents for the benefit of the inhabitants of Whitwick and Thringstone. His remarks about the Corn Laws, laying arable land down to grass, and how the depopulation of the country must eventually make away with the influence of the landed gentry, are most interesting to us, who have lived to see these prognostications fulfilled :—

GARENDON PARK,
Feast of St. Martin, 1841.

MY DEAR LORD SHREWSBURY—I have to acknowledge two letters from you. I hope very shortly to be able to send you the answers to the Questions contained in them, drawn out in proper form. My Father recommended me to give them to his Agent, Mr. Miles, who, he thought, would be able to obtain more correct answers to many of them, than we could. I therefore wrote the Questions out in form, leaving blank spaces for the answers: as soon as the paper is returned to me I will forward it to you to Rome. I confess I am far from understanding this question of the Corn Laws, it is one of exceeding intricacy, and I suspect that very many of those who speak of it as if it was one upon which it was hardly possible for honest men to hold different opinions, have in fact no accurate knowledge of the many statisticks by which their judgment ought to be regulated. Under these circumstances therefore I am persuaded that your forthcoming pamphlet will put the question in a clearer point of view, than it has yet been put.

What you have already written on the subject, in your 2nd letter to me has unquestionably met with great success; I do not think that a pamphlet often receives such high commendations as have very generally been bestowed upon this of yours, I say *very generally*, for its praises have been by no means confined to the Conservatives. In a letter which I received a few days ago from a whig friend of mine, Sir Francis Mackenzie, who is a very large proprietor in the Highlands of Scotland, he thus expresses himself: "I am delighted with the 2nd pamphlet from your friend Lord Shrewsbury, and *the whole nation* pays to it that tribute of praise which is its due," after which he goes on to mention to me some curious anecdotes of master-manufacturers, which seem truly characteristick of the sordid and selfish character of those Men. One in particular is shocking;

he once met in the Lewes Mail a master-manufacturer of Leeds, who declared that he hoped *Temperate habits* would never prevail amongst English operatives; and what think you was his reason? Because unless these poor men spent the earnings of 5 days in the week on the 6th and 7th days, they would never be compelled by want to submit to the harsh terms of their Masters each following week!!! Did you ever hear such infamous sentiments? and yet these are the men to whom the landed Aristocracy of England are to be sacrificed! I really hope you will mention this anecdote on Sir Francis Mackenzie's authority (he is quite willing that you should do so) in your next letter. Sometimes an anecdote of such a kind as this does more than the most powerful argument; and I quite think, as far as I understand it, that this corn question is one of those on which we must appeal to the feelings as well as the understandings of men: and assuredly on the other side there is no lack of such appeals.

My Father told me this morning that the price of good wheat of 1840 is at present 75/ the quarter, and that the crop of this year, 1841, is now decidedly ascertained to be bad both as to quantity and quality. So far these circumstances will assist the clamour for change, and some change seems to be anticipated by all parties. It is a great comfort under such a state of things that the Government is in the hands of Men who move slowly rather than of those who move at a gallop, Men who are strong enough in Parliament and in the country, to have no temptations to buy popularity at an undue price, Men who have therefore the means of maturing their measures, Men, in fine, whose principle it is to preserve not to destroy, who know that no new Theory, however plausible, can ever be put in competition with the Traditionary experience of centuries, and that in legislating for our country we ought always to look to the past and the remote future rather than the present moment.

In your last letter to me you put (I mean the published letter) very forcibly the protections to commerce in the shape of duties, &c. I think you should also touch upon the *exclusive burdens* borne by the Land in your next letter. Who pay the poor rates? County rates? Upon whom do the assessed taxes fall most heavily? Then look at the land tax, at tythe. Such burdens as these are scarcely felt by the Master-Manufacturer, and yet he would deprive us of the only protection we have. Again the Landed Interest is a permanent one; come what will to the country the land cannot depart: whereas our commerce may depart to-morrow. We talk of our improvements in machinery, but other countries are not standing still:

and yet it is contended that to an interest which may perish any day, the permanent interest of the kingdom is to be sacrificed. Was there ever an absurdity greater?

On the other hand *their* strong point seems to be: if you reduce the price of corn and so make food cheaper, you will make the condition of the artizan more comfortable, because he will be able to get more for his wages; and when *we* reply, oh but the rate of wages will be regulated by the price of food, if prices fall wages will fall also, they answer *us*, no, the rate of wages is not regulated by the price of food, but by other causes with which it has nothing to do. I think this is a point which you ought thoroughly to sift.

Again *they* urge that if the landlords grow less wheat they will produce more cattle and sheep; the better off the lower classes are, the more meat will be consumed in the country, and they remind *us* that no lands let better at present than grazing farms—and though they would admit that all land does not lay down to grass with anything like equal profit, yet that *they* balance against that disadvantage the other fact that all land is not by any means equal for arable purposes either. In reference to this argument or assertion I think you have to shew that the change demanded in the Corn Laws would not tend to the *general prosperity* of the *Country at large*, that the benefit to the Manufacturers themselves would only be *partial* and *temporary*, while it would be injurious to the Land, and therefore *on the whole* and in the *long run* ruinous to the *country*.

I will just mention one fact, the result of my own observation, in the Eastern parts of Leicestershire and in Rutlandshire, where formerly there was much arable land, there is now nothing at all but grazing farms. I grant they let high, on an average 50/ an acre, but as there is no agricultural labour required or next to none, the rural population has almost disappeared, the villages are dying away, and you see noble Parish Churches without any flocks around them. Now extend the principle, turn all England into grass, and you will almost root out the whole rural population of the Kingdom. The masses would be all congregated together in Towns, the whole influence of the Gentry would be destroyed, the Trade and the Towns would swallow up all, even the country freeholders would be extinguished. But would even the masses gain by such a result? They would, I verily believe, gain nothing but the power of consummating their own ruin and that of the country also. This seems to me also a point to be well sifted.

Our opponents might say in reply to it, if the rural population be diminished, so also would the burdens on the land in the

shape of poor rates, repairs, &c. What you produced would be produced at a cheaper rate, and the prosperity of manufactures would ensure for you sufficient prices for the purchase of your land produce, and you would find your rents not much less than they are now, and your outgoings not so great. This then is a point to be considered, and refuted, if false and groundless.

But I will not weary you any more with my own thoughts on these matters. I conclude you have heard some days ago of the conversion of the Rev. Mr. Sibthorp, one of the most prominent and eloquent defenders of the Oxford Party. Two of his sermons preached this very year before the heads of the University were ordered to be printed on account of their great excellence. It has caused a great excitement in the University and generally in the country. What effect it will have I must wait a little longer before I can venture to conjecture. I am quite overwhelmed with my Oxford correspondence: but nothing can be more interesting. All sorts of rumours are afloat, but I know nothing *positive*, as soon as I do, I will let you know. The general feeling of our Oxford friends is *one of great embarrassment*, but *they are not yet decided as to their course*, they may however come to a decision any moment. I presume, as things have *now been pushed so forward*, the *probable thing* is that a large body of Church of England Men *will join us*: should this be the case, it will be *very happy for them*, but as for the grand object of the reconciliation of their Church (that is of a *national reconversion*) I fear it must *then* (humanly speaking) be adjourned to the Greek calends. I say *humanly speaking* for we know that the ways of God often baffle the calculations of Men. Excuse this hasty scrawl; I trust you are all quite well. Pray present our united kind respects to Lady Shrewsbury, and the rest of your family, and believe me, my dear Lord Shrewsbury, your sincere and grateful friend,

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

I hear Peel is likely to make changes in the Corn Laws. If I hear anything positive I will let you know. Your letter to me on the Tyrolese Virgins is most beautifully written and deeply interesting; it has done great good at Oxford.

GRACE-DIEU MANOR,
Feast of St. Damasus, Pope and Confessor, 1841.

MY DEAR LORD SHREWSBURY—I received your kind letter yesterday, and I hasten to thank you for it. I have not yet got from Mr. Miles the answers to the list of questions which I wrote out from your other letter, but I hope to receive them

very shortly, as soon as they arrive I will forward them to you immediately.

I am very glad you liked my little pamphlet. It has been very kindly noticed by several individuals. Father Lythgoe the Jesuit approved of it particularly. I should have mentioned it to you before, but that I thought it was hardly worth sending so far ; it is however a great satisfaction to me that you approve of it so much. I have ordered Dolman to send you 6 copies of it, as well as the other things, which you wished to have. The origin of my publishing this pamphlet was as follows :—I wrote it in the form of a private letter in MS. to the leading members of the Anglo-Catholick Society at Oxford, immediately after the publication of Mr. Newman's letter to Dr. Jelf. They wrote back to me *desiring me to publish it*, and amongst the rest Mr. Newman wrote me a most kind and even flattering letter on the subject. I propose shortly to write something more "*on the actual state of the Church of England*." It is most important to do justice to this subject, very little is known about it amongst Catholicks, and yet I am persuaded that the only solid ground for hoping the conversion of England is by means of a *reunion of the 2 Churches*.

You can have no conception of the extent of the movement, which is going on at present within the bosom of the Anglican Church ; it encreases in force every day, every hour. It begins to be visible now even to superficial observers, witness recent abominable and infidel articles in the Morning Chronicle and the other leading Whig papers. I assure you the conviction is becoming very general in England that *Popery* (as the Exeter Hall people call it) is to triumph once more, and the conviction is no less general that this event will be brought about by the efforts of the Oxford party. The *Times* and *Morning Post* are in favour of the Oxford Men, the *Standard* and *Morning Herald* against ; so that it would seem that the Tory party is divided in their feeling on this question. The reason is obvious, the Tories contain 2 sections, the *old High Church Party*, which is essentially Catholick in its *Tendency*, and which is now gaining ground with astonishing rapidity amongst the intellectual classes and the Aristocracy, and (2) the *Evangelical or Protestant party*, which is Conservative only in secular politicks but in church matters *quite sectarian and vulgar*.

Now my object and that of the Oxford Men is to unite the old High Church Party and the Catholick Party. The moment this is done our cause is gained, and that of Protestantism overthrown. To effect the object we aim at requires great tact and greater patience, owing to the miserable and really sectarian

position of Catholick Ireland. If we could once gain O'Connell, all would be well. We have all been pleased at the bold and able manner, in which he has recently denounced Espartero and the villainous Government of Spain. Still one can never feel sure of O'Connell. That he is in the main truly zealous for the Catholick cause I believe, but his mind is quite poisoned by the leaven of Whig principles, which he imbibed in early life.

In order, however, to gain him over to the grand cause, it will be necessary to form a *Catholick party* in the strict sense of the word, the basis of whose policy upon all questions, whether secular or religious, must be *Catholick principles*. Once let such a party arise clearly defined, and in the present state of opinion in England, you will quickly see the *good men* out of all other parties rally round it.

The misery at present is, the Catholicks now form a subordinate portion of the Whig party, that is of a party the abstract theory of which is in fact *Infidelity*. Let them shew themselves as Catholicks and strangers to all principles but those of the Church, let them do this, and a rallying point will be formed. What Lord John Manners said on this point was most just and forcible. He is but a specimen of a very numerous class of our rising young Men, who are anxiously looking to see the old Catholic Families rally round the true and noble principles of their divine Faith; when they see us in close alliance with such men as Hume, etc., they turn back with disappointment. The part which you have taken in your second letter to me has given immense satisfaction, because it has proved to the men I allude to that the real head of the English Catholick Body (the poor Duke of Norfolk¹ no one thinks of) appreciates his own glorious position and that of the party of which he will henceforth be regarded as the Head by all England. I thought at one time that you had gone too far in denouncing O'Connell *by name*, now, however, I think differently, for I have received so many assurances from the most influential members of the Anglo-Catholick party (I call them as they call themselves) of their full approbation, not only of the *sentiment* but of the *policy* of your publication. For the future, notwithstanding, when you publish your third letter "on the present posture of affairs," I should earnestly recommend to you to confine yourself to denouncing the *Repeal policy* without naming O'Connell. For our object is to gain him over. He is too much *committed* to his present course by repeated publick declarations to be able to *unsay* what he has so often said, but, if I may use the expression, he may *unact* it. Of this there are already

¹ Grandfather of the present Duke.

some symptoms. The part he is already taking against Espartero and the Whig policy in Spain is one symptom. His not publishing an answer to your letter, is another. We must not expect to gain him all at once, indeed the formation of a solid Catholick party in this country will be a most difficult task, one requiring much time, patience, and good sense, let us, however, labour for it, for most certainly we never shall do anything great for our country's spiritual and temporal welfare, till we have effected this.

I now come to another point, which it is *the earnest wish of the Oxford Men* that you should touch upon in your next publication, I mean the *reunion of the Churches*. I will not here enter into the question of the *validity of their orders*, though after examining the subject, and studying both sides of the argument, I have been led to the conclusion that the probabilities are more in favour of their ordinations than against them. But in my opinion as in that of Dr. Wiseman, the possibility of a reunion of the Churches does not in any way depend upon their proving their orders. They are willing to submit to reordination to take away not *their* scruples but *ours*: what more can the Church require? They are willing to get rid of the 39 Articles and to substitute the Creed of the Council of Trent, what more can we wish?

I am not so visionary as to suppose that the day for the *reunion* is arrived, for this reason because the party within the English Church, which desires it, is not yet strong enough to carry their point. But they are becoming stronger every day. The time therefore is arrived for advocating it, for familiarizing the publick mind with the notion of it, for shewing, as Dr. Wiseman has already done, the spiritual advantages of it, or for shewing, as you might do in your next letter to me, its *political advantages*. What Statesman can deny that England would be stronger, if the great source of difference between England and Ireland, springing as it does from Religious differences, could be healed by a reconciliation of the two Churches? What Statesman, who regards the Ecclesiastical Establishment of this Kingdom as the bulwark of the Monarchy and the main prop of all our civil Institutions, can deny that it is desirable to consider the possibility of a measure, which alone can retain within the bosom of the Established Church that vast portion of her Members, who are now persuaded of the truth of Catholick principles, and who only remain with Her because they hope to see Her once more restored to Catholick Unity, and who would quit Her communion if they thought that hope impossible to realise? What Statesman, who desires the permanence of our Institutions, can refuse to entertain the Question?

The fact is, if we do not have a reunion of the two Churches, we must inevitably have a revolution.

I mean to put this forwards more at length in my next pamphlet, and like the other I shall send it to Oxford before it is published for the inspection of some of the leading Men there. But I am most anxious that you should take the question up. The whole party look to you. Your name, rank, and talents will render incalculable service, if you will only comply with our wishes. Do not disappoint us.

I am now looking over the two last numbers but one of the Dublin Review, and I will send you by this same post in a second sheet some little sketch of what the writer of the articles on "Romanism in Ireland" deems the principal Irish grievances. I am quite persuaded with you that O'Connell very seldom brings forwards substantial measures for the good of his country. You know in the case of the Poor-law bill for Ireland he opposed it, and that was a thing I for one always wondered at. Then it is most extraordinary that he never should have proposed any measure on the subject of Landlord and Tenant for that country, when it is notorious that the present system of letting land is one of the most crying abuses that ever existed in any country. The Irish are the poorest people on earth, and they pay the highest rents! My Brother¹ has just been making a tour in Ireland, and he says that we can form no notion of the extent of poverty prevailing there until from actual inspection a man has witnessed it for himself, and yet from several enquiries he made he ascertained that very moderate land comparatively is let for a higher rate than our very best Leicestershire lands! Can any thing more monstrous be conceived? He gives glorious accounts of Father Matthew's doings; that good religious seems indeed to have changed the face of the land, and there really does appear to be every probability that the reformation he has effected will be lasting, for one hears of no relapses. Certainly I conceive Father Matthew's mission to be one of the most remarkable phenomena of this Century, and a magnificent proof of the divinity of Catholicism.

I have read through the two articles which you wished me to look over in the Dublin Review for *February* 1841 and *May* 1841. They are ably written and they contain a satisfactory refutation of the article in the Quarterly "*Romanism in Ireland*."

It is clear from these articles and from a large mass of evidence brought forwards by the writer that the greatest practical evil under which Ireland labours is, as my Brother

¹ The Rev. Charles Lisle March Phillipps, Vicar of Shepshed, a zealous low-churchman.

observed in his recent tour, from the horrible system of Landlord and Tenant, which prevails in that country. This system is distinguished by two features, (1) The excessive overletting of Land, for it appears that the amount of rent is such that it absorbs the whole produce of the cultivation with the exception of a bare subsistence on potatoes which is reserved for the cultivator and his miserable family!!! That this is no exaggerated statement appears clear from evidence of the most weighty nature brought forwards by the writer in the D. Review. The evidence cited is for the most part that of influential individuals delivered *before the H. of Commons*. He quotes that of Mr. Barrington in 1832, of Mr. Barry in 1830, of Mr. Wyse before the H. of Lords in 1824 and before H. of C. in 1824 also. Mr. Barrington states that such is the competition for Land that the peasantry "will promise any rent *however unable to pay it*," to which he adds that the *disturbances* in Ireland are in some degree to be attributed to this overletting and the turning out of Tenants when unable to pay the rent promised. After this he goes on to quote a large mass of evidence from a great variety of individuals confirming the same statement, that the disturbances in Ireland mainly result from the "*extreme price of potato land*," in all he quotes 35 statements all made in 1839 before the committee. (2) The next feature in this system is the very summary and arbitrary manner of dispossessing Tenants, it appears that all the occupiers are tenants at will who may be turned out at a *day's notice*!!! It would seem scarcely credible, yet so it is, owing I suppose to the exceeding smallness of the generality of tenements. It appears that in consequence of the abolition of the 40-shilling freeholders by the Emancipation Act, as it is no longer an object for landlords to multiply such tenants, to whom they gave little freeholds, they now dispossess their poor Tenantry of the land, one great motive for which appears to be hatred of the Catholick religion. Several most revolting facts relative to this are stated, evincing a total want of all humanity in the Landlords and their agents.

Absenteeism also is a prodigious evil. It is to cure this that the repeal cry is raised. Whether the repeal of the Union would remove the evil is a question which will receive different answers according to persons' views. Whether it would do so or not, it is clear to me that if carried, its effect on the *empire* would be injurious if not fatal, for I should think it would lead to *separation*, indeed I am convinced such would be its consequence.

But after all the great grievance is the having 2 Churches to support, for say what some persons will, there is no doubt the burden of 2 Churches *in fact* falls upon the *Irish people*. If the

Catholick Religion were the Established Religion, and the rich endowments antiently given to it were given back to their original destination, the country would flourish because an end would be put to jealousies and divisions on the score of religion, the character of the Priesthood would be elevated, the people would be relieved from the burden of a second provision for a second Church, by restoring the old fourfold subdivision of Church property, the Church lands in the hands of an unmarried Clergy would prove amply sufficient to maintain the poor and the sick and infirm, the Landlords would improve, urged by the example of the Clerical landholders, and the whole face of the country would quickly change, agitation and agrarian outrage ceasing, absentees would be induced to reside on their estates, commerce and capital would find their way into the country, and Ireland would become a model for other lands.

But how can you make the Catholic Religion the Established Religion in Ireland? How can you appropriate to the Catholick Church those possessions, which at present are in the hands of Heretical Intruders? To do it by an act of transfer would be revolution. Do I then contemplate such a mode of proceeding? By no means. No, I propose the Oxford plan of the *reunion of the Churches*, that is a plan which would satisfy all parties, except a few ignorant or heartless fools. The Oxford doctrines are gaining ground amongst the Irish Anglicans. Let us then agitate for the *Reunion*. We must carry it in time. I verily believe, if we could carry this measure, England and Ireland would become models for the Universe. At all events I am determined to devote my life to this work, and I shall be content if before I die I shall see England and Ireland and Scotland thus united in one common Faith and in one common bond of charity and good will. To effect this we must have *one* religion, and *that one Catholick*, and I see no surer way of attaining this glorious object than by responding to the proposals of our Oxford friends. I wish I could give you in the short compass of a letter all the many proofs I daily receive from various correspondents of the rapidly encreasing influence of the Oxford Divines and of *their party generally*. The secession of such admirable Men as Sibthorp and Wackerbarth will make those who still remain in the Anglican Church more and more anxious for Reunion; already practical men like Gladstone, Milnes, and others, Lord John Manners, for instance, Mr. Bailly Cochrane, etc., are taking it up. Milnes wrote me a most flattering letter about the part I had taken in the matter. Do therefore, I entreat, urge this question forwards. The more we urge it, whatever be our success as to the measure itself, we

shall certainly strengthen the Catholick cause, for we shall the more induce Catholick-minded men in the English Church to come over to us, when we convince them that *we* have done all that lay in our power *for peace, for unity*, supposing even that we fail in our object of the reunion itself. Do then touch largely upon this in your next letter to me. Bishop Wiseman's letter to yourself is a noble example, only you should touch upon it in a political point of view. Pray excuse this hurried scrawl, and presenting our united kind respects and regards to Lady Shrewsbury, Miss Anne Eliza Talbot, etc., Princess Doria, believe me, my dear Lord Shrewsbury, your most sincere and grateful friend,
AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

There is no *Mirror of Parliament* at Garendon, but I am in hopes I shall get a copy from a cousin of mine, when I will send you the other information about O'Connell's speeches, etc.

De Lisle's hearty support of Lord John Manners, both at the time of the Maynooth grant and afterwards, was a part of his general conviction that what are called High Church or Tory principles are safest, even in politics. And in considering his later admiration and enthusiasm for the commanding personality of Mr. Gladstone, we must not forget that Phillipps de Lisle died before Gladstone had been drawn into what I will venture to call his final triple apostasy—first, the campaign on behalf of affirmations instead of oaths¹ to please the agnostic and atheistic wing of his multifarious following; second, the abandonment of the Soudan to that fanatical revival of the lowest form of Mahomedanism under the bloodthirsty Mahdi, which has cost England and Egypt such a terrible waste of life and treasure; and third, the unholy alliance with disorder in Ireland, when, having failed to win a parliamentary majority to make himself independent of those he had denounced as “steeped to the lips in treason,” he went over to Parnellism and Home Rule, and made a pitiful wreck of the great party which he had previously raised to a position of dignity and integrity shared by no other manifestation of European Liberalism.

¹ See *The Parliamentary Oath*, by Edwin de Lisle, 1885, and *An Englishman's Protest*, by Cardinal Manning.

GRACE-DIEU MANOR, *Feb. 11, 1857.*

To the Lord John Manners, M.P.

MY DEAR LORD—As my name was by some mistake omitted from the Published List of Signatures to the Requisition calling upon you to come forwards for the Representation of the Northern Division of this County, I think I owe it to myself no less than to the recollection of our intercourse some years ago to say, how joyfully and how cordially I hail the prospect of North Leicestershire being represented by your Lordship.

As soon as ever I understood that there was likely to be a contest and that the moment of such a painful bereavement as that occasioned by the Death of your Lordship's deeply venerated Father, the late Duke of Rutland, had been chosen for the display of opposition to your House and of personal conflict with yourself, I wrote at once to my Father, who at an advanced age was away from Garendon, to inform him of what was going on, and it was with great pleasure I received his reply, "that he concurred in giving his cordial support to Lord John Manners, and that it would give him much pleasure to hear that his tenantry coincided with himself in so doing, altho' he did not wish to interfere with them in the free disposal of their votes."

I will not trespass on your Lordship's time further at such a busy moment, only in concluding let me say how warmly I desire your Lordship's success, and how entirely I confide in the Public Principles, which you uphold both in the support of the Church of England (as contradistinguished from the Ultra Protestant Principles so long forced upon Her by the State), and in general Politics. I say that I look to such Principles as the rallying Point for Ultimate Union in Religion and for the Political Welfare of our Country.—I remain, my dear Lord, very faithfully yours,

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

GRACE-DIEU MANOR, *April 13, 1857.*

MY DEAR LORD JOHN MANNERS—Let me thank you very cordially for your kind letter of the 11th, which reached me yesterday, and let me at the same time offer you my hearty congratulations on your triumphant Return for the County. It is indeed a great victory over that absurd and destructive Policy, which in aiming at the sacrifice of Maynooth would lay the foundation of the most bitter agitation against every other National Establishment and Endowment, while it would tend, if it were possible, to shake even the Union between the two

countries. The defeat therefore of a man advocating such a Policy is a most fortunate circumstance, but when it is crowned with such an event, as *your* own triumphant return, it is indeed a source of joy and hope for every man, who wishes well to his country. It was so very kind of you to say that you hoped "nothing had escaped from you on the Hustings that could pain or annoy me." So far from it every word you uttered was admirable and good, and responded to by me with the warmest sympathy; I only regret to think that in your noble and courageous defence of the rights of my own Communion you should have been exposed to so much annoyance and to such absurd misrepresentations and calumnies: but you have given your opponents a lesson which will probably teach them more forbearance in future. But if at any future election their opposition should be renewed, or any other arise, you may count at any rate upon the faithful support of the overwhelming majority of the electors, increased as it will be by a more careful registration.

With regard to what you kindly tell me about my letter, which I felt so flattered at your having forwarded to Lord Derby—I think it is quite as much as I could expect or wish for under present circumstances, that Lord D. should not have requested you to express any adverse feeling from him upon it. And I hope that the absence of any remarks of this nature may give reason to think that moderate men in each of our respective communions who wish for Unity, not only for the welfare of religion, but for the stability of the State, may desire to see Lord Derby at the head of the Government of this country, without fearing any check to the record of Church Principles that tend to that Unity. In a Letter which I received a few days ago from Archbishop MacHale in Ireland, he expressed, in reply to one from me, a very cordial feeling towards Lord Derby and the Tory Party, especially in reference to *Foreign Policy*, and also for future measures of practical amelioration for Ireland. He and a large section of the Irish Catholics are heartily disgusted with Lord Palmerston's foreign interferences and the foreign policy of the Whigs in general. I am convinced that Lord Derby may rally these men to his standard, and if only the progress of High Church Principles could soften the asperities and mitigate the prejudices of the Irish Protestants, and pave the way for a Religious Reunion, Ireland would become the La Vendée of the British Monarchy and a nursery of Conservatism. Let me in conclusion express my earnest wish for your increased health and strength to enable you to serve and promote the good Cause in the approaching

Session of the New Parliament, and I remain, My dear Lord John Manners, very truly yours,

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

What has now been said about politics must suffice. The subject will be referred to incidentally in the selection of letters I propose to give at the end of this chapter. I return to one or two events, modest in themselves, yet marking epochs in the restoration of Catholicism in England, which illustrate how Grace-Dieu and Garendon during half a century seemed to focus and reflect the beautiful side of the religious revival both in the National and in the Catholic Church.

It was in 1837 that the first Catholic procession of a ritual kind was attempted, since the Reformation, along the public highways. It took place at Whitwick and started from the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre on the rocks, near High Cademan, which had lately been erected in imitation of the wayside chapels of the Tyrol by Augustus Pugin. It is in the early English Gothic style and contains a consecrated stone altar, behind which are two life-sized figures by the artist Petz of Munich, executed under the immediate supervision of Dr. Döllinger, representing the "Mother of Sorrows," with the dead Christ laid at her feet. The composition is devout and grave—sad in its solemnity, and when it was first erected excited the superstitious fears of the inhabitants of impending woe for the family upon whose lands it had been placed.¹

Phillipps de Lisle was also the first man to organise a procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the open air in England since Article of Religion XXVIII., *of the Lord's Supper*, received the sanction of King and Convocation. The processions were kept up for thirty years, and from an

¹ It is noteworthy that Mrs. de Lisle lived to mourn over the early deaths of seven out of her nine sons. Mr. Oxenham thus makes allusion: (*Memoir of Lieutenant de Lisle*, p. 8) "Of nine brothers seven have passed away, for the most part in boyhood, or in the prime of life, all under the age of fifty, some dying from the effect of fatal accidents, and two being killed in battle in distant lands. It is a stainless and honourable record, but like the prophet's scroll of old, it is full of lamentation and mourning and woe."

artistic point of view, were satisfactory and romantic in the extreme, if from a religious point of view they did not always give that edification which was intended, owing to the lack of faith and reverence on the part of the spectators. The following letter of Montalembert's is much to the point, and gives an interesting glimpse of Grace-Dieu life :—

LONDON, *July 1st, 1855.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—I was just going to write to you when I got your kind letter ; I could not think of leaving England, which I unfortunately do to-morrow morning, without thanking you for your old and new kindness to me, and without telling you what a delightful remembrance I take with me of my *second* visit to Grace-Dieu. The *third* I hope will not be delayed so long—but I really hope and trust you will ere that come and *relancer* me either in *Franche-Comté* or in my *Morvan*—and perhaps in both, as I can trace you out a most interesting journey to undertake *between* the two places in Dauphiné, Burgundy and Auvergne. But you must make up your mind to put up with bad inns, bad conveyances of all sorts, very little *vaiting*, and even under our roof, with a complete want of those luxuries of comfort and neatness which make every thing so easy and pleasant in an English house.

I quite enter into all your feelings about the processions, and will only remember the beautiful sight it afforded as it wound along your rhododendron *allée* and your charming green swards and rocky woods. I must say however I thought you a little too hard on that venerable Father Pagani, whose acquaintance I was so glad to make, as well as that of all the pious or pleasant people you had so kindly brought together. With regard to the question of public or semi-public processions *in general*, in such countries as England, you must naturally know and judge better than any one, for none can have more experience than you of the good that *can* be done and has been done in the line which you have so nobly opened. As a stranger, I should content myself with saying, like Bossuet on theatricals : *Il y a de bonnes raisons CONTRE et de grands exemples POUR.*

How happy you must be, my dearest friend, to see around you the manifest fruits of your zeal and devotion to the good cause, during so many years. Seldom is it granted to man here below to reap what he has sown, as it has been your lot.

Beresford Hope, whom I saw just now, has visited *Mount St. Bernard* lately from Loughborough, and thinks it *magnificent*.

I found the Arundels in great distress—but bearing their calamity like true Christians—Captain Lyons was Lady Arundel's dearest and most intimate brother, and her conversion had not changed their affection.

Pray tell dear Mrs. Phillipps how grateful I feel for her affectionate *accueil*, and with kindest remembrance to your son, and your two charming daughters, I remain, my dearest friend, your obliged, faithful and devoted friend and brother,

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

In 1860 the Tower, or Monument, as it is called, was built upon some other rocks not far distant, to honour the gallant life and death of Ensign Everard Lisle Phillipps, De Lisle's second son, who fell at the capture of Delhi on the 17th of September 1857. He was recommended for the Victoria Cross, "for taking the Water Bastion, and many other deeds of valour which he had performed during the siege,"¹ but did not live long enough to receive this much-coveted honour. The money was raised by public subscription headed by the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, the late Duke of Rutland. The Tower, designed by Edward Welby Pugin, presents a bold and picturesque appearance, and being made of the local granite, irregularly shaped, seems to belong to the order of nature rather than of art: *ars est celare artem*. The following letter of Count de Montalembert's was the most treasured of many received in the earliest days of bereavement:—

LA ROCHE EN BRENY (CÔTE D'OR),
December 10th, 1857.

MY DEAREST FRIEND AND BROTHER—This is indeed a most cruel blow—and most deeply felt, I assure you, not only by me, your old and trusty friend, but by my wife and daughter who every day since your former letter mentioning your son's presence with the army before Delhi, had been asking me after the perusal of the daily papers: "Et ce bon Everard? a-t-on de ses nouvelles? est-il parmi les blessés?" His open, kind, and unaffected demeanour had gained all our hearts, during his sojourn in Paris with his excellent brother—and I for one was full of joy and confidence in his future prospects. As you so justly say, it seems wonderful that God should not have pre-

¹ *Gazette*, October 1858.

served this valiant and pious officer, who would have been such a credit to the Catholic religion and the true model of a Christian Soldier. A military man of his stamp would have been more useful to the Catholic cause in England than a hundred theologians of the Formby class. And what is the most wanted in your country as well as everywhere else, are those Catholics who, like our glorious ancestors in the ages of faith, can shew to the world that both the practice and theory of true religion are compatible with the manly virtues of the Soldier or the Statesman, and do not always reduce people to that sort of sickly, effeminate and dependent beings which a certain school of Catholics holds up as the pattern of perfection. But I turn from that consideration of general interest to a subject much dearer to my heart, and to the fireside of dear Grace-Dieu, where my mind's eye contemplates your grief and that poor mother's most afflicting bereavement. At the same time I accompany you both to the foot of the altar where I *know* you will both find that comfort and consolation which the Almighty keeps in store for His dutiful and devoted children. Such you have always been, and His mercy will not, can not forsake you. The blessed Virgin, whom you have always so devoutly honoured, will intercede for you, and obtain that submission to the Holy Will of God which true Christians alone can possess and enjoy. And also let me say, my dearest friends, that even in this most painful bereavement, there are human consolations, which a noble, chivalrous nature like yours must feel and appreciate. Could any one die on a more glorious and more brilliant field of battle, fighting with such devoted and persevering courage for a good and legitimate cause (for such it is, notwithstanding all the *Sepoy* Journals of France and Ireland may say to the contrary). Surely none of his noble ancestors ever lived or died in a more *noble* fashion. But this, although not to be despised or passed under silence, is but little when compared with the most edifying and most affecting detail which your kind letter contains on his Christian disposition, and on the *holy* and *chaste* life which he had been leading even to the eve of his glorious death. He was a real Christian knight, and my imagination pictures him amongst those holy warriors whose calm, beautiful, and yet manly and energetical features so sweetly shine in that splendid painting of the *Triumph of the Lamb*, which you have certainly seen at Ghent, and cannot have forgotten. The Country papers you sent me I have not received, but in the *Tablet* I have found all the details I could wish for; Colonel Jones's and Captain Owen's most interesting letters, and Father Sisk's affecting funeral oration. I was par-

ticularly struck by the passage in the Colonel's letter where he mentions that this pious and *chaste* young man was a *universal favourite* with the officers of his Regiment, so that not only his Catholicism, but what is still more rare and astonishing, his *good moral behaviour* did not preclude him from being justly popular amongst his comrades. This I look upon as a most especial grace and favour from his Heavenly Father, and must give you, his earthly Father, the best reason to rejoice, as the education he owed to you and his poor mother. Again, my dearest friend, I must assure you that no one can feel more for you and her than *we* do. I say *WE*, because my wife and daughter both insist on my joining their names to mine; and we hope to be able next year to go and tell you ourselves how deeply we are interested in your spiritual and temporal welfare. The view of Grace-Dieu is hung up in my library, and we are constantly talking of our intended visit. May God grant us the consolation of this meeting once more here below. I am better since my last season at Evian; I cannot be *cured*, but am most thankful for the months of partial relief which it pleases God to grant me, and which I strive to employ in His Service, as you will see by the last *Correspondant*. I am particularly occupied now with my *monastic* studies, and try to forget in pondering over bygone centuries the painful disappointments and bereavements of the present one.—With most respectful *condolérance* to Mrs. Phillipps, I remain, ever your most affectionately devoted.

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

Other more joyful events were also celebrated at Grace-Dieu. In March 1859 De Lisle's eldest daughter, Philomena, was married to her cousin, Sir Frederick Weld, G.C.M.G., of Chideock, Dorsetshire, who was some time Prime Minister of New Zealand, and afterwards, in succession, the popular Governor of West Australia, Tasmania, and the Straits Settlements. Weld was one of the earliest pioneers of civilisation both in New Zealand and the Malay Peninsula, in both of which countries he delighted to explore and to make discoveries where no white man had before set foot. He discovered Lake Tennyson in New Zealand, which he christened after the poet of his predilection; then Weld Mountain in West Australia, which he named after himself; and the sources of the Perak River, which descend from the dense jungle of the central mountain range—the backbone of the Golden Chersonese. In

July 1862 the third daughter, Winifred, married Lord Edward Howard, M.P., as his second wife, then Deputy Earl Marshal of England during the minority of his nephew, the present Duke of Norfolk. He was the last member for Arundel, and being defeated at Preston after Arundel was disfranchised, he was created Baron Howard of Glossop. He remained always on terms of intimate and affectionate relationship with his father-in-law. Though a consistent and ardent Liberal of the old school, Lord Howard was of those who found it impossible to follow Mr. Gladstone in his septuagenarian evolutions. De Lisle's second daughter, Alice, was married in the chapel at Garendon in 1873 to the Hon. Arthur Strutt, second son of the first Lord Belper. His tragic death is alluded to in more than one of the letters quoted.

Of his seven daughters three were called to the higher life of *renunciation*, which we have seen so eloquently described in the preface to *the Diurnal of the Soul*. The fifth, Bertha, is a nun of the Order of the Good Shepherd; the sixth, Gwendoline, follows the rule of S. Benedict at the convent of Perpetual Adoration, Atherstone; whilst the seventh, Margaret, entered religion at the Franciscan Abbey of Mill Hill, whence she passed to a better life in 1895. She had been an intense admirer of Mr. Gladstone, and for two years walked about the woods and glades of Garendon and Longcliffe girt with an axe, in his honour. But when his vacillating foreign policy led to the sacrifice of General Gordon, the devastation of the Soudan, and the death of her own dearest brother Rudolph, who was among the victims of the abortive but gallant Nile Expedition, her heart sank within her, and she only prayed to be accepted as a holocaust in expiation of so great a crime. At the time of her death she was engaged in translating from the Latin the mystical writings of the seraphic doctor, S. Bonaventure.

One only of his daughters, Mary, at the age seventeen, predeceased him. She died, full of faith and piety, at Garendon on October 13, 1860. She was a highly gifted girl, and had a passion for Russia and the Greek Church. She made the sign of the cross always in the oriental fashion,

placing the thumb and two first fingers together to signify the Trinity, and was prevented for two years from making her first communion by a confessor as obstinate as herself, until a more Gregorian-minded Bishop decided that in a thing so harmless and piously intended, she might be "orthodox" if she liked. She was buried with much solemnity, *Dirge* and *Requiem*, in the crypt at Grace-Dieu. The Rev. Henry Collins preached on "the Measure of Sorrow for the Departed," and printed privately in 1861 a short account of her life and death, in which the following remarkable passage occurs:—"It is true that we have even supernatural grounds for believing that she died in the favour of God, for on the night before her decease, whilst she was receiving with a devout mind the last anointing of the church to prepare her for her end, there was heard distinctly, and by several persons, the sound of a celestial chaunt proceeding from her chamber, hymned by no earthly voices. Four men, none of them Catholics, though two have since become so, heard the chaunting three several times. They all agreed in their conviction as to whence it came, that it was from the chamber of the dying child. The third time it was so loud that they could distinguish as it were the several voices that blended in this celestial harmony, some of which sang the treble notes, while others took the deeper parts. The character of the music was indescribably beautiful, and one of the men, who had been in the habit of attending the Catholic service in S. Mary's Chapel at Grace-Dieu, declared that the style of it was exactly like that of the solemn plain chaunt used in that chapel which he was accustomed to hear there. They described the chaunting as having no air in it that they could carry away, but the effect was solemn, and beautiful beyond expression. They supposed at the moment that it was some service according to the Catholic Rites which was being sung in the sick chamber by the Priest and his attendants; when they heard it, therefore, they were not surprised at the sound, except that its beauty exceeded that of any religious service they had ever heard; and it was not until the following

morning at the breakfast hour, when relating what they had heard to their fellow-servants, and being then informed that there had been no service *chaunted* in the sick-room, that the conviction flashed upon them, as upon all to whom these facts have been since related, that the chaunting proceeded from Heavenly Spirits and Departed Saints who had come hither on an errand of mercy, to hedge round the dying bed of the departing child. The names of the four men who witnessed this event are John Keightley, Maximilian Gunn, William Machugh, and Henry Kidger."

De Lisle's only brother, the Rev. Charles Lisle March Phillipps, M.A., who had been Vicar of Shepshed, a family living, since 1856, died, much respected and beloved by his parishioners, on January 3, 1875. He was an excellent and devoted clergyman, but very different from his brother Ambrose in matters of ritual and religion, following in the footsteps of his Evangelical uncle Edward, the Rector of Hathern. During his incumbency the chancel of Shepshed Church, the Phillipps mausoleum, was religiously preserved, except for the family monuments, in all the simplicity of a charnel-house. Now its debased Roman architecture has disappeared, and a traceried window representing the Crucifixion of our Lord adorns the east end, placed there *in memoriam*.

In 1873, during Cardinal Manning's second visit to Garendon, the beautiful little temple in the park was solemnly blessed and transformed into a Christian wayside shrine. It was built in 1704 by Ambrose Phillipps, of purest classical form, in Mansfield stone, to hold a statue of Venus, the goddess of fickle and faithless love, rather more than a century ago, when, if cultivated men were not quite pagan, they certainly were not devoutly religious. This statue was smashed by the Luddite rioters, together with all the other statues which once adorned the gardens and avenues of Garendon. De Lisle conceived the design of dedicating to religion this exquisite creation of an artistic fancy, and put up a little altar and three holy pictures in Russian, Roman fashion; a Madonna and Child, S. Ambrose, his patron, and S. Augustine, his favourite author. The

aged Cardinal spoke the word and blessed the Temple, the Shepshed choir from S. Winefred's sang a *Te Deum*, and then his Eminence preached to more than 2000 spectators, who reverently listened to his words, even if they did not all care to share his glowing faith and hope. De Lisle was never able to build the gorgeous church Pugin had designed for Garendon.¹ Indeed, his building at Garendon marred and maimed the activity and happiness of the last decade of his life, for it involved him seriously in debt and depression, which the *pietas* of his eldest son and grandson alone enabled him to restrict to himself and his descendants. Although the family estates were strictly entailed, he managed to spend the income of three generations instead of that of one life-tenant.

Of the sunshine and shadows of Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle's interesting life, the following letters give an intimate record. Naturally they are but a sample and a selection, yet added to what has already been said, they give a true and life-like picture. In his all but spotless life there are no pages that require the friendly discernment of the judicious truth-dissector:—

GRACE-DIEU MANOR,
Vendredi de l'octave Fête Dieu, 1843.

Mon bien cher Ami et très-vénéré M' L'Abbé²—Votre aimable lettre du 3 juin m'a donné beaucoup de joie et de consolation, surtout la promesse que vous faites de venir à Grace-Dieu cette année. Nous serons enchantés, moi et ma femme, de vous revoir ici, et je puis vous dire avec toute vérité qu'il n'y a rien de plus encourageant pour nous dans nos efforts de restaurer

¹ "If I live to the spring, we mean to restore the old church at Dishley as a mortuary chapel and for an occasional mass. I daresay it will look very nice when it has been cleansed from its modern abominations. We have removed the old altar rails, which are of oak and were put up by Sir Ambrose Phillipps in the reign of Charles II., and next week they will be put up in Garendon Chapel and we think they will look very well. The chapel here is not large enough for anything in the shape of a Roodskreen, and these communion rails will not be inappropriate for its mixed style of architecture." *Extract from letter of Nov. 6, 1871, to his son Gerard de Lisle.* Dishley church is now, however, in ruins, a melancholy object to look at from the high-road between Loughborough and Derby.

² The Abbé Lorain, Canon and Rector of the Episcopal Seminary of Langres.

la Religion Catholique en Angleterre que les visites des bons Prêtres et Evêques de France, des bouches desquels il nous semble que nous recevons des paroles, lesquelles nous fortifient merveilleusement dans le saint chemin de Dieu. L'année passée Monseigneur l'Evêque de Nancy nous a visités, il nous a encouragés beaucoup.¹ A présent, Mon très-cher Abbé, j'attendrai votre visite avec la plus grande impatience. Le commencement du mois de juillet nous allons au bord de la mer, mais nous retournerons à Grace-Dieu pendant la première semaine d'Août. Par conséquent aucune semaine après celle-la que vous choisirez de venir ici, nous serons charmés de vous recevoir et de vous offrir l'hospitalité Catholique et Anglaise. Je vous prierai de m'écrire quelques lignes pour nommer le jour envers lequel nous pouvons vous attendre.

Je crois que vous trouverez que la Religion Catholique a fait de progrès considérable autour de Grace-Dieu depuis votre dernière visite. Les Moines Cisterciens ont fini leur couvent, et ils ont commencé leur jolie église gothique, qui est dessinée d'après le style du 13^{me} siècle. Dans le petit bourg de Shepeshed, qui appartient à mon Père et qui contient une population de quatre mille âmes, nous avons construit une église de campagne, que notre Evêque a consacrée l'année passée sur la fête de *ma* chère sainte Elizabeth de Hongrie (la vie de laquelle par Montalembert j'ai traduite en anglais). Elle est dédiée à Dieu sous l'invocation de Sainte Winefride, Vierge et Martyre, une des Saintes les plus célèbres de la vieille Angleterre. M. L'Abbé Gentili, que vous avez vu à Grace-Dieu, dessert cette petite église de Shepeshed actuellement. Vous croirez que j'exagère quand je vous dirai que pendant deux années il a converti plus *de mille personnes* à la foi Catholique dans ce village ; et dans une seule semaine, il n'y a qu'un mois, il avait le bonheur de recevoir 87 personnes au sein de la sainte église !! Aussi en d'autres endroits du voisinage de Grace-Dieu d'autres Prêtres ont fait une quantité de conversions. A Grace-Dieu nous avons à présent M' L'Abbé Whitaker pour aumonier. Lui aussi fait un grand nombre de conversions. C'est difficile de vous donner une idée juste du progrès de la Religion Catholique en Angleterre aujourd'hui. Quand vous viendrez

¹ The Bishop of Nancy, Mgr. Forbin-Janson, Primate of Lorrain, founded the *Society of the Holy Childhood* in 1842, for the redemption of cast-away babies. Mrs. de Lisle became the English secretary, zealously carrying on the work till the end of her life, when she was succeeded by Mrs. Edwin de Lisle. The Society has brought up in the Catholic Religion, and settled in life, over 1,000,000 Chinese cast-away children ; see *Life of Mgr. Forbin-Janson*, by R. P. Philpin de Rivière of the Oratory, London, p. 435.

ici, vous trouverez aussi un Calvaire, que nous avons érigé sur un de nos rochers près de Grace-Dieu. Le jour de *l'invention de la Croix* (3 Mai) nous y avons eu une belle Procession avec trois Prêtres, deux italiens et un anglais, accompagné des chœurs de trois chapelles, tous en surplis, et précédés, chaque chœur, de sa propre croix Processionale, en tous 52 hommes et garçons en surplis. À la fin de la Procession venait le Prêtre de Grace-Dieu en chappe portant une grande relique de la vraie Croix, et après lui les enfants de notre école Catholique 105 en nombre, vêtus en uniforme, enfin un grand nombre d'hommes et femmes, on dit environ 800, et parmi eux ma femme, mes enfants, et moi-même. Les Prêtres prêchaient devant le grand Christ du Calvaire, et les chœurs chantaient des hymnes avec tout le peuple en anglais, mais avec les tons Grégoriens. À la fin de la Mission qui durait plusieurs heures le prêtre de Grace-Dieu donnait une bénédiction solennelle avec la relique de la Croix. Tout le peuple se prosternait, et plusieurs personnes fondaient en larmes. C'était un spectacle touchant de voir, là dans un endroit, où il y a dix ans on ne comptait pas un seul Catholique !

À présent un mot sur le mouvement Catholique à Oxford et au sein de l'église Anglicane. Deux Cures bénéficiés de cette église viennent de faire leur retour à l'église Catholique. Ce sont M. Talbot neveu du Lord Talbot de Malahide, et M. Sparkes, un homme de grand mérite : ces deux ecclésiastiques Anglicans ne pouvaient plus longtemps attendre le jour de la réunion générale de leur église, et en se rendant à nous, ils ont abandonné tous leurs biens temporels : c'est magnifique, n'est-ce pas ? Ils seront réordonnés bientôt. À Oxford elle-même une crise est venue. Il y a trois semaines le Docteur Pusey, chanoine de la Cathédrale, y prêchait un sermon, dans laquelle il soutenait la vraie présence de N. Seigneur dans l'eucharistie, et que la Sainte Messe était un vrai sacrifice propitiatoire pour les vivants et les morts. Plusieurs chefs de l'Université, qui ne sont pas amis du mouvement Catholique, étaient furieux contre ce discours, et par conséquent ils ont nommé un conseil, devant lequel ils ont cité le Docteur Pusey. Le bon Docteur a été condamné à ne plus prêcher pendant deux ans ! Imaginez-vous quelle injustice. Nous ne savons pas à présent ce que feront les hommes du parti Catholique au sein de l'église Anglicane. Je pense que plusieurs d'eux quitteront leur église pour se rendre à nous, c'est-à-dire ceux qui sont les plus avancés : mais cela ne fera qu'augmenter la force du mouvement Catholique même au sein de l'église Anglicane : parceque les autres, quand ils voient tant de leurs camarades se séparer de tout ce qui est flatteur pour le cœur humain pour devenir pauvres en embrassant la Foi

Catholique, seront entraînés plus fortement que jamais envers une Religion si douce et si sainte, ainsi qu'enfin le cri de réunir leur Eglise avec l'Eglise mère et maîtresse, le siège Apostolique de Rome, deviendra général. Alors le gouvernement ne pourra plus longtemps résister. Mais en attendant cet événement qui doit être plus ou moins loin de nous, la cause Catholique continuera de faire des progrès immenses chaque jour. Mon cher ami, priez pour nous, pour l'Angleterre, et demandez des prières partout où vous allez. Le Seigneur peut hâter son jour de miséricorde pour les prières de ses élus.

Pour l'Irlande, c'est difficile de prononcer. Je suis disposé à croire que ce mouvement pour le rappel de l'Union entre les deux Parlements vient de Dieu : parceque tous les évêques de l'Eglise Irlandaise le favorisent. Certes le rappel de l'union détruirait le Protestantisme en Irlande de fond en comble. En général les Catholiques d'Angleterre sont d'accord avec leurs frères en Irlande, mais ce n'est pas prudent pour nous de parler à ce rapport, c'est mieux d'attendre une manifestation plus claire de la volonté de Dieu.¹ Quelques-uns de nous Catholiques Anglais, comme Lord Beaumont, ont parlé contre ce mouvement, en pensant que cela pouvait détruire l'intégrité du royaume, ceux au contraire qui le favorisent, ne croient pas à cette conséquence. Je crois que bientôt il y aura de *grands événements*. Encore une fois, *priez*. Ce n'est pas vrai que quelques-uns de nos Catholiques membres du parlement ont trahi la cause Catholique dans la question de l'éducation : c'est vrai, qu'ils en ont été accusés. Leur opinion était, que les Catholiques pouvaient accepter le bill, que proposait le ministère, avec *quelques modifications* : mais le gouvernement ne voulait pas consentir à faire les modifications demandées, par conséquent tous ces Catholiques sont aujourd'hui d'accord avec les autres membres de leur Parti, qu'ils doivent opposer le *bill*. C'est un malheur pour nous, que nous avons parmi nous des hommes violents, qui accusent leur frères continuellement de vouloir trahir l'Eglise aussitôt qu'ils tiennent une opinion différente de la leur sur la meilleure mode d'avancer le Catholicisme. Mais ces hommes violents, je ne vois pas qu'ils font tant pour Dieu, que les autres Catholiques qui sont plus doux dans leur manière de procéder.

Voulez-vous présenter nos hommages à Monseigneur l'Arch-evêque de Besançon : j'espère qu'un jour sa grandeur viendra visiter l'Angleterre, et voir avec ses propres yeux ce que Dieu fait ici pour son Eglise.

Ma femme me charge de vous dire mille choses de sa part, et

¹ A few years afterwards De Lisle thought he perceived the true will of God, and never again inclined towards Home Rule or Repeal.

je vous prie d'agréer l'expression du sincère attachement et du respectueux dévouement avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être, Mon cher M. l'Abbé, votre très humble serviteur et ami,

AMBROISE DE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

GRACE-DIEU MANOR,
Wednesday, Dec. 18, 1844,
Feast of the Expectation B.V.M.

MY DEAR LORD SHREWSBURY—I have been for some time in your debt for a very kind and interesting letter, which I should have answered sooner, if I had had any thing to say. Now however I must perforce do so, lest I incur the charge of neglecting a duty, which it is really a great delight to me to fulfil. I conclude you have watched the progress of our friend Ward's affair at Oxford: it is a very interesting case in every way, and whatever be the decision of the University the result cannot fail to hasten on the flow of Catholic opinion, and the sweeping away of those sandheaps of Protestant prejudice which have been accumulating round the shores of Old England during the last 300 years. Beyond this sort of work, the importance of which it is hardly possible to overrate (though the rushing tide will from time to time precipitate into the haven a few individuals who have floated on its surface before the rest of their Brethren), we must not expect any very general result at the present moment: we must wait in patience for the day, content that we see a few twinklings of the dawn. The letters I have lately received from Oxford have been exceedingly interesting: opinion is rapidly advancing and ripening there, and indeed throughout the country: but there is an immense work to perform: to overcome the prejudices of 300 years, to root out a whole body of ideas and convictions, and to plant another set in their stead is a gigantick undertaking: and if we be not *patient* with the small beginnings of the work, we shall never be able to bring it to perfection. There is but one opinion at Oxford and throughout the whole Puseyite party of the extreme injudiciousness in publishing that Letter of Montalembert's. What he said in it was all very true and very good in its way, and no doubt applicable to many men amongst the party, but singularly unjust as directed against others. It would however have surprised no one, coming as it did from a Foreigner, from his very position incapable of knowing the actual state of England; but to bring it out in the Dublin Review, to usher it into notice with such a preface, as was there prefixed to it, was enough to astonish all who had sense enough in their heads to contrast its style and

argument with the course previously pursued by that Periodical. These blunders and others committed by us will not hinder the movement, but they will inevitably take the direction of it out of *our* hands. In the mean while from what I hear I should think the number of individual conversions will go on constantly increasing. What do you think of the Bishop of Exeter's doings? for my part I quite approve of them. They *tend* either to bring the old Anglican vessel into the Port of Catholicism or to sink her altogether in the tempest they have occasioned: either result may be God's will, and either might help on the conversion of England, which is my polar star: for which alone I care, and in reference to which only do I care for anything else.

I see you have not a very good opinion of Lord Glenelg. I do not agree with you in that, though you remember I told you he was anything but *converted* yet. I do not at all wonder that in his position he went to the Anglican Service the Sunday he was with you. To have gone to Mass (which of course abroad he has seen so often as no longer to feel any *mere* curiosity to witness the ceremonial) he was not likely to do, when his mind is certainly not made up as to embracing Catholicism, whatever he may think of it as a theoretical system, and when his so doing would only have made people talk for no purpose, especially as you had strangers and foreigners staying with you at the time. A man, who has been so many years a Minister of the Crown, and possibly may be so once more, cannot afford to play with certain subjects, as many do, who nevertheless are not the nearer to Catholicism on that account. For my own part I have a very mean opinion of those converts, who have not been remarkable for their exactitude in fulfilling what they erroneously conceived to be their religious duties in their previous system. Catholics may depend upon it, if they wish to have creditable converts, they must seek them amongst the religious not the light and volatile members of heterodox communions. I am no prophet, and therefore I will not venture to predict Lord Glenelg's conversion, but this I have a right to say knowing him as I do most intimately that if ever he should have the happiness to become a member of the only true Church, he will be a valuable member: one that we may be able to depend upon, and who would serve and adorn any cause he undertook.

We have had a very pleasant time at Garendon, which is only just come to an end: and it has been one satisfaction to me that Dr. Gentili has been so often invited there: after he returned from you he spent an entire week there: and I was glad to perceive that my Father always made him say Grace, which the good man always ushered in with a glorious sign of the cross!

and this too with his Religious habit on! Since then Dr. Gentili has been preaching at Liverpool for the Advent Retreat, and I hear with very great success. He is now gone to Banbury for the same purpose. I trust it will do a great deal of good, and that it will kindle a spirit of fervour.

We called on Bishop Walsh the other day, and were glad to find him looking remarkably well. How beautiful the Church at Nottingham is! That side Chapel of the B. Sacrament is admirable: what a consolation it must have been to you to assist at the consecration of such a noble structure built almost entirely by yourself. But I hear from all quarters the loudest praises of your new Church at Cheadle. Some cousins of mine, who were staying at Sandon went over with a large party from thence to see it, and though they have seen much of the continent they did not hesitate to say they preferred it to any thing they had ever seen—and I may chime in now with this opinion having seen the King of Bavaria's new Churches at Munich. I do not hesitate to say they are not to be compared with it.

We have I believe nearly completed our arrangements relative to our two Boys, for whom we have been for some time looking out for a Tutor: when that is settled we shall be much more at liberty.

I hear you are going to spend your winter at Torquay: if so, I hope for myself you will make the acquaintance of my Uncle Henry Phillipps, who lives there—a very agreeable amiable man—he has a very nice place there, which he made himself, but which I have not yet seen—if you will do so, let me know. I trust you are all quite well—pray present our united best respects to Lady Shrewsbury and the rest of your family circle, and believe me, my dear Lord Shrewsbury, your sincerely obliged friend,

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

GARENDON PARK, *January 29, 1845.*

MY DEAR TOM¹—I was delighted to receive your letter: I enclose you some notes to some of my Paris friends, which may prove of service to Mr. Bevan. If Dom Guéranger should happen to be at Paris, he would find *his* acquaintance a treasure indeed, for he is incontestably one of the most learned clergymen in the *whole* Catholick Church at the present day, and as saintly as he is learned, and with the simplicity of a little child. Dom Pitra is the Prior of the new Benedictine Abbey only just established

¹ His cousin, the late Mr. Thomas Ryder, son of the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

at Paris, and a learned pious Priest : he is the author of a valuable book on the antiquities of the Holy Roman Church "Origines de l'église Romaine." Of Jules Gondon and the Abbé des Genettes I need say nothing, as you know all about them : the Abbé Migne is the superintendent of the most wonderful Catholick Printing Press in the world, a visit to his establishment would amply repay the trouble : so I add a line to him also. If Mr. Bevan will ask Dom Pitra to give him an introduction to Father Lacordaire, I am sure he would do so : I would, only I don't know him, as he has never happened to be in Paris, when I was.

I read Ward's Address yesterday, and I know no terms to express my admiration : it is triumphant : none but rogues *can* vote for his degradation now : if he be condemned, it will be a resuscitation of malignity, such as the Pharisee persecutor of Christ alone has heretofore exhibited. I put it into my Father's hands this morning, who I rejoice to say sympathizes more and more with the Anglo-Catholick movement.

There is indeed a strange state of things in Ireland, but the move of Archbishops Murray and Crolly, seconded as it has been by those 50 really courageous Priests, will lead to a reaction of immense importance, and will I trust finally overthrow the Repeal agitation. You are perfectly right in looking on the spirit of that Agitation as Antipapal, and what is worse still I should say it was Antichristian : its object is to divide not to unite Nations, to *atheize* (if I may use such a word) the State, not to guarantee the independence of the Church, to revive the old heathen notions of patriotism, not to regulate and sanctify an intelligent love of one's own immediate country : it is in fact an attempt to act out on a great scale the impious theory of Lamennais : and the Pope's rescript to the Irish Primate is but the legitimate corollary of the encyclical that condemned the "Paroles d'un Croyant." The Church is always militant, and she has now within her own bosom a nest of anarchical serpents to torment her within, while she struggles with an erastian foe from without. Her principles must in the end triumph over both, but in the meanwhile the Spirit of God that rules her must strive with both, and during the struggle each will pretend to claim her, as she denounces his rival. Would to God that Princes and other powers who represent His Divine Majesty in the *moral government* of the world would learn that their own highest interests and those of their people were bound up in acknowledging the Church's own golden mean : "*et nunc Reges intelligite, erudimini qui judicatis Terram !*" Oh ! I hope ! yes every day I am in better heart about old England : the ship is gradually emerging from her watery grave, as St. Marina of Escobar saw in her vision 300 years ago.

We had a very pleasant visit from Lord John Manners about a fortnight ago, when he spent a few days with us at Grace-Dieu, and one morning Mr. and Mrs. Bailly Cochrane came to lunch with us, and walked up to the Calvary. She is Lord John's niece, and he is the "Sir Charles Buckhurst" of Coningsby. We liked them both very much. Lord J. mentioned that the new edition of Coningsby will be more ecclesiastical in its character than the first.

What a sharp fit of winter we have got again! it quite baffles the weather-Prophets. Laura joins me in kind love to yourself and hopes you will come and see her at Grace-Dieu some time or other, when you have a few idle days on hand. If you see William your Brother again pray give him my affecte. love and a thousand good wishes for health and every prosperity spiritual and temporal.—Your affecte. cousin,

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

NEWLAND HOUSE, *July 5, 1845*,¹

Saturday in the Octave of S.S. Peter and Paul.

MY DEAREST EBBY²—I am afraid you will think I have been very slow in answering your letter, which I thought very nicely written: but we have been so much occupied that I have hardly had a moment for writing. We left Cheltenham a week ago yesterday, and since we came here we have had very unfavourable weather; however we have managed to take two excursions into the Forest of Dean, the scenery of which is very fine. Some of the old oaks of the Forest are of enormous size. The Drives extend for above a hundred miles in different directions. They belong to the Queen, who gives a full command over a portion of the Royal Forest to my Uncle Ducarel, both for shooting and all other purposes.

We have also been to see the ruins of Raglan Castle. This noble specimen of an antient baronial Castle belongs to the Duke of Beaufort, who is the principal man in the County of Gloucester. The situation of the castle is very fine, and its architecture superb. We climbed up all the Towers by means of the winding staircases, which are in a state of good preservation. The views from them are very extensive: on one side the castle looks down upon a valley bounded on the west by the mountains of South Wales, and on all the other sides the view is fenced in by lofty Hills. The Hill on which the Castle itself stands is the highest in its

¹ Newland House, Coleford, the seat of his cousin, Mr. Charles Palmer, formerly the seat of the Ducarel, De Lisle's mother's family.

² His second son, Everard, killed at Delhi, then ten years old.

own immediate neighbourhood, standing as it does in the midst of a considerable Plain surrounded on all sides with lofty hills and mountains. The Castle is defended by a moat to which you descend from the Keep of the Castle by what is called a *Sally-Port* or narrow door through a sharp pointed Gothick arch, by which the people within got into a little boat, which carried them across the moat. The other parts of the Castle were approached by a Drawbridge. This fine Castle, which was considered the strongest in South Wales, was besieged and taken by Fairfax and the Parliamentary forces, having held out for a long while in behalf of King Charles the 1st. Cromwell ordered the Keep to be dismantled and all the lead to be taken from the roof of the whole building, so that this noble edifice fell into total ruin very soon after. It is very melancholy to see how all the grand castles of England were destroyed within one hundred years after Henry the VIIIth separated England from the Catholick Church: no doubt God sent the destruction of the Castles as a punishment on the great Families of England for seizing the Abbey Lands, which had been consecrated to Religious uses.

Alice says she hopes you have not forgotten your promise of writing to her: so as soon as you get this letter, you must try to fulfil your promise. We shall leave Newland next Friday, if all be well: and then we propose to spend another week at Cheltenham, after which we look forwards to returning home to Grace-Dieu.

I conclude the Conceptionists are not yet arrived from France, as we have heard nothing. Now I hope we shall be at home before they reach Grace-Dieu, which will be much more convenient, than their coming while we are absent. I shall hope to hear a very good account of you and Amo from Mr. Paillet, when we see you, and to find that you are making satisfactory progress with your lessons: now is the time for you to learn, when you are young: and if you do not lay in a good store of knowledge now, you will not be able to acquire it later.

Alice and Mina are quite well, and so is dear Mama, they all send their love to you in which I join. We each of us send a kiss to the little children and with our best love to dear Amo, and kind regards to Mr. Paillet, I am ever, my dearest Ebbby, your affectionate Papa,

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

GRACE-DIEU MANOR,
Passion Sunday, 1847, March 22.

MY DEAREST EBBY—I was delighted to receive your affectionate letter; you were a very good boy to remember my birthday, and I pray God to bless you in return. I have been very glad

to hear a very good account of you from Dr. Procter, who writes to tell us that you are a very good little boy, and that you do your lessons very well. This made both your Mama and me very happy. I am also very glad to hear that you are going to make your *first communion*. It is the most important act of your Life, and you must endeavour to do it with the greatest devotion possible: for if you make your first communion well, you will probably save your soul. Always continue to be a good little boy, and you will prosper both here and hereafter: I am sure you feel happy, now that you are a good boy, and it will make you still more happy when you hear how happy it has made your Mama and me to hear such a good account of you. Be very devout to the blessed Virgin, always say some little prayer in Her honour every day, and She will pray for you in return to Her Divine Son. Also ask St. Joseph to intercede for you, and do the same to your holy Patron St. Aloysius. Be very attentive to the pious instructions you receive about your first communion, and endeavour to love Our Saviour above all things. And now, my dear Ebby, I will say no more, as I am in a hurry. You must not forget every day to pray for your Grandpapa's *conversion*.

Mama joins me in best love to you, and so do Alice, Freda, and Mary, and I am ever, my dearest Ebby, your affecte. Papa,
AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

GARENDON PARK, Dec. 17, 1847.

MY DEAR LORD SHREWSBURY—I must thank you for your last very kind Letter, which I read with the greatest interest. I am sure both you and dear kind Lady Shrewsbury will feel for me, when I tell you, that God has sent me this week a most severe trial, *the very serious illness* of my precious wife—it arose from a chill she took during last week, the effects of which we could not subdue; but she has been in very great danger. Thank God, she is now much better, and the medical men assure me quite out of danger, but still very ill and excessively weak—it has subsided now into an attack of jaundice, which is always a disagreeable and tiresome complaint, but under her present circumstances particularly so. You may imagine, what a dreadful trial all this has been to me. But I earnestly trust the worst is over now, and that through the infinite mercy of God she will soon be restored to health. What a blow it would have been for me and my 10 children, if we had lost her, I cannot think of it without shuddering. My Father and my Aunts have been all kindness, and have watched over her like the best of nurses. We

have had alternately Father Cooke and Father Lockhart in the house, but they judged it best not to give her the last Sacraments, as there never was *immediate* danger: though she received the H. Communion last night in the ordinary way, for her greater comfort. May I beg of you my dear Lord Shrewsbury to help me with your good prayers, and I am sure dear Lady Shrewsbury and Miss Talbot will pray also, that God would avert such a dreadful calamity and once more restore her to health. As soon as her recovery advances a little, I will write again, and enter into Catholick affairs. What did you think of the prospect Burns holds out about the Tablet? I really hope it will improve. I am sure you will not expect me to write more under these trying circumstances. Pray offer my affectionate remembrances to dear Lady Shrewsbury and Miss Talbot and my other kind Friends at Alton, and believe me, my dear Lord Shrewsbury, most sincerely and gratefully yrs.,

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

GARENDON PARK, Dec. 23, 1847.

MY DEAR LORD SHREWSBURY—I owe you many thanks for your very kind Letter, which it was a great comfort to me to receive at such an anxious and painful moment. I am most thankful to say that my dearest Wife continues to improve, and that she has been recovering without any drawback since my last Letter to dear Lady Shrewsbury. She is still confined to her bed, and I suppose will so remain for a few days longer, which is a very necessary precaution, as well as remedy, under her present circumstances. It has indeed been a most serious case, and she was for some hours in very great danger. But now thank God it is passed, and I earnestly trust that through His Mercy she will soon be entirely recovered. The Medical men say that it will not have injured her constitution, as it was not any *disease*, but merely the effects of sudden chill, which is, as you know, always dangerous in cases where Ladies are *nursing* soon after a confinement. She caught the chill by going to Communion in the Chapel at Grace-Dieu on the feast of the Conception of our B. Lady. At the first we thought nothing of it, and in fact *alarming* symptoms did not shew themselves till after we came to Garendon the following week. Though all is going on so well, I will still beg of you to continue your charitable prayers for her perfect recovery. It is so very kind of you to ask us to Alton for change of air, and if you should still be there a month or six weeks hence, when she is quite recovered, it would give us the greatest pleasure to avail ourselves of your kind invitation, and while Mrs. Phillipps amused herself with

Lady Shrewsbury, I should look forwards to a renewal of my delightful rides with you in the glens of the Park and up the winding valley leading to your Convent, and then we must also renew all our old conversations. I quite agree with what you say about the Tablet, I fear it is quite incurable. The animus of it is horrible: it is against all Government, and it would pull down the Peerage and the whole landed aristocracy of the Kingdom; it detests everything that is not prepared to lick the dust before Mr. Lucas's feet and the Repeal Ruffians of Ireland. By way of experiment I will continue to take it in for the next six weeks, but if it does not mend before then, I for one shall give it up—it is a scandal to the Catholick cause. Have you any fresh news from Italy? The papers say very little just now. Let me ask you to present our united affect. regards to Lady Shrewsbury and the rest of your Family circle, and believe me, my dear Lord Shrewsbury, ever most sincerely and gratefully yours,

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

GARENDON PARK, *Jan. 18, 1848.*

MY DEAR LORD SHREWSBURY—I have read Lord Adare's Letter with much interest, and I return it to you with thanks. The article against you in the last Tablet made my blood boil, such vile lying trash I never read. I quite agree with you, there is no use writing for the Irish, our only object must be to save the credit of Catholicism in the eyes of Englishmen. That your able and admirable Letter has done effectively. I quite agree with you that it is better for me to write nothing unless ArchBp. MacHale writes again. But if he were to do so, and left me some loophole, perhaps I might do it: but I shall do nothing without first consulting you and having an understanding with you. Mr. Corballis sent me his "*address*" according to your desire, and I wrote to thank him for it. What an idea that gives one of *John of Tuam's* disgraceful unfairness, and recklessness in bringing charges &c.!! It seems to me as if the present moment was one of those dark passages in History, of which one can only say in words more sacred than our own, "*Hæc est Hora vestra et potestas Tenebrarum!*" a moment to be endured, but not to be rectified, one in which Truth and Justice can only suffer, in which good men must be overwhelmed by the bad. Bishop Maginn's portraits of Brougham and Beaumont are a decided *developement* not only of the Pictorial but of Theological art. What Gospel that Bishop practically believes, it will be difficult for Posterity to say, certainly not that delivered by our Lord on the Mount. We have *developed* since

then. It is indeed humiliating to witness Montalembert and D. O'Connell in couples. But no one was ever less understood abroad than O'Connell, and no question more misrepresented than the Irish one. In France this view is taken up in accordance with the old national prejudice against England, and then they make a *Myth* of O'Connell, an *ideal Personification* of true Xtian resistance to evil, on the principle of *moral* as opposed to *physical* Force. But I confess all these things are very perplexing, and they make it easier for a man to keep quietly shut up in his cell, than to walk out into broad daylight. In fact the Universe is in a state of Revolution, moral and physical too: what we shall come to at last, I cannot guess; and it is to be doubted, whether any one is now alive, who will see the end of it. Meanwhile you must watch it from the Gothick loop-holes of your venerable Towers, and amid the noble valleys of Alton, with Religion and peace and plenty around you, you can well afford to pardon and to pity the follies of those who are so vainly fighting and struggling in the distance.—Believe me ever, your most attached and gratefully devoted,

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

GARENDON PARK, Jan. 27, 1848.

MY DEAR LORD SHREWSBURY—I send you back the *hints*, according to your desire. May God guide you to say what is right and holy.

I am stretched on the rack still, my angelick wife is still *not* out of danger, and so picture to yourself my misery.—With my warmest regards to all, believe me, my dear Lord Shrewsbury, your ever grateful but disconsolate,

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

GARENDON PARK, Dec. 13, 1848.

MY DEAR EVERARD—I received your Letter a few days ago, and I now write to you, in a day or two I will write to Amo, and you must tell him so with my best love. I hope you have been a very diligent Boy since last I wrote, and that you are making up now for lost time. If Dr. Cox sends home a good account of you since the last time he wrote, it will give your Mama and me great pleasure.

What has happened in Italy has been very dreadful. The Pope's temporal Government has been overthrown in Rome, at least for the present, and it was with great difficulty that Our Holy Father escaped from the hands of his wicked and rebellious

Roman Subjects. The French Republick has behaved very nobly and religiously in offering His Holiness an asylum in France, but the Pope has gone to the Kingdom of Naples for the present, and at present it seems uncertain, where he will ultimately settle himself. Your Mama and I have been riding about a great deal lately, and she has enjoyed it very much. We go over continually to Grace-Dieu to watch the progress of the works. I think you and Amo will admire it very much, when next you see it, and you will find a great deal done since last you were at home. The Chapel of the B. Sacrament is very nearly finished, the Altar with its canopy is one of the handsomest works of Pugin that I have seen anywhere, at least for the size. I suppose you have heard that Father Bernard is going to be consecrated Abbot, as the Pope's rescript has arrived. Bishop Ullathorne, our new Bishop, has settled to perform this ceremony on the Purification of the B. Virgin, Candlemas Day next, and I think on the same occasion either the day before or the one after he will consecrate the Altars in the Chapel at Grace-Dieu, and that in the Chapel of the H. Sepulchre on the rocks. So I hope we shall have fine weather for it. Yesterday Sir Richard Sutton's hounds found a very large fat old fox at Longcliffe and after dodging about all day in the other plantations and woods of Garendon, they lost him, but the labourers dug him out of a drain near the garden in the Park, and your Grandpapa had him turned out in Oakeley Wood. He tried very savagely to bite the men, but they held him tight by his throat, and then shut him up in a sack. Give our best love to Amo, I will write to him to-morrow; and believe me ever, your affectionate Papa,

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

WHITBY, Sep. 13, 1849.

MY DEAR LORD SHREWSBURY—Many thanks for your kind and very interesting Letter. We regret exceedingly that it is out of our power to avail ourselves of your most welcome invitation to meet the Prince and Princess Doria. It would have been a most enjoyable visit for us, but our plans are so arranged now, that it is quite impossible for us to manage it. I entirely agree with you in your views on Roman affairs: and I trust the President's Letter may have the effect of checking the absurd measures of the Retrograde Party: when he talks of *general amnesty*, of course he does not mean *universal amnesty*. There must be exceptions, and the most violent of the Red Party ought to be excluded from Rome no less than from Paris.

No state could be safe with such men machinating in the dark retreats of Treason and disaffection : and to keep such men out of the way, is the only chance of keeping Liberty. For without order and respect for Property, man would quickly revert to the savage state, and so anarchy ever forces men into Despotism to avoid this horrible alternative. Under these circumstances I think the wisest course for the Pope would be at once to grant a *general amnesty* making a few just exceptions, and as few as possible. It is very deplorable that even for a moment He should have compromised his character as a Liberal and Reforming Sovereign by placing power in the hands of such injudicious and despotick men as the 3 Cardinals : and surely it was an unhappy thought to have a Triumvirate at all, it was to follow a very bad precedent and to provoke a very unwise comparison. Let us hope however that false steps will be recalled, and right measures adopted, for otherwise as you most justly remark scandal will be given and the permanence of the Pope's restoration endangered. I am glad to see from the Papers that the French Bishops are going to hold a National Council, it will be a very important step for Religion, and do much towards effecting (I trust) a thorough reconciliation between Church and State in that Country.

You must not suppose there is any danger of my giving credence to the vile calumnies you allude to circulated against Prince Doria in that execrable journal the Tablet. I never give credit or listen for a moment to any thing stated against my Friends or their belongings, unless I have other and independent proof of my own : and even then I would never condescend to listen to their enemies. Prince Doria stands so high in the estimation of all *reasonable* men, and the extreme difficulties of his publick Position at the head of affairs in such a year as in 1848, and the noble loyalty with which he met that difficulty is too well known to all Europe, for any just and impartial man to join in the base outcry of such hireling scribes as come forwards in the columns of that odious Tablet. I only wish we could put the editor in the catalogue of those we would exclude from *our* amnesty. He ought to stand in company with Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, and other disturbers of the Publick Peace, and like them to be chained and muzzled. I would as soon advocate socialism as the Theories of the Tablet : both are equally averse to true Religion and sound Politicks, and those of the Tablet the most noxious of the two, in as much as they come under the cloak of Religion.

We like Whitby very much. The Ruins of the old Abbey are magnificent, and they stand on the crown of a lofty cliff,

commanding the sea on one side and the Town on the other. What a charming spot this must have been, when that grand old Church was perfect, and the sacred offices were daily chanted! Poor old England! Will it ever be Catholick again? Catholicity in Yorkshire seems in a very slumbering state, few signs of activity or progress. As we passed through York, we dined with the George Cliffords, we thought them looking well: we met a large party, the Tempests and others, and the good old Bishop came in in the evening. What a glorious thing the Minster is, and the Chapter House very well restored: but how sad it is to see the desecration of that glorious Church, and every sign of Catholicity swept out of it. Before we leave Yorkshire I believe we are to make a few visits hereabouts. It is a fine county altogether, containing a great variety of scenery, some very charming, but I have not yet seen anything equal to some of our Derbyshire scenes such as Dovedale, for example, or such as your charming glens about Alton. By the bye have you finished your road up the valley to St. Wilfrid's? and is your new Dining Hall finished? When you next write, you must tell me a little, what you are doing, and what you have done. And now, my dear Lord Shrewsbury, I will take up no more of your time to-day, but begging you to remember me most kindly to Lady Shrewsbury and the Prince and Princess Doria, I am ever, most truly yours,

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

MYDDLETON LODGE, *Nov. 14, 1849.*

MY DEAR LORD SHREWSBURY—I heard the other day at Burton Constable that you were already gone to Tor-Quay, but I direct this letter to Alton, as I know it will be forwarded to you. We have had a most agreeable tour of visits in this hospitable County: after we left the George Cliffords we went to Hazlewood, where we spent a very pleasant week with the Vavasours. It is a fine old place, and they have restored and refitted the House in excellent style. We met a large party there. From them we went to the Dean of Ripon, with whom we spent 4 Days, and saw the beautiful ruins of Fountains and Lord de Grey's magnificent domain at Studleigh. Then we went to Lord Stourton's at Allerton, where we had a delightful visit. They are building a very magnificent house there, the Great Hall will be 80 feet long, 35 wide and 60 high, it will be used as a sort of saloon, the other rooms and Galleries are in proportion. There is some magnificent Timber in the Park. Then we went to Markington, Mr. Wilberforce's place (an old

friend of my Family and the son of the celebrated Mr. Wilberforce). There we met your friends Lord and Lady Campden ; we were very glad to make their acquaintance. They and the Wilberforces are Catholicly disposed to a degree that is quite wonderful : I trust it will not be very long before they embrace the true Faith. From the Wilberforces we went to Everingham, where we spent a charming week ; the Maxwells are most delightful and *Saintly* people ; we met a large party there. The Service is splendidly done in their Chapel, which is a magnificent thing of *its kind*, but not to be compared with Gothick. Then we went to Burton Constable for five days—you know it well so I need not describe it : I will only say everything was in very magnificent style. Sir Clifford shewed me his stud of horses : there were 36 up in the stables!! all of them splendid animals. Lady Constable is a most amiable agreeable person as you know, and Sir Clifford though very silent pleased us very much by his kindness to our little girls : for you must know that all these Yorkshire relatives of my wife insisted on our bringing the 2 eldest with us : it has been a great amusement for them. We are now at Myddleton Lodge, which is most picturesquely situated not far from the ruins of Bolton Abbey ; there is also a very interesting ruin called Barden Tower, which was antiently a castle belonging to the Cliffords, destroyed by Cromwell and then rebuilt by the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery. To-morrow we leave Yorkshire to return home.

GRACE-DIEU MANOR,
Monday, Sep. 25, 1850.

MY DEAREST EBBY—I have owed you a Letter for some time, and I should have answered yours last week, but that we were absent during the whole of it. You will have probably heard from your Sisters how we were engaged during it, and where we went, and what we saw. I had not seen Chatsworth for many years, in fact not since a tour I once made with your Grandpapa through Derbyshire, when I was a very little Boy before I went to school. Since then the Duke of Devonshire has made immense additions both to the House and the Gardens, and it may fairly be pronounced on the whole the most magnificent place not only in England but perhaps in Europe. It is not that I admire the style of architecture of the House. There are many faults in the details, there is a want of richness in the mouldings of the windows, a want of handsome Pilasters and Cornices, such as one sees in the best specimens of Italian Architecture, and the urns on the balustrade along the top of the house are both heavy and

ugly : still as I said the *tout ensemble* of the House and the Place are such, that I may truly say I never saw any thing more royally magnificent. The scenery is very beautiful, and the extent of the Deer Park quite enormous. The great Conservatory is really wonderful, and there are trees in it that rival English Forest trees in height. The Principal Fountain is the finest in Europe, throwing its column of water to the astonishing height of 267 feet ! We went with our old friend the Dowager Lady Sitwell to make this little tour and very much we enjoyed it. I suppose you know all about the conversions, which are daily taking place. Lord and Lady Fielding, Mr. Bathurst, Mr. Cavendish the cousin of the Duke of Devonshire and brother of his heir Lord Burlington, Captain Pakenham the brother of Lady Burleigh, Mr. Allies, and a host of others who are on the move—it is wonderful is it not, and glorious to see all this : what will your Grandpapa say to it ? Lord and Lady Shrewsbury leave Alton to-day for the Continent, Miss Augusta Talbot is gone back to the Convent at Taunton, where she will remain until she comes of age. Bertram Talbot is gone abroad already.¹ Your Grandpapa is still at Lyndhurst, he is going to Lisle Villa in October. We expect Lord and Lady Fielding at Grace-Dieu during October. He had built a Church for the Protestant worship, and he has now given it to the Catholics, it is near St. Asaph in North Wales. Give my best love to Amo, and believe me, my dearest Ebby, your affectionate Papa,

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

GRACE-DIEU MANOR, Oct. 22, 1850.

MY DEAR LORD CAMPDEN—Let me thank you most warmly for your very kind Letter, and congratulate you with all my heart for the most happy news it brings me of Lady Campden's safety and of the truly merciful event of the birth of a Son. May God finish the good work He has so graciously begun ! and speedily restore the dear Mother to perfect health. We all of us prayed earnestly that you might have a Son. It is a great event, may I be permitted to say so, for the Holy Catholick Church : and now that our Lord has thus mercifully filled you with joy and benediction, let me entreat that Holy Church may soon have Her share in the rejoicing, and all the Angels of God, and all His Saints, by seeing you, my dear Lord and Lady Campden and the precious treasure that the Lord has given you

¹ Bertram Talbot was the last Catholic and Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury. The present holders of the title are Chetwynds, Talbots only in the female line, and that extremely remote.

enrolled in the one only Catholick Fold of Christ. I shall now earnestly beseech the Lord for this grace, and for Lady Campden's perfect recovery, and for the complete restoration of your own health. I feel confident that our Blessed Lord will grant us our petition.

I thank you very much for your kind prayers, and I earnestly beg of you to continue them. *We shall one day have much to do together for God and for His Holy Church.* Oh! great things are coming in England, "it is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our sight." We have had a charming visit from Lord and Lady Fielding, they left us yesterday. I cannot express what immense edification they have given us, four times during the 8 days they remained here they went to the Holy Communion—and their fervour in prayer is something quite wonderful. God be praised for all His mercies. And now my dear Lord Campden I will conclude, praying that every choicest blessing of our Lord may descend upon yourself and Lady Campden and all yours.—Believe me ever, most truly yours,

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

GRACE-DIEU MANOR,

January 10, 1853.

MY DEAREST EVERARD—I should have answered your first Letter long ago, but that I have been so much occupied in writing Letters on Executor's business for my poor dear Friend the late Lord Shrewsbury, that I have scarcely had a moment's time for any thing else. Your second Letter reached me the day before yesterday, and I was so sorry to see from it that dear Amo had been ill, I trust however as he was beginning to mend, when you wrote, that he is now quite well again. He should have taken one of those pills, which we left with you, when he felt the first symptoms, and it would have probably prevented the thing from going further. I advise you both to be careful, for the eating at Paris is certainly less wholesome than what we have in England. What a magnificent present Grandpapa has sent to Amo and you; I do hope you will be very careful about it, and not squander it away, which would be very wrong. You should spend it in paying for occasional riding, or in the purchase of useful books, and you should give something out of it in charity. As your Grandpapa rather wished you both to take some riding lessons, we think it would be well if you were to take half a dozen or so, and you could pay for them out of the money, it would not cost many francs, and it would please your Grandpapa. I thought you would be delighted to hear of dear Lord Shrews-

bury's will, and of his having left us so large a sum of money, somewhere about forty thousand Pounds. It is quite untrue that it is left for Church purposes, it is left absolutely to our own use and benefit. Of course Mr. Scott Murray gets as much as I do, *i.e.* forty thousand also. But it may not be quite so much, as we cannot exactly tell as yet all we may have to pay out of it, that is out of the whole sum left to us, which amounts in total to one hundred and thirty thousand Pounds. But anyhow I hope we shall each get not less than 35 or 36 thousand Pounds, if not forty. What was put in the Papers about Alton Towers is a mistake, but it is true that Lord S. has left *Alton Castle* to us, and the beautiful Hospital, though the Bishop has a lease of each of these for 90 years, of which about 10 are expired—on the expiration of the remaining 80, the fee simple of those 2 Properties, and also of an Estate in Farley of about 200 acres will come to *our heirs*, for we shall be gone long before that. But the most remarkable part of the will is, that in the event of Bertram Talbot the present Earl dying without male issue, in that *contingency* the late Lord has left the whole of his vast Estates to be equally divided between Mr. Scott Murray and myself, or our heirs, if we are not living. The late Earl did this by a power he inherited from the Duke of Shrewsbury, and to prevent his property falling into Protestant hands, for if he had not made this will, and the young Lord had died without male issue, it would have been claimed by Lord Talbot of Ingestre. Lord Talbot has already given *us* notice, that in the event of the young Lord's death, he intends to contest that part of the will with us. But our Lawyer says he would fail.¹ However I should be grieved to see the Shrewsbury Peerage come to an end: you must pray that God would do whatever He sees most for His glory and the welfare of England and the Church. You should take care not to let anything of this get into the *Univers*, which has already published an article about the will: and it would be a good thing for you to call on Gondon, and to tell him, he was quite mistaken in saying Lord Shrewsbury meant it all for the Church. He meant it to benefit ourselves, and he has left it absolutely to our own discretion and use. I was much interested with your account of Paris and the feeling for the Emperor. I can very well imagine that the same enthusiasm of feeling should not remain, as at the first moment of the Procla-

¹ Lord Talbot did not fail, however, and took his seat, as Earl of Shrewsbury, in the House of Lords, June 10, 1858. Earl Bertram had died *sine prole* August 10, 1856. When the long litigation, commonly known as the *Shrewsbury Case*, was ended, De Lisle eventually received only £11,000 out of the princely legacies Earl John had intended to leave him.

mation of the Empire, but if the French really grow tired of Napoleon and have recourse to another revolution, it is clear that they will so lower themselves in the estimation of all Europe, that they will be overrun by the other Powers and subdivided as Poland was: Europe cannot afford to have her quiet routine *perpetually disturbed* by a People *perpetually changing* its form of Government. But I am not of this way of thinking myself, I believe that save and except the partizans of the 2 Branches of the Bourbon Family, and the Extreme Republican Party which is not large, the great Mass of the Nation is with Napoleon. I look upon the Emperor as a man who eminently comprehends the age in which he lives, and the position in which he himself is placed. I cannot believe that there is any danger to the peace of Europe in the stability of the Empire, but on the contrary if it were replaced by a revolution, the reaction upon Europe would be tremendous. As it is, if Napoleon's position becomes consolidated, I feel convinced that he will find it his true policy to cultivate friendly relations with England, and to come to an understanding with us as to the partition of the decapitated Ottoman Empire. Russia, France and England will inevitably divide that vast territory amongst themselves, and I hope it will be done without any European war.

What a glorious change in the Government we have got in England! It is the most Catholic Ministry England has ever had since the Reformation. Monsell was staying with us, when the summons came to him from Lord Aberdeen to join the new Government. All the English Catholics are delighted with the Ministry. The Tablet and Lucas's Party in Ireland are of course not satisfied, but nothing could ever satisfy *them*. They are however a small and a low party, and all that is respectable in the Irish Catholic Body has given its adhesion to the Government. We had such beautiful offices here on Xmas Night and Xmas Day. Our five new Copes of Cloth of Gold with their beautiful orphreys of Gothic work looked glorious at the Lectern, and our singing was really well executed. Lord Dunraven who assisted at the whole office was so delighted, that when he left us a few days after, he wrote to me saying "your beautiful Chants are still ringing in my ears." I think you will admire these vestments greatly, they quite set the Chapel up for Festivals. By the time you come back for the Midsummer vacation you will also find all the windows filled with beautiful stained Glass: that in the South windows is to be made as solemn and dark as possible in order to exclude the Sun, which comes in far too much at present. You will also find the new Ashby approach finished; we are working at it now, and I think

it will be beautiful in a few years when the shrubs grow up. You must give my affectionate love to Amo, and tell him I shall write to him next, that is in a few days. I hope you will be both of you very good Boys, diligent with your Studies, punctual with your devotions, and obliging to the Fathers ; that is the way to prosperity here and hereafter. But I must conclude, for I have no time to write more. With our united best love from all here to Amo and yourself, our kind regards to Père Laurent, M. Danjon, the Abbé Gaume, whom you should call upon from time to time, and any others whom we know, believe me, my dear Everard, your affectionate Papa,

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

P.S.—I wish you both many happy new years and every blessing temporal and spiritual.

GRACE-DIEU MANOR, *Sept. 13, 1854.*

MY DEAR LORD CAMPDEN—I have great pleasure in sending you a copy of that beautiful “*Tantum Ergo*,” which they sing at Rome and indeed all over Italy at Benediction, and which I may say is as devotional as it is beautiful. Any other musick that you might like to have of ours I should be delighted to send you. I do not know, whether I showed you a small compendium, which I published some years ago, from the *Graduale Romanum*, containing some of the finest chants from that wonderful and magnificent Treasure House of Church music. In case you have not seen it, I enclose a copy of it in the same parcel : you must excuse its not being better bound. You will perceive it is noted according to the Ecclesiastical notation, but any organist in these days of Ecclesiastical revivals would soon know how to treat it, and what sort of chords to *transpose* the simple melodies into ; for the Roman *Tantum Ergo* I enclose an organ accompaniment, which my organist has set to it, and which is composed on the strictest principles of *Ecclesiastical counterpoint*.

I was much obliged to you for your kind Letter just received, but I know not how sufficiently to thank yourself and Lady Campden for all the enjoyment which you procured for my son in Scotland. Nothing could exceed the kindness of Lady Agnes and Mr. Duff to him.¹ Mr. Duff gave him a splendid deer-hound, which is now a great ornament to Grace-Dieu and

¹ Mr. Duff, M.P., father of the present Duke of Fife, and grandfather of Mrs. Edwin de Lisle. He was created Baron Skene of Skene, U.K., in 1857. He had succeeded to his uncle as Earl Fife earlier in the same year.

an immense amusement to the Children. I felt much flattered that your Friends in Scotland were pleased with my Son.

I hope when you come to pay your visits in Leicestershire and Rutlandshire we may be fortunate enough to persuade you to come here. The Harvest has indeed been most remarkable, we cannot be sufficiently thankful to God for it. Begging you to offer my kind remembrances to Lady Campden, I remain, my dear Lord Campden, very truly yours,

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

GRACE-DIEU MANOR, *March 17, 1858.*

MY DEAR FATHER — To-day being my 49th Birthday I think I ought to devote a portion of it to you, the more so as I have to thank you for a most interesting Letter on public affairs. I have always thought that few men possessed a larger measure of Political Sagacity than yourself, or a more accurate calculation of political Probabilities. This has been shown in the present instance, and you will have been as much rejoiced as I have been and as no doubt the immense majority of Englishmen will have been at the satisfactory termination of the misunderstanding with France. The result, and the way in which it was communicated by the Emperor's Government to our own, will set at rest the fears and suspicions of those who did not put full confidence in the Emperor's good Faith, or the sincerity of his feelings towards England. I cannot help thinking also that our late Premier himself must now regret he had not taken in the first instance the line, which in obedience to the feelings and the vote of the H. of Commons Lord Derby's Government took ; a line, which, while it has maintained the reputation of our actual state of Law and saved us from unnecessary and unpopular Legislation, has yet in no degree impaired the cordiality of the Alliance, but indirectly been the means of placing it in a condition of greater safety than ever. The issue, all must admit, is a feather in Lord Malmesbury's cap and a token of Lord Derby's respect for Public opinion. Now let me say a little word about Montalembert, which I am more anxious to say as I think it not unlikely that you may see him next *June*, as he has proposed to pay us a visit then along with Madame de Montalembert (the Daughter of the Comte de Mérode, one of the principal men of Belgium) and his eldest Daughter Mademoiselle Elisabeth. Montalembert is one of the most sincere and ardent partizans of the Anglo-French Alliance, and tho' he is no doubt active in what we may call "the Imperial Opposition," he is still in no degree to be

reckoned amongst those adherents of the poor old Bourbons, who hold the sort of position that our English *nonjurors* held in the time of William, Anne, and subsequently. To that class men like General Changarnier and Marshall Bideau belong, and they will neither take the oaths to the Emperor nor condescend even to live under his rule, as you will have seen lately in the Papers: but this is not the case with Montalembert, for he was the first Peer of France who swore allegiance to Louis Napoleon; and if that Prince had not unluckily made that decree against the poor House of Orleans, confiscating or at least compelling a forced sale of all its Landed Property in France, he would have been no doubt one of the Emperor's most prominent adherents. But that despotic and cruel act roused Montalembert's indignation, and ever since he has been on bad terms with the Emperor. At the same time he would be the very last man to join in any course of rebellious opposition to his Government, and without much faith in the stability of the new Dynasty, he yet thinks it *possible* that it may be established, and if so that it may in the end fulfil the Emperor's Programme, "that when he had firmly laid the basis of his Imperial Dynasty, he would crown the Social Edifice with Constitutional Institutions." With a view to this ultimate and if attained desirable issue, he is the warmest partizan of a close Alliance between France and England, and I am sure no one will more cordially hail the happy termination of the late diplomatic Correspondence than he will. I told him some time ago how much pleased you and Uncle Sam¹ had been with his essay *Sur l'Avenir Politique de l'Angleterre*, and he expressed great satisfaction, and I am sure he will be anxious that I should set him right in your opinion now on this present question.

GRACE-DIEU MANOR, 31st August 1859.

MY VERY DEAR CANON MACDONNELL.—Your most kind letter has reached me by this morning's post, and I rejoice to find that notwithstanding the faulty omissions of my servants, for which I am very sorry (and they ought to be ashamed), you safely reached the station in time for your train, and so got to your own home safe and sound in spite of weather and all other obstacles. The kind things you say of your Grace-Dieu visit are most gratifying to us all, and I assure you we most heartily reciprocate all that feeling of friendship which you express in such cordial terms. I know, too, that it will be acceptable to you to hear, as a good and zealous priest of Him of whom it is

¹ The Rt. Hon. Samuel March Phillipps, permanent Secretary of the Home Department.

written "that virtue went forth from Him," that our Anglican friends and relatives who met you expressed themselves greatly pleased and edified in having had that pleasure. But what shall I say of ourselves—my own family and myself especially? I can truly say that your visit has left behind it a memory of holiness and edification that will be useful to all of us, strengthening us anew in the way of God, while it is connected with the most delightful recollections of friendship and of the most charming intellectual and intelligent intercourse. It will ever form a bright spot among my own choicest "*reminiscences*." Alice, my favourite child, often talks of you, as does my wife, and I can assure you the thought of you occupies a large space in their affectionate regard.

VALLOMBROSA, CHELTENHAM, April 27, 1862.

MY DEAR TOM¹—You will have already heard from others of my poor dear Father's decease, and how at the last it took place sooner than any of us expected. You will have also heard what a beautiful Xtian Death it was, and with what astonishing calmness, cheerfulness, patience, resignation and fortitude he bore all the wearisome pains of his last very painful illness—Angina Pectoris complicated at last with a congestion of lungs. From beginning to end no one heard a single murmur escape his lips or witnessed a single sign of impatience *even for an instant*. We were summoned here last Monday (Laura and I) he was a little better then, and passed a tolerable night and the next day he was carried down into his Study, but in the afternoon the spasms returned with increased violence and so oft and on till the fatal moment half past 11 A.M. on Thursday in Easter week (last Thursday), when he expired on his sofa—with all of us kneeling around him. The day before Laura and I read some Prayers for him and the narrative of our Lord's Resurrection from the Evangelists S. Matth. and S. John, and he said it gave him the greatest comfort. Having remarked to Laura "it is a fearful thing to appear before God without holiness," she said, "The best of us are not holy, but our Saviour is holiness itself and He will supply for our deficiencies, if we humbly and penitently throw ourselves upon him and trust in Him," to which he replied, "Oh that is comforting, then I do that"—but I have neither time nor space to add more, though I could add a great deal more of what was similarly edifying. But the chief object of my Letter is to tell you that

¹ His cousin, Mr. Thomas Ryder, Chancellor of the Diocese of Liverpool, trustee for the Garendon and Grace-Dieu estates.

his poor dear Funeral is to take place on *Thursday next* in Swindon Churchyard by the side of poor Aunt Harriett, and it occurred to me that if you were able to do so, you might possibly like to come for it. Uncle Henry is coming on Tuesday. Amo comes on Wednesday; and Alice and Freda come here to-morrow. The House here will be full, so we cannot offer a bed, but you could spend your day with us, provided you did not mind *sleeping* at a hotel. My Brother Charles and his wife will be at Lisle Villa. He just arrived in time to see his Father alive 2 hours before the event.

Pray give my very affecte. love to Aunt Ryder, whose kindness to me in old days at Gloucester I shall never forget—love to Emily also—and believe me, your very affecte. Cousin,

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH, *Feb. 4, 1871.*

MY DEAREST MARGARET—I have to thank you for your nice little Letter. I have no doubt you have been enjoying yourself immensely under the hospitable roof of “the High and Puissant Prince, the Lord of Glossop.” But I think we shall all of us quake at our tables, when we reflect on the abominable conditions that have been offered to vanquished France by the German Emperor. Such terms, if they could purchase even a few months’ Peace between the combatants of the recent war, would not only destroy the European Balance of Power, but they would break the Commercial equilibrium of the whole world. Four hundred millions sterling to pay for a six months’ campaign to the Victor, besides their own costs, would not only ruin France but all the capitalists of the world. For where would be the security for such a fabulous sum? Then the acquisition of 20 Ironclads, with the French Possessions in India, are a sufficient indication of what Germany, backed no doubt by Russia, has in store for England¹: a suitable recompense for her unworthy indifference in looking on at the fight after the Emperor’s surrender at Sedan—I consider the prospect most awful. Wars and rumours of wars, seditions, famines, pestilences, and greater horrors still must necessarily now be the portion of Gentile Christendom for the period that still remains “until the Plenitude shall have come in” and the manifestation of our Lord’s second Advent “in majesty and glory” shall have burst upon a guilty and ungrateful world, that has trampled under foot the redemption of the Cross. Father Augustine lent me the other day a very interesting

¹ These harsh terms were afterwards modified as all the world now knows.

Commentary on S. Paul's Epistles by the Rev. Dr. MacEvilly, the President of S. Jarlath's College at Tuam, in which he shows that we are drawing near to the predicted Apostasy of the Xtian Gentile Nations, that this is to usher in the Second Advent of our Lord, and that this glorious Event will bring about the Conversion of the Jews—it is after this that all the grand Prophecies of Universal Peace, the Conversion of all Nations, and the great triumph of Xtianity are to be fulfilled, according to this Commentator. But *before* the Second Advent the whole secular Polity of the existing world is to be broken up, and this is figured in the Apocalypse under the destruction of Babylon, and in the Prophet Daniel by the breaking up of Nabuchodonozor's Metallic Image, which is followed by the "little stone cut out of the mountain without hands" gathering around it all these broken Fragments and then filling the whole Earth as one mighty mountain. I think Catholics should dwell very much on these remarkable Prophecies of Holy Scripture, but comparatively very few do so, and many more laugh at those who do.

On Monday week we go to Belvoir but we cannot stay as long as the Duke asked us, because the very next day we were pre-engaged to go to Prestwold, which cannot be helped. From Prestwold we shall bend our steps to accept Edward's kind invitation to Glossop. I am longing to see all his improvements. With best love to Freda and the rest of you, I remain, my dearest Margaret, your very affecte. Papa,

AMBROSE P. de LISLE.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
May 30, 1871.

MY DEAREST RUDOLPH¹—I was delighted to receive your affecte. letter on the 17th of May, and to find from it that you had so far reached your destination in safety, though I was sorry to hear from the one you wrote your Mama and which arrived on the same day as mine that you had had a fresh accident with your knee. I do hope you will take care, for otherwise I fear that knee of yours will disable you for your Profession, for which I know you would be very sorry, as I do not know to what else you could turn yourself. I was also sorry to hear you had been so uncomfortable in the troopship. You will have heard before this reaches you how sadly poor dear Fanny's accident terminated, and how much poor Amo takes it to heart. She, poor Dear,

¹ Lieutenant Rudolph de Lisle, R.N., killed at Abou Klea, 17th January 1885.

made a very edifying end, and her Funeral at Grace-Dieu was a very solemn one—but about this too you will have heard all particulars, so I will not go twice over the same ground, especially as it is such a melancholy subject. Alice has been away for several weeks staying with Edward and Frida Howard in London, and seeing a great deal of our Friends the Gainsborough Family. I conclude you sometimes see the Papers and if so you will have heard of the dreadful conclusion of the Red Republic in Paris, and that the old Prophecy of the Monk of Orval, made above 300 years ago, has come true to the very letter.¹ It is most awful, but Paris has been burnt to the ground by her own brutalised and maddened Children. When there was no hope of the “Reds” being able to make further resistance to the Versailles Army, they set fire to the city in hundreds of different Places, almost all the grand Palaces, many Churches, and the finest Streets and Boulevards are reduced to ashes. It is doubtful whether it will be possible for France to repair so great a destruction: what with the enormous war indemnity she has to pay to the Prussians, and what she has to raise for defraying her own equally enormous war expenses, and to repair the ruins which exist all over France. This is the terrible result, the awful scourge, which France has brought upon herself by neglecting to profit by the great graces, which Almighty God had so abundantly heaped upon her as the “most Xtian Kingdom.” This is the fruit of her Atheism and Impiety, her neglect of the Sabbath and her other sins, especially carnal sins, for which France was very conspicuously guilty. From being the first Kingdom in the world and the most civilised nation, she has sunk down to the very lowest pitch of degradation, so that she ceases almost to be any longer a nation. This dreadful catastrophe should make us all tremble, and beware lest we trifle with the graces of the Almighty. We must all humble ourselves before God and beg of Him to show us His mercy and to forgive us our sins, and at the same time we must resolve in good earnest to serve Him better for the remainder of our Lives. The Horrors of this last Revolution appear to surpass anything recorded in History. “The Times” says that there was nothing even so dreadful in the siege of Jerusalem under the Roman Emperor Titus. You know I have always thought very badly of the epoch in which we live, and that I fear the horrors, which Europe has just been witnessing, are but the beginnings of a series of awful events of like nature which will desolate all the nations of the earth. I think we are coming to those terrible times, which our Divine Saviour foretold, and which the Prophet Daniel foretells. We

¹ This prophecy is now generally considered to have been a forgery.

are come to the end of "the Times of the Gentiles" as they are called in Scripture, and it will be such a Time of wickedness and horror as was never seen before since the creation of Man. Very few in these days will be saved, unless they are immensely on their guard. Especially we must avoid all irreligious and Atheistic Books and endeavour to preserve ourselves from the sins of the Flesh. The Archbishop of Paris and many others of the Clergy have been martyred! They are to be envied, because they now enjoy the most inconceivable bliss with "the white robed Army of Martyrs" in Heaven. I hope you will keep out of the way of infection, for I hear that many infectious disorders are raging in S. America. Garendon is looking in the fresh beauty of Spring: Bruno is grown such a magnificent Dog—he is my companion night and day. Gerard is the one to walk with me, and he rivals you as a shot—he has killed no end of young rooks, and young rabbits. But now you are gone I never see a Wood-Pidgeon. Amo is going to travel abroad for a year. I am come to the end of my Paper, so I must bid you farewell.—Believe me, my dearest Rudolph, your ever affecte. Father,

AMBROSE L. M. P. DE LISLE.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
July 12, 1876.

MY DEAREST RUDOLPH—I was very glad when your last Letter to your Mama from Besika Bay arrived, as in these strange Times one is apt to get uneasy at a long silence. I was much interested with your account of the Pallas, but I think an Iron-clad must be far less pleasant, as a habitation, than a wooden ship. I am glad you get on well with your new Captain, a Brother of whom I understand was once Curate at Hathern to my Uncle Edward the Rector of the Parish: and you are very fortunate in finding your friend Lieut. Watson installed as first Lieutenant. It is very pleasant for you. But I cannot tell you how much I regret that the Present Government have adopted such a Policy in the East. The idea of trying to prop up the Turks, who are visibly in the throes of an expiring Empire, is something wonderful. If we had determined to give assistance to the noble hearted Servians and Montenegrins in the righteous war which they have declared against the faithless Turks, we should have been laying a better foundation for a lasting resistance to Russian Aggression, for we might then have constructed an Independent Xtian Empire with Constantinople as its Capital and the King of Greece as its Emperor. I know some people affirm that Greeks and Slavonians could not coalesce in the same

Empire, but the answer to that is that they have coalesced under the sway of a Mahometan Sultan for over 400 years, and why not under that of a Christian Emperor? But it seems to me that our Policy must in the end inevitably defeat itself—it must necessarily render the British name odious to the whole Christian Population of the Turkish Empire, and compel them to look to Russia, as their Ally and Protector, the very thing we pretend to dread. But on the other hand, I see no reason to dread the advent of Russia into Turkey, for it would render it all the more natural and obvious for us to take possession of Egypt in the general break up of the Turkish Empire, by doing which we should secure our road to India, and if we added Crete to our other annexations, we might establish such a strong naval arsenal, as would not only guard the approaches to Egypt, but make us all powerful at the Eastern end of the Mediterranean: and if Russia had Constantinople for her capital she would have what she has far more reason to covet than India, which is separated from her by those inhospitable steppes of Asiatic Desert and by the highest Range of Mountains in the world: whereas with Egypt in our hands our approach to India would be the most easy in the world for a Power, like our own, which has the undisputed command of the Seas. This feeling and this Policy, as I now express it, is unquestionably that which is most prevalent at the present moment throughout the whole British People: and I have very little doubt, that if Mr. Disraeli's Government persist in their present course, it will prove the rock on which the Conservative Govt. will be stranded. What makes it also still more deplorable is the horrible news, that reaches us by every Post of the atrocities, which the Turks are perpetrating on the unarmed Christian Population of Bulgaria, which every one says was one of the finest Provinces of the Turkish Empire. This matter has already been the subject of interpellations in the British Parliament, and nothing can be more weak or unsatisfactory than the replies both of Mr. Disraeli in the H. of Commons and of Lord Derby in the Upper House. You know what a strong Conservative I have ever been, and you may therefore understand how strongly I regret the utterly false Position in which this Govt. is placing not only our own Party, but the whole Country, by following such a Line of Policy at once so Anti-Christian and so destructive to British Interests. We ought to have remained on good terms with Russia, as it is we almost force that Power to make reprisals upon us by stirring up a rebellion among the Mahometans in India, in return for our befriending those of Europe against them. I shall leave it to your Mama to give you all our family news, which is I think as satisfactory as could be

expected. We have had a capital hay harvest, one of the best I ever remember—and the general appearance of all the crops is far more favourable than could have been expected after the gloomy antecedents both of the Winter and the Spring. Margaret went up to London on Monday in order to go to Lady Bute's Ball on Tuesday, and to be ready for Freda's, which is, I believe, to-night. We propose to go to the Sea, at Whitby in Yorkshire, the week after next. I forgot to tell you, that your Mama and I went to London for a few Days a fortnight back, and we breakfasted one morning with Mr. Gladstone, and had a very pleasant dinner party at Rutland Gate, where we met the Duke of Norfolk and several other pleasant People.

Believe me, my dear Rudolph, with every prayer for your best welfare, your very affecte. Father, A. P. DE LISLE.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
Oct. 5, 1876.

MY DEAREST MARGARET—I have to thank you for a Letter, and though in not seeing Skye, as you had expected, you have had a disappointment, I think, if you had visited it in such weather, as we have had here, you would have been still more disappointed: and from your account of your daily employments at Dorlin, I think your time has been more usefully, and *therefore*, more enjoyably passed there, than if you had been tossing in boats, or wandering from one hill to another in the midst of clouds, and fog, and torrents of rain.

I was glad to see from the Papers, that Prince Leopold was well enough to carry out his promised visit to Mount Stuart, so that neither Edward and Freda nor the Promoters of the Festivities will have been disappointed. I shall like to hear about it, how the visit went off, what was thought of the young Prince, and any thing else to interest? Let me know too, when the Howards return to Dorlin, and whether the Duke and his sisters come there, or whether they do not. Here we have had very variable weather, and, from your report of what you have had, very inferior to the charming days you have been enjoying at Dorlin. I think you will be interested with the correspondence, which Mr. Gladstone entered on with me, on the Eastern Question. It appears now from the strangely contradictory news of each successive Day, and from the Tone of the leading articles in the Times, which 2 days ago were fierce and bullying agt. Russia, and yesterday made a startling bounce agt. Turkey, I think we may augur that the first blasts of a great Hurricane have assailed the weathercock of English Public Opinion. In other words we

are on the eve of a tremendous European conflict, in which 81-Ton Guns, Ironclads, and all the other appliances of human Destruction, invented by the so-called Xtians of Modern Times will be fairly tested on a most awful scale. My only moral is, that we must pray for the blessing of God on Rudolph, that his bravery may amount to Heroism and his safety to more than that of the all but invulnerable Achilles. Give my best Love to Freda, Edward, and the young Ladies, and with best wishes for some more enjoyable Days, I remain, your very affecte. Father,

A. P. DE LISLE.

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
Oct. 26, 1876.

MY DEAREST MARGARET—You have been a very good girl in doing your duty about writing, and I am afraid I am now in your Debt for two Letters, which is scarcely fair or commendable. So let me write at once before my bill exceeds my power to meet it. I hope you had a fine day for sailing up Loch Shiel, and that you were able to get as far as Glenaladale's beautiful Place, of which I have heard so much. If so, you must send me a full description of it, and of his beautiful Chapel, which must make it a charming Residence for a Catholic, who wishes to join the innocent enjoyments of this Life with a devout preparation for the next. You must miss Lady Philippa, as in reading Latin lessons together, there must have been many opportunities of pleasant and friendly intercourse, which when passed always leave a blank. Will any of that family ever like to come to Garendon again? or having had one visit have they had enough of it? You can stay at Dorlin as long as Freda likes to have you, but I suppose even Edward will be wanting soon to turn his steps Southward. Amo is gone again to Willey for some more shooting, and remains there until Saturday, which will make a second visit of more than 10 days. Mr. Paget has written to me to resign the Garendon shooting, and I have no intention of looking out for any fresh Tenant, but I have offered to give it up to Amo. When I let it to Mr. Paget, Amo had quite abandoned all field sports, but now that he has taken them up again with a considerable amount of energy, it is at any rate a reason for letting him have those which belong to our Family Place and estates: and as you said it will give him an opportunity of making some little return to his Friends.

I need not say any thing about the present state of the Turkish Question, for the Papers will tell you more than I could, and I have not heard from Mr. Gladstone for a fortnight. As you say

he has been abominably abused especially by some of his own Party, as *e.g.* the Pall Mall Gazette and Lord Fitzwilliam; but he may well congratulate himself that the noble and energetic manner in which he took up the cause of Justice and Humanity, backed as it was by the Unanimous feeling of the whole British People, has obtained the result he sought, and that the Govt. even of "Disraeli-Beaconsfield," as the S. Petersburg *Golos* so amusingly terms its Leader, has been compelled to abandon its odious Turkish Policy, and to concede a more courteous bearing towards Russia. But if Mr. Gladstone can afford to hold the slanders and vituperations of his enemies cheap, I do not think the present Govt. can afford to meet the criticisms, which undoubtedly await them on the meeting of Parliament, and which I believe will in the end overthrow their administration. They have placed England in a miserable Position—first by making her in a great degree the accomplice of Turkish enormities, then by an ignominious playing fast and loose with a vacillating and uncertain Policy, isolating the country at a most critical moment, losing the sympathy of every Power in Europe, and above all losing one of the grandest opportunities England ever had of herself freeing these Xtian nations from the inhuman despotism of Turkey, which a single demonstration from her Fleet might have accomplished; but instead of this, they have earned for us the eternal resentment of all those rising Xtian Peoples, and they have irrevocably thrown them into the arms of Russia, the very thing they professed to oppose! I do not believe that the "*Disraeli-Beaconsfield*" Govt. will last many months longer, but I fear they will drift us into War before the indignant voice of the British People drives them from office: and then I fear there will be a great burst of revolutionary feeling in this country, for which many various causes are combining to provide a terrible opening. Love to all. Your affecte. Father,

A. P. DE LISLE,

GARENDON PARK, LOUGHBOROUGH,
Nov. 3, 1876.

MY DEAREST RUDOLPH—It is some time since I wrote to you, but you know how exemplary your Mama is in her regularity in keeping you *au courant* of all our contemporary Family History, and that I have my time very much taken up with business or Literary correspondence, so that you will not attribute the infrequency of my Letters to any want of affection for you, or to any forgetfulness of you. But on the present occasion as the Letter we received from you this morning dwells at length on the Eastern Question, and the Policy in regard of it

pursued by the actual British Government, I cannot help writing a few Lines to express my own views on the same subject, all the more because I well know that the Policy of the British Govt. is far from being in accord with the feelings of the great Majority of Englishmen—and this I believe will be more distinctly manifested, when Parliament meets, and still more when the first move is taken in opposition to the National Will. I may be mistaken, but it is my conviction, that this Eastern Question will eventually lead to the greatest changes in England Itself. It will bring into more forcible relief the complete alienation, which is growing more and more, between British Democracy and British Aristocracy, between what has hitherto been the ruling Class in this Country, and that which is every day encroaching more and more upon that hitherto unchecked and undisputed supremacy. In saying this, you know me too well, to think I am writing as an advocate, but in fact I state merely what I believe, as a Looker on, and an observer of what is passing in the minds of my countrymen. There can be no doubt as to what is the Traditional Policy in regard to Turkey of the *Ruling Class* in this country, but I believe with Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, and many other distinguished men, that the British People are fully determined to break with this Policy for ever.

In my opinion it would be wise in the Ruling Class to fall in with this feeling of the British People; it would avoid a collision, which sooner or later might produce a very terrible political and social Revolution in this country; and in the next place it would be the course most conducive to British Interests in the widest sense of that Term.

I confine myself to the second of these two propositions.

What has been the character and effect of the Policy hitherto pursued by the British Government?

It has been a Policy of Hesitation and Vacillation. At first we acted in concert with the 3 great Imperial Powers, suddenly we withdrew but without suggesting any Policy as a Substitute—we paralyzed the efforts of Russia, Austria, and Germany to effect a peaceful settlement of the Question between Turkey and her Insurgent Provinces, and we held out no counter-policy to redeem this obstruction. What was the result? The Servian Proclamation of War—what did that mean? what could a small state, such as Servia, mean by proclaiming war upon a vast Empire like that of Turkey, with a well disciplined Army of immensely numerical Superiority? It meant this, England has ruined all our hopes, she has proved herself, on account of her own selfish and suspicious Policy, our implacable enemy, the

everlasting obstacle to the amelioration of our Position, so we fling ourselves into a desperate struggle, in which we can only perish, if left to ourselves, because we know that in the long run we can count upon the sympathy and support of Russia, that is of a People, who are our Brethren in race and in the Church of God: and we know moreover that both Germany and Austria have more to gain and less to lose by associating themselves with Russia, than by mixing themselves up with the Policy of England, which, even if wise for its own Interests, cannot possibly bring any good to them.

This was what the Servians said, what they felt, and they felt it and acted upon it, because Lord Derby had taught them and every Christian Race subject to Turkey, that England was their Foe, and the accomplice with Turkey in perpetuating their condition of Slavery and Misery.

No one for a moment thought that the Servians, or even all the Christians of Turkey combined, would prove a match for the Turkish Army, and for the armed Mussulman Population of the Turkish Empire—I never thought that the result of the struggle could be other than it has been, at least without a most extraordinary miracle. But yet I thought and think with the great and holy Bishop Strossmeyer (an Austrian Bishop, whose Diocese borders on Servia) that it was a most heroic and noble act on the part of Servia to declare war, a true Crusade in the 19th century, and that in the end it would prove the means of overwhelming Turkish oppression, and of vindicating the rights of the Christian Inhabitants of the Turkish Empire. How? by enlisting on its behalf the sympathy and co-operation of all civilised Europe, England alone excepted.

Well then I say that our Government by their ill judged Policy have isolated England—at this moment she has not a single Ally in all Europe, the Christians in Turkey must positively detest Her, the Turks themselves cannot trust Her, for so vacillating has her Policy been, that they know not whether she is their friend or their enemy: France will certainly not ally herself with England, for she cannot forget how England deserted her in 1870, and left her to the tender mercies of the Germans. As for Italy, her goodwill towards Russia may be rewarded in many ways. England therefore by the Policy of its present Govt. has been completely isolated, and the whole conduct of the Eastern Question has been handed over to Russia, and the whole Xtian Population of the Turkish Empire thrown into her arms. Now was this wise even from their own standpoint? What was it but to play the game of Russia under the pretence of checkmating her? In any case the influence of England in

the East must be diminished and not strengthened. If the Turks should now yield to the Russian Ultimatum, Russia will have the sole glory of having brought about Peace, and the right of Self Government for the Xtian Provinces, so that her moral Influence will be greatly enhanced both among Turks and Xtians. If on the other hand, flushed with their recent victories in Servia, and trusting to a hope of British assistance in case of extremity, they should refuse the Ultimatum and rush into a war with Russia, backed as she is by the other great Powers, the discomfiture of Turkey appears certain. In what a disgraceful Position England would then be placed; either she must leave her antient Ally to his fate, or she must have recourse to the desperate alternative of seizing Constantinople (which is what I hear that our Govt. has the madness to propose), and of attempting to hold it with 50,000 men against all Europe, backed by her powerful Fleet and her noble allies the Turks! But does our Govt. suppose it is only in the East of the Mediterranean we should have to fight? Why then indeed Russia would strive to stir up rebellion in India, in Ireland, and in every other vulnerable point of the British Empire—and we should find ourselves in the midst of the very struggle against which we professed to guard. My own fear is that it would even lead to international commotions in England itself, just as the disasters of France in 1870 led to Revolution and the Commune in that unhappy Country.

What then you will say would I have done? Why simply I would have had recourse to the Policy which the Emperor Nicholas was reported to have suggested to England before the Crimean War—a Partition of Turkey. Let Russia take Constantinople, Northern Turkey in Europe, and Asia Minor—England reserving for herself Crete, Rhodes and Egypt—with these in her hands she could defy any aggressions upon India by Russia, and the Tide of Russian Migration being turned upon Turkey in Europe, it would find enough to satisfy its natural longings there, and would be diverted from the course of an impracticable assault upon our Indian Empire.

In a commercial point of view England would gain immensely by having a civilized Christian Power at Constantinople to trade with, developing to the utmost all the enormous resources of that magnificent Tract of Country, which have lain dormant for centuries. But it will still be objected, what would you do with the Turks? where would you put them? why, I would leave them exactly where they are, not a man of them would I injure, I would protect them in their Property and in the exercise of every civil Right, I would show them the difference between

Christian Tolerance and Mussulman Ferocity. When Britain conquered Hindostan, she did not drive out the Mahometan Inhabitants, but she gave them equal rights with all her other subjects. When the Empress Catherine subdued the Crimea, she did not drive out the Mahometan Inhabitants, there they exist still, and in a much better condition than under the former despotic and barbarous sway of their antient Khans.

Now I think I have said enough, and some such Policy as this will certainly be urged, as soon as Parliament meets. But no one can tell what is coming, or what may be the consequences of the many false steps we have taken ever since the commencement of last summer.

I rejoice to think you are so well, and praying that God may continue to bestow every blessing upon you, I remain, my dearest Rudolph, your very affectionate Father,

A. P. DE LISLE.

MILFORD HOUSE, DERBY,
Feb. 8, 1877.

MY DEAR EDWARD¹—Your Letter just received so full of kindness and affection, has been a great comfort not only to me and Mrs. de Lisle, but to poor dear Alice also. I think there never was a more tragical event. Poor Arthur² went to show the great wheel to his little niece Alice Coore, her father accompanying him. In explaining its action his foot slipped and he fell into the horrible great Mouth and was instantly killed, being crushed between the teeth of the Inner Cogg wheel and the great outer wheel. It is quite impossible to describe poor Alice's desolation and grief—in one instant from being *the very happiest* of wives she has passed to the state of the most dreary widowhood, at the age of 35! What you say, my dear Edward, is most true, this terrible event conveys a great and useful Lesson, and in a great many ways. The dealings of God are most mysterious and no one can fathom them—but what makes it more wonderful in this case, is, that poor dear Arthur, who was always a truly virtuous and religious Christian, was gradually approaching to the threshold of the Catholic Church. Only about a month ago he asked Alice for one of our Catechisms, that he might study more exactly the doctrine of the Church, and in reading it he expressed himself much pleased. He always used to say his Prayers with Alice night and morning, and

¹ Lord Howard of Glossop, his son-in-law.

² Hon. Arthur Strutt, his son-in-law, second son of the first Baron Belper. Lord Belper, a model Liberal in politics, disinherited of his landed estates any of his descendants who might hereafter profess the Catholic religion.

never omitted this pious practice—and he always encouraged her to go to the sacraments, and if she staid away from them longer than usual he always encouraged her to be more exact. Only a few nights before he died they read *The Dream of Gerontius* together, and he said what a beautiful doctrine is that of Purgatory, as explained by Father Newman. But I could tell you many other interesting facts, which make me feel morally certain that he already belonged to the soul of the Church, and that had he lived a very little longer he would have joined Its outward Communion. We were summoned here by Telegraph the day it happened, and so were Lord and Lady Belper. Alice sends you her most affectionate Love and begs that you will on no consideration whatever think of coming to the Funeral, as she is sure it would be too much for you, especially in this unsettled weather and might lay you up again. Freda can do as she feels is best for her, and if she comes, she should come to Garendon on Friday (to-morrow), as the funeral takes place at Kingston on Saturday at 12 o'clock, we driving over in time for it from Garendon. My wife and I go there to Garendon to-morrow from hence with the 2 poor little children. Alice goes to Kingston same day with Lady Belper and returns to us after the last sad rites are over. With love to dear Freda and your Daughters, believe me, ever affectly. yours,

A. P. DE LISLE.

FRESHWATER BAY, ISLE OF WIGHT,
May 21, 1877. *Whit Monday.*

MY DEAREST MARGARET—You will not have complained that I have only written once, which was in answer to Freda, as you have only written once to me, and I was very glad you did not undertake more, as owing to Edward's kindness we saw all Freda's Letters, which he sent regularly as soon as he had read them himself; and very interesting they have been to us, for they gave the most graphic account of all that you have seen; and having seen all this myself so many years ago, it was delightful to have such charming memories renewed, and to compare with my own recollections the impressions which these same objects produced upon my own children. I am very glad you have enjoyed yourselves so much and that you have admired all the beauties and treasures of Italy. It is impossible I think for them to be surpassed, though perhaps in natural beauty Switzerland surpasses Italy, at least the scenery of the former is grander and partaking more of the Sublime. I shall like to know what Freda and you think of it. I think the beauty of

the Italian Lakes is of a more polished and exquisite character, and the climate superior ; but in Switzerland the Mountains are certainly grander and there is a something in the Swiss valleys and meadows that can not be surpassed elsewhere. I shall like to hear what you thought of Venice and the Cathedral of S. Mark, and how you liked Milan, its unrivalled Cathedral, and the Church of S. Ambrose and its marvellous High Altar.

I conclude your Mama will have told you everything about our 3 weeks' sojourn in the Isle of Wight, all about dearest Alice, and of the great hospitalities of the Ward Family, whose kindness to us has been so great. There is therefore nothing left for me to say on that score. We leave Freshwater on Wednesday, and the Whitgreaves have asked us to come to them at Ryde until Monday next, when we propose to return home via London, remaining one night en route at Denyer's Hotel in Dover Street. Amo returned to Garendon last Monday after his 3 visits, to Uncle Henry, the Cliffords at Ugbrooke, and a week in town with his old Roman friends, the Powers. I heard from him yesterday, and he tells me that the fine Cedar Tree in the Beech Walk, which you know I prized so much, was blown down a few days after we left Garendon by that violent East wind which you will remember blew down so many trees in the Kensington Gardens. This is a sad loss. In the same letter he sent me also a very unpleasant piece of news, that that horrid wretch John Shehan had left the Monastery in a storm of inexpressible Fury, shouting out "that the next thing the Monks would hear of him would be that he was swinging from a Gallows!" It is evident, therefore, that the vile wretch meditates some enormous crime. Amo thought it his duty to write immediately to warn Edward of possible danger ; and I have written to Amo to tell him to put the Local Police immediately on his track. I must say I always thought it was a great mistake to deal with such a villain by buying him off as it were from the commission of the worst of crimes. Such a man ought to have been summarily prosecuted, and Legal steps taken to prevent him from carrying out the designs, which he had openly avowed. I am afraid this affair will have a bad effect on Edward's health, which was beginning to improve ; but it is necessary to meet such diabolical threats with every resource that the Law provides, and now that the Brute has broken all his promises to Edward, on the strength of which Edward treated him so kindly, of course there can be no more reason why Edward should not have recourse to the most stringent measures that the Law provides. I think this unpleasant business will sadden the closing days of your Tour, and hasten Freda's return

to England. I suppose your Mama will have told you all about our visit to Mr. Ward's fine Place near Cowes, Northwood Park, to which Mrs. Ward drove us. It is a very fine house, quite an Italian Palazzo on a large scale, the Drawing Room being 58 feet long by 30 broad, one of the handsomest rooms I ever saw, and splendidly gilt and decorated. There are also several other fine dwelling rooms en suite, all decorated in the same style. Mr. Ward is now the largest Land owner in the Island, having an Estate of above 10 Thousand Acres. The grounds of Northwood are magnificently laid out with the choicest evergreens: and have several good specimens of Cork Trees, which I never saw except in the Campagna near Rome. I hope when we are with the Whitgreaves at Ryde to go over to Wooton (Wodyton) and explore about it. Edwin told me he visited the old Parish Church there and found the Tomb of Sir William Lisle, who died in 1695. He was in his younger days the Equerry to King Charles 2nd during that Monarch's exile on the Continent under the *Protectorate* of Cromwell. You remember his Picture hangs up in the Dining Room at Garendon, a very good looking Portrait. On the King's restoration he was made Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, which was a good appointment for a second son—though he afterwards succeeded to the Lisle Estates. Mr. Ward told me he thought it might be possible to buy back a little portion of the Manor of Wooton. I must enquire about it, when I am on the spot. The decision of the Privy Council has been pronounced on the Ritual Question, and as far as I can make out, it has gone, as was feared, entirely or nearly entirely against the Catholic Party in the Anglican Church—so that now we may expect serious measures, probably a secession. I shall, however, know more in a few days, as I am expecting a letter daily from Dr. Lee. We are also in a state of expectation about the great Crisis in France. The course taken by the President MacMahon will probably lead to a fresh Revolution, and what the issue of that may be no human being can tell—I fear it will not be for the better, at least not in the first instance. I see too by the Papers that it has excited a hostile feeling in Germany. So what with this, and the progress of the Eastern War, and the strong feeling in England, I fully expect before the summer is over that all Europe will be in a blaze! Mr. Gladstone is going down to attend a great Meeting this week in Birmingham, and, Tory though I am, I am very glad of it. His Resolutions on the Eastern Question though rejected by the House of Commons were supported by a large and respectable Minority, and are fully endorsed by the Country at large—happily I think they have rendered it impossible for any

Government to drag us into a War for the Turks, but later on, as the conflict widens, I fully expect and hope that England will strike for a share in the spoils. Egypt and Crete are very necessary for British Interests, and with those in our hands, the possession of the Dardanelles becomes of secondary importance. But every day all these questions are growing in importance and in interest.—With my best Love to Freda and Alice Howard, I remain, my dearest Margaret, your very affecte. Papa,

A. P. DE LISLE.

CHAPTER XXII

THE END OF A NOBLE AND HOLY LIFE

1878

It was on Christmas Day 1877 that Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle fell ill and took to his bed never to rise again—*quia manus Domini tetigit me*. It was at the Midnight Mass that he felt the summons come, not exactly a stroke, but a sudden failure of heart and mind, which, although it lasted but a few moments, he recognised as the fatal warning that his days were hastening to a close. For half a century he had suffered scarcely a day's illness, thanks not indeed to a vigorous constitution but to extreme regularity and abstemiousness in living. He was not a total abstainer, but took a little wine according to Pauline precepts. For a half a century he had sung at the Midnight Mass on Christmas Day in his private chapel, in the earlier and more enthusiastic days at Grace-Dieu preceded by the Matins and followed by Lauds; later on at Garendon the *Invitatory* before and a *Te Deum* afterwards sufficed to satisfy his sense of the solemnity due to the human birthday of his Eternal King. That last Christmas night, whilst chaunting with wonted glee, as his head began to swim he thought he heard a voice ask him whether he would not like to have rest and peace, and chaunt the everlasting praises accompanied only by the sounds of many waters and the harmony of the spheres. He answered as it were by an act of unspoken volition, "Yea, Lord, I am ready." He was able, however, to chaunt again at the Mid-day Mass, *Puer natus est hodie*, but it was the last time he ever entered that *upper chamber* where day by day when at

home he had never failed to say his morning and evening prayer.

Of the many gifts and graces for which he was grateful to Almighty God, none did he value more than the presence of his congenial friend Father Tondini by his bed-side in the last days of his life. Like all good souls who aim high, he was much troubled with doubts and scruples and misgivings about the absolute rectitude of his purpose in all that he had done for the promotion of the Catholic religion, whether directly in his own neighbourhood by the foundation of a monastery, and village churches with their schools, which he maintained till his dying day, or indirectly by promoting to the utmost of his power the growth and development of Catholic doctrine, ritual and art in the Established Church, with a view to ultimate reunion with the Holy See; and had he had an unwise and ignorant Confessor, doubtless, with his highly sensitive and subtle mind, he might have been driven into mental anguish if not to blank despair. But our loving Father does not abandon His faithful servants in their hour of need and helplessness. Like as the mortal agony suffered by the real human nature of our Lord in the dereliction of the Cross, expressed in those awful, woeful words "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" appears to have been the sense of rejection relieved only by the knowledge of God; so the last trial of his faith was strengthened by the sound knowledge of divine things kept before his mind's eye by his sympathetic friend Father Tondini, who also has devoted his life to the reconciliation and reunion¹ of the dissident churches. *Nosse enim Te, consummata justitia est; et scire justitiam et virtutem tuam, radix est immortalitatis.* (*Sap.* xv. 3.) When Father Newman heard of his serious illness he wrote to Mrs. de Lisle:—

THE ORATORY, *Jany.* 18, 1878.

MY DEAR MRS. DE LISLE—Your letter has been a great shock to me. I had no idea dear Mr. de Lisle was so ill. Let

¹ The present Pope, Leo XIII., has recently erected a new sacred Congregation for this very purpose, the highest possible testimony to De Lisle's policy.

me say how deeply concerned I am at it, and how truly I share your anxiety and distress, as far as I have a right to do so, and am able.

It seems as if every one were going. God's will be done.

As to him, there are few men who are so sure of heaven as he. And, when he leaves us, sooner or later, according to God's will, and gets there, tell him I hope, in spite of the many dear ones whom he will have to remember, he will not forget me.

Please God, I will say Mass for him, once a week, during this critical time, on which so much depends. I am mentioning his illness to all our Fathers.

That a Loving Providence may support and bless you more and more according to your need, is the sincere prayer, my dear Mrs. de Lisle, of yours most truly,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

This and many other similar letters of sympathy testified to the high esteem in which he was held. I will only quote one more, and that shall be from Mr. Gladstone, who does not appear, however, to have anticipated so soon a fatal termination of his friend's illness. To the last De Lisle kept up his interest in the restoration of the Eastern Christians to their long-lost national independence and pristine glory.

HAWARDEN, *June 21, '78.*

DEAR MRS. DE LISLE—I have read the very acceptable work you were so kind as to send me, and I hope that when an opportunity offers you will convey my best thanks to the Duchess of Sforza.

An inexhaustible interest attaches to these Montenegrins who under a severe and awful discipline of 400 years have been trained, not of course without failure incidental to their position, to be probably the noblest race in the world, and to confer on Christendom services without a match. God prosper them and bring them now at last, like a new Israel from the desert, into the haven of repose.

I had not known of your husband's illness and I am so glad to know, along with the tidings of it, that he is better. I have often thought of his and your hospitable roof, but until this Eastern Question is over I am almost a slave to it. But if you come to London pray let us know. I expect to be there for good—as it is called, rather in mockery—by the 4th.

I think your husband will rejoice as vividly as I shall in the accomplishment of the great work of liberation which is now going on for the honour of God and the redemption of the

shame of Christendom. Alas neither he nor I have much cause to glory in the share taken by *our* respective Communions. It is to be the work of the Orthodox, and their most gallant helpers in the West are, as truth compels me to bear witness, the English Nonconformists.

With our united kind remembrances, I remain, sincerely
yours, W. E. GLADSTONE.

I will give the account of his last days and funeral as they are described in the touching *In Memoriam* already alluded to in the first chapter of this biography, published shortly after his death by his sorrowing widow:—

As soon as there was any doubt of recovery, he made a general confession of his whole life to Don Caesario Tondini, Barnabite, who enjoyed his last formed friendship, and sympathised in most of his views, and whose devotedness to him during his illness was admirable. He had been staying at Garendon since September, as we have already seen. On January 7, Mr. de Lisle received extreme unction. From that time to his happy death, March 5, he received the Holy Viaticum once every week, and latterly twice. Nothing could exceed the patience with which he bore his sufferings, which at the beginning of his illness were very great, constantly offering them to our Lord in union with His Passion and Death for the expiation of his sins. He never refused anything that was given him to take, however nauseous, and edified all who came near him. He was attended by two Sisters "de Misericorde," as well as by the members of his own family. Throughout his long illness his friends and neighbours were unremitting in kind inquiries.¹ This to a person of his affectionate and sensitive nature was most gratifying, and he felt it much. He once said he was not aware he was so much cared for. On the night of the Purification, or Candlemas Day, he had a most alarming attack of oppression of breathing; even his doctor thought him dying. He received the Holy Viaticum, which seemed to revive him, and he was able to speak and take leave of his family. He himself wished that he might be allowed to make his end that day on which he had so often sung the *Nunc Dimittis* of Holy Simeon, with the oft-repeated anthem he loved so well: *Lumen ad revelationem gentium et gloriam plebis tuæ Israel*. But he was not yet ready

¹ Amongst the visits which gave him the deepest satisfaction was one from his Bishop, Dr. Bagshawe of Nottingham, whose amiability and personal virtues he esteemed very highly, their sharp tussle over Vaticanism and other matters notwithstanding.

for his crown. Another month's sufferings were to purify his soul still more, and he revived again. He had another similar attack on February 23. About nine in the evening, the servants, who were much attached to him, came to take leave of him, as well as the members of his own family. He received the Holy Viaticum again, after which he seemed to recover all his vigour, and spoke for nearly three-quarters of an hour, giving beautiful advice to his wife, his seven children and two grandchildren, as also to the servants. To some of these, as well as to the doctor, who were Protestants, he spoke most touchingly on the duty of examining the truths of Catholicity, and his own firm belief that the Catholic and Roman is the *only* true Church. The doctor said, "He could only so have spoken by the power of God." But his time was not yet come. A week later he had again a similar attack; this time it was less severe. He again revived after receiving the Holy Viaticum. But though he partially recovered, it was evident that the days of his pilgrimage were drawing to an end. He gradually became weaker. Some fresh sufferings were added, and difficulty of swallowing prevented his receiving the Viaticum for a few days. However, on March 4, he was again able to communicate, and that was for the last time. The night was not so restless as many had been. Next morning about eight o'clock Father Tondini gave him the last absolution and the Papal Benediction which was sent to him by Pope Pius IX. through Cardinal Manning at the beginning of his illness,¹ and then went to say Mass for him,—his wife, his favourite daughter, the doctor, and one of the Sisters remaining with him. Mass was hardly over when a change came upon him. The rest of his family were soon around him. He looked affectionately at each one as if to take leave, while the priest recited the prayers of the agonising. Conscious to the last, he expired on the 5th of March 1878 without a struggle, falling asleep like a child in the arms of its mother. In fact, the exact moment was not known when the spirit had departed, and gone to receive the reward of a life spent in the service of God and for the good of his neighbour. He had belonged to the third Order of St. Dominic since the year 1831, when he received the habit from the hands of the General of the Order, Father Javalow, in Rome. He was laid out in his habit, and his children, who had been devoted to him throughout his long illness, arranged a beautiful altar in the room where he died. Vespers for the dead were chanted each evening in the chapel,

¹ Pius IX. died a few weeks before De Lisle. It was a great consolation to him to learn of the elevation of his old acquaintance, Mgr. Pecci, to the Sovereign Pontificate, a fortnight before his own death.

and Matins and Lauds recited each morning before Mass until the Funeral. On Friday a solemn Requiem was celebrated, Father Aloysius Tatchell, Prior of Mt. St. Bernard's Abbey, being celebrant, Father Tondini, deacon, and the Rev. Canon Martens, the priest of Shepshed, sub-deacon. Father Tondini delivered an appropriate discourse on the text, "He was a man simple, upright, and fearing God" (Job ii. 3), in which he showed that these three qualities were possessed in a high and remarkable degree by the deceased. His remains left Garendon privately at half-past four in the morning of March 9, for Mount St. Bernard's. They were met at the gates of the Abbey lands by Abbot Anderson and the whole community of choir-monks, headed by the cross-bearer, who was attended by acolytes carrying torches, incense, and holy water. The Abbey bells were tolling their solemn peal while the monks were chanting the *Miserere* and other psalms. Lay brothers were seen kneeling in their brown habits all along the avenue and among the shrubs in devout prayer. They joined the procession as it passed them, and at the church gates took the coffin from the hearse, and carried it to the appointed place in the centre of the choir, where it was covered with the monk's pall, and a large cross and several wreaths of white azaleas, camellias, and lilies of the valley, sent by absent friends, were placed upon it. The altar and the pillars of the church were draped in black, and over the door of the rood-screen a hatchment charged with the shields of *De Lisle*, *March-Phillipps*, and *Ducarel*, with *Clifford* in pretence, had been painted by Dom Anselm the herald-monk. At eleven Matins and Lauds for the dead were chanted, after which the solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Abbot, assisted by Father C. Tondini as deacon, Rev. A. Martens (of Shepshed), sub-deacon, and Rev. Charles Dunn, assistant-priest. The Cistercian rite was observed, but the "Dies Iræ" and "Jesu Salvator" were sung by the Garendon and Shepshed choirs stationed in the south aisle, accompanied to music by the deceased's grandson, Bernard, these soothing tones contrasting well with the more severe chants of the monks. After Mass, Father Augustine (Rev. H. Collins) preached a very impressive sermon on those words of St. Paul, "He abode by Faith in the land, for he looked for a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God" (Heb. xi. 10). While preparations were making for the last sad ceremony, the Garendon and Shepshed S. Winifred's choirs, accompanied by the harmonium, chanted the beautiful prose, "Languentibus in Purgatorio," from the deceased's own collection. The Abbot in cope and mitre performed the "absolutions" over the coffin. It was carried by eight lay brothers

to the south-west aisle of the church, followed by the chief mourners, his sons Ambrose Charles, Edwin, and Rudolph, his son-in-law Lord Howard of Glossop, his cousins Edward Dawson of Launde and Rev. Henry Palmer of Wanlip, and some of his more intimate neighbours and friends, while the monks chanted the long and solemn Cistercian Burial Service, in which the many secular priests as well as religious of different Orders who were present joined most devoutly. The thrice-chaunted "*Miserere Domine super peccatore*" peculiar to the Cistercians was added to the ordinary "*Requiescat in pace*," and expressed the thought he had long wished his friends to entertain for him when *the End* came. The grave had been prepared in the south aisle, in front of the altar of St. Stephen Harding, an English gentleman who in 1098 had *founded* the Cistercian order. The site seemed appropriate for the *restorer* of the same Order in England after its expulsion of three hundred years. There he was laid, amidst the tears of his relations and friends. His widow and his children threw into the grave the beautiful flowers which friends had supplied. Among the rest, there was a large collection of nosegays of spring flowers from the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages of Shepshed, Whitwick, and Thringstone, where he had during life so much endeared himself. His own servants also contributed flowers. The attendance of all the principal tenants of the estate was very gratifying to the family, for no one had been invited. They, as well as all the men attending, were accommodated inside the monks' choir and rood-loft, while all the women of the congregation were placed in the part of the church appropriated to lay folk. By two o'clock all had left, much impressed by what they had witnessed, and hoping that when their time should arrive, they might be as well prepared for the summons as, we humbly hope, he was who had this day been taken into his last resting-place on earth.

He made a holy end, if to die with resignation and hope, and a Faith bright with love and thanksgiving, is to die holily. He made a noble end, if to make amends for every error, and to repair as far as one can every injury done to another, is to die nobly. He felt deeply the injury he had done to his successors by indulging beyond his means in his passion for building and beautifying his estate, and with tears he asked his son Ambrose to forgive this want of judgment; and he consented on his death-bed to the sale of Grace-Dieu, which he had intended for a dower-house for his wife, whose fortune had been sunk in erecting the

house. But his grandson Everard has sold no part of his estates, agricultural depression notwithstanding; although the mansions have for many years been let and are now in strange though worthy hands. But the Catholic, Roman and Apostolic Faith, which Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle revived so fervently in so many households of North Leicestershire, is disestablished once again in the ancient monastic homes of Grace-Dieu and Garendon.

Communities are lost and empires die,
And things of holy use unhallowed lie,
They perish—but the intellect may raise
From airy words alone a pile that ne'er decays.¹

Phillipps de Lisle's services to the struggling Catholic Church in England have been recognised by more than one eminent ecclesiastic. Here the testimonies of Cardinal Newman and Bishop Ullathorne shall suffice.

BIRMINGHAM, *March 11, 1878.*

MY DEAR MRS. DE LISLE—I said Mass for the soul of your dear departed husband on Saturday. After his long suffering he has gone to his rest. He did a great work in his day, and he did it with a pure and simple heart. One must look back to his earliest days to see how religion took hold of him, and how family position and all else in the world were as nothing in his eyes when he heard in his soul the call of God. One must remember his early days, when he threw himself with child-like fervour into the work of restoring monasticism, and of boldly bringing the Catholic religion into open view, at a time when others had not the courage or generosity of these things. One must remember what his example did in setting others to work to lift up the prostrate condition of the Faith in this land. One must recall the influence he exercised on the Oxford men at the time of the Tractarian Movement. One must recall the days when Dr. Gentili was his co-operator in evangelising the people, a work that fitted that remarkable man for breaking through the old and timid condition of missionary work in his wonderful career as a missionary in all the Churches. One must look at Mount S. Bernard as well as Grace-Dieu, at Loughborough, at Shepshed, at Whitwick, before we come to Garendon. One must recall his love of the chaunt, that solemn song of the Church, and his popularising S. Elizabeth among us.

¹ Wordsworth's *Ode to Grace-Dieu*.

Through discouragement and failures and successes he went on the same from beginning to end. I know something of his sacrifices, and something of the difficulties that came upon sacrifices, to give life the test of trial. I know also the blessing he found in his marriage, and how grateful he ever was for that blessing ; and the happiness he had in his family, and to whom, next to God, he ascribed it.¹ My dear Mrs. de Lisle, I know what you have lost, and what a brave heart you have. But such a union as yours, however holy, is not visibly broken without a great laceration of nature ; and God alone can heal such wounds. Your happiness is to know that he lived for God and for religion before all things, and that God has care of His own. You know also that spirits which love each other are even more united when bodies are separated, and that they even know each other better, and in a more beautiful light ; that there is, in fact, no separation with such spirits, which are always in God. What after all is the object of this life but to end it well ? and when it is well ended, and the eternal life well begun, what a subject is there for thanksgiving ! To all the members of your family, as to yourself, I offer the respectful and reverential condolence that exists in my heart ; and I pray God to bless you and to strengthen you, and to console you and all your children. Believe me, your faithful and affectionate servant in Xt.,

W. B. ULLATHORNE.

THE ORATORY, *July 22, 1878.*

MY DEAR MRS. DE LISLE—I thank you very much for the In Memoriam you have been so kind as to send me. It was not necessary to receive it in order to retain the subject of it in my mind, for none can forget him or his great virtues or his claims on the gratitude of English Catholics who knew him even by name, much more personally. He has a place in our history, and a place altogether special. Nor has he ceased to be our benefactor now that he has left us, but, as I believe most fully, we profit and shall profit by his prayers.

And you will be the first to receive the benefit of them.—
Most truly yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

¹ In a letter to his daughter Margaret, dated Dec. 6, 1869, De Lisle said : “ In mentioning her name, I must say how much I think all you children owe to her, and to her example, and to her continual instructions. I really believe she is a saint, one who fulfils every duty of her state in the most perfect manner possible. I believe God has prepared for her a very wonderful crown in Heaven, and if we shall be among the number of the saved, we shall be amazed to see what things God has prepared for her.”

The High Church party sent many written tributes of affection and appreciation. What they felt was very happily expressed in a letter to Mr. E. S. Purcell, dated June 29, 1896, by Lord Halifax, President of the English Church Union:—"I rejoice that you are going to write his life. Mr. de Lisle was a most beautiful and interesting character, and I do not think it easy to exaggerate the debt we owe him."

Of his services to his country and the revival of religion generally, more especially in the Anglican Church, this biography is intended to be the witness and the record. Of his foresight, of the wisdom of the policy in high places,¹ secular and religious, which he thought it his duty to oppose, of his plans which even to this day seem visionary and utopian, the future will one day determine. But of the heavenly nature of his aspirations, and the simple rectitude of his proceedings, these pages, it is hoped, will meanwhile offer a sufficient vindication.

APPENDIX IV

CHARACTERISTIC VIRTUES—LAST ILLNESS²

"Vir simplex et rectus ac timens Deum, et recedens a malo et adhuc retinens innocentiam."—Job ii. 3.

(A man simple, and upright, and fearing God, and avoiding evil, and to this day preserving his innocence).

THESE, my brethren, are the words by which God Himself describes, in the Holy Scriptures, His servant Job, and points him out to Satan as a marvel of the power of His grace. This very passage occurred to my mind when thinking of him whose loss we so deeply and sincerely lament, and, that nothing be wanting in the comparison, God willed that, in the present case,

¹ See *Pastoral Politics*, by Edwin de Lisle, 1885.

² Discourse delivered in St. Mary's Chapel, Garendon Park, by the Rev. Don Caesario Tondini de Quarenghi, Barnabite, March 8, 1878.

also, His servant should feel His hand, "touching his bone and his flesh" (Job ii. 5). A long and most painful illness, the first and last since fifty years, has severely tried his patience, but only in order to bring to light a new and yet undiscovered power of God's grace in his soul.

To others, better acquainted with the religious history of England in the present century, I must leave the task of relating how Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle's name is inseparably connected with the religious movement inaugurated at Oxford, and all that he did for the cause of the Catholic Church in this country. All that I am able to do to honour his dear memory is to show, by the personal and intimate knowledge I possessed of his soul during the last months of his life, that I am justified in applying to him the praises the Almighty bestowed upon His servant Job.

1. The first praise is that of simplicity. It consists in a constant and general truthfulness guiding a man in all his actions, words, and thoughts. No one, I believe, of those who ever came in contact with our departed friend, will be able to refuse him the praise of this virtue. His look, his smile, the tone of his voice, his gesture, all his behaviour bore witness that he was a man the same in his external manifestations as in the secrets of his heart. Such he has appeared to me, and such, according to general testimony, he has been through life. Only this, in fact, can explain the winning power and the attraction which he exercised over others, and which caused many, who hardly knew him, to make him the confidant of their thoughts. Talents, culture, and extensive reading have indeed a great influence, but only on the external part, as it were, of man; the heart can still remain unsubdued. Such is especially the case with those whom we wish to lead to God. They want to see in us the living proof that faith is not a mere conviction or persuasion, but the evidence of truth bringing light to the understanding and improving the heart. Hence simplicity has always been the best auxiliary of apostolic men, and, should a fresh argument be wanted, it is supplied by the many whom Mr. de Lisle's simplicity and transparent candour of soul brought nearer the Church. That he has been a means used by Divine Providence towards the conversion of a very large number of souls, was a remark made to me, not long ago, by His Eminence Cardinal Manning, so good and competent a judge in this matter, that I will confine myself to his testimony.

2. But it is not enough, to please God, that we should be such in our external manifestation as we are in our heart. If the heart is not pure, if justice does not rule all its movements, what can come out of it worthy of being manifested? The sim-

plicity deserving the praises of God supposes the foundation of justice and uprightness. Now, here again, I confidently appeal to my recollections, and to those of all who knew our friend, to see that his life was in an eminent degree a life of faith—ruled, we may say, in its every detail by the light of revelation and the infallible teaching of the Catholic Church. For him life was truly a pilgrimage towards Heaven. He felt that everything ought to be made subservient to Him who, in giving us life, had full right to determine the aim of it, and to impose on us the laws of His holy will.

The conversation of our dear friend left the impression of a man whose thoughts were habitually above the sphere of this visible world—a man to whom prayer, in its very essence, that is union with God, had become as natural as the thought of a beloved parent to an affectionate child. But this intercourse with Heaven did in no way lessen the interest which duty required him to take in the things of this-world: it only gave him a loftiness of views and feelings which never could admit of anything base or even trivial. Far less did this intercourse with Heaven interfere with his love for his family and friends. We have all remarked that the nearer he approached his end the greater and more touching were the marks of his tenderness towards us all.

The paramount duty of using life as a means for our sanctification had always been deeply impressed upon his mind, and, far from losing anything of its stringency, it seemed towards the end of his life to occupy him more than ever.

One day during his illness he was praying aloud, as he often did, seemingly unaware that any one was listening to his words. I, however, was by, and was fortunate enough to hear him make this beautiful prayer:—"O Jesus, my Saviour! make me as perfect as it is possible for a poor creature like me to become, in the short space that yet remains between this moment and my death."

But to insist upon this point is quite superfluous. Let me rather make a remark upon what we may call his external works of justice. It is well known how he used all the advantages of birth, high standing, talent, learning, and personal influence for the furthering of the interests of the Church.

The whole history of his life bears witness to his zeal. The foundation of Mount St. Bernard, the missions and schools created and supported by him, his writings, the interest he took in all questions concerning the religious movement in England and abroad, above all, his zeal for the reunion of Christendom, that, all heresy and schism being abolished, there might indeed

be, as the Church so earnestly asks of God in her liturgy, "one flock and one Shepherd"¹—all this is known. But not everybody is perhaps acquainted with the fact that all he did for promoting the glory of God and the salvation of souls, far from meeting with earthly advantages, imposed on him crosses and sacrifices such as severely to try his attachment to the holy cause he had espoused—an example and a warning to those who might feel generous enough to imitate him, that they should not look for their reward on earth, but in heaven. Assuredly it cannot be said of Philipps de Lisle that he served the Church for temporal advantages. Had this thought crossed his mind at the beginning of his Catholic career, an early experience of what ordinarily attends zeal for the Church would soon have dissipated his illusions. Had he not acted with the purest intentions, disappointment would soon have cooled his zeal, and turned it to more worldly, more tangible purposes. This very purity of intention, joined with his union with God, gave him that truly Christian appreciation of his works which our Lord recommends to His Apostles when saying, "When you shall have done all the things that are commanded you, say: We are unprofitable servants" (Luc. xvii. 10). In fact, so unaffected was he, so unassuming, so void of vanity, that all he had done was evidently for him the mere fulfilment of a duty. And if, on his death-bed, he thought or spoke of it, it was to deplore the faults and shortcomings, to use his own words, which had attended his zeal for the Church—to express doubts whether his ways of proceeding had, in fact, been always the best calculated for the purpose he had in view; and, finally, conscious of his good intentions, to make an humble and confident appeal to the mercy of God, that He, who had inspired them, would take them into consideration, and, pardoning the rest, crown in them His own gifts. Does not all this remind us of the characteristics of true justice as described by our Saviour in many passages of the Gospel—that justice which is too lofty and too unearthly to receive its reward during life?

¹ "Ut cuncto populo Christiano pacem et unitatem largiri digneris."—*Litanies of the Saints*. "Ut unus omnes unicum, Ovile nos pastor regat."—*Hymn on the Feast of All Saints, at Vespers*.

See in the English *Catholic Directory* of the year 1878, pp. 10, 11, the programme of an *Association of Prayers for the Return of the Separated Portions of Christendom to Catholic Unity*, enriched with indulgences by the Holy See, and warmly recommended by the Bishops of several countries, especially by His Eminence Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster. The recent introduction into England of this "Association of Prayer" was one of Mr. de Lisle's greatest joys in the last months of his life. Its propagation will be the best homage paid to his memory.

3. It has been easy for me to show you that Mr. de Lisle was a man simple and upright: it will not be less easy to show you that he was also a man constantly penetrated by the fear of God, that fear which is called in Holy Scripture the beginning of wisdom (Ps. cx. 10).

When quite a boy he was first attracted to the Catholic Church through the influence and example of a French *émigré* priest, whose simplicity and holiness silently, but victoriously, did away with the prejudices in which he had been brought up. He was reading much and making a careful study of the question, when his conversion was hastened by a dream that he had. He dreamt that he stood before the judgment-seat, and that God threatened him with eternal damnation if he did not act up to the knowledge he possessed of the only true Church of Christ.

A dream, you may say—but what did this dream express if not a stern truth, a truth far more terrible in its reality than in any dream? It is this truth which so deeply affected this young boy, well prepared as he was by a life of remarkable purity, to appreciate the full force and extent of God's rights over His creatures.

Thus innocence and the fear of God early met together in his soul, then they supported each other during his whole life: and, as far as human evidence may ascertain, what God adds in praise of His servant Job, that he was "avoiding evil and still keeping his innocence," was also fulfilled in the present case.

Yet, whilst expressing my personal conviction that the grace of God never lost possession of the soul of our lamented friend, I am far from insinuating that he has been more privileged than the saints themselves whom we honour on our altars, and none of whom was entirely without some faults and imperfections. It is but fair that I should not allow my affection and veneration for him to overlook that intensity of feeling which, sometimes, was not entirely mastered by virtue. This fault of temper he always sincerely acknowledged and deeply regretted. God's justice, however, had to receive full satisfaction by allowing him to be severely tried in his very patience; and thus a wise and all-merciful Providence did but make more evident the complete triumph of grace in his soul. No one who has been grievously ill, or has contemplated the effects of a severe illness in others, will ever speak lightly of this great trial, especially if it is prolonged beyond certain limits of time. A man can easily find moral strength enough to endure sickness for a while, but when its duration and result are both equally uncertain, when one is

constantly between death and life, passing from fear to hope, and from hope to fear; when the days succeed to each other with no other alternative than slight amelioration and returning pains, then nature gives way, and a gloomy sadness, only broken by fits of impatience or tears of despondency, has often taken possession of an habitually cheerful soul. But nothing of this kind happened to Mr. de Lisle. The sacrament of Extreme Unction was administered to him, according to the intention and instructions of the Church,¹ as soon as the disease appeared to be threatening his life, that he might receive it, as he did, with full consciousness and edifying devotion. The beautiful dispositions he was in, during his whole illness, were in themselves a remarkable proof of the efficacy of this sacrament. He who, when in good health, was filled with terror at the mere thought of death, was now anxious to hear the truth about his state, he most warmly thanked the doctor who told him of his danger, and, when alone with me, "What a blessing," he said, "to have a Christian doctor, telling us things as they really are, and not exposing us to appear, without preparation, before the tribunal of God!" His patience was simply admirable—especially if one takes into consideration the sensibility of his temperament, the activity of his mind, the nature of his illness, which seems to have involved every kind of pain, the details of which I will pass over, but which were all calculated to increase his moral and physical sufferings.

I asked one of the Sisters who attended him whether she had ever seen him impatient. "Never," she replied; "only once he showed a slight token of this feeling, but asked pardon immediately."

What then, in the ordinary course of things, ought to have made the weak points of his virtue prominent, has only served to prove the wonderful workings of grace in his soul. "Let the mercies of the Lord give glory to Him, and His wonderful works to the children of men" (Ps. cvi. 8).

I must now return to his fear of God. This fear—the beginning of wisdom, as the inspired writer calls it—seems in childhood to have taken possession of his soul, and it never left him. It was the safeguard of that remarkable purity of soul, when a boy at school and during his university career, which secured him a salutary ascendancy on many companions of his youthful days; it had now to exert its blessed power by making him ready for heaven.

But let it not be supposed that, when I speak of his fear of God, I mean a fear like that of a slave trembling before his

¹ See *Catechism of the Council of Trent* and *Rituale Romanum*.

earthly master. Beautiful was his fear, with hardly a thought of self—concentrated rather in the apprehension of the infinite amiableness of God, and of the unspeakable misery attached to the loss of Him, our last end. “O Father!” said he, one day not long before his death, “when I think of heaven, and how glorious and how joyful it is to be with God, I can hardly conceive the possibility of a poor sinner like myself being admitted there.”

Our dear friend was not spared temptations against hope. Venial faults, imperfections, decisions which, even on his death-bed, he did not see how he could have avoided taking,—all these things filled him with great fear, lest, because of them, he should lose his God. His faith was tried no less than his hope, but, in the midst of temptations, the Hand of God was strong to help him.

Often during his illness did he receive the Holy Viaticum, and Jesus, the best and truest of friends, whose name he pronounced with an expression revealing something of the measure of his love,—Jesus showed forth in him His presence and power in a way which struck all who were with him. Not for a single moment, as he candidly told me, did he allow despondency to enter his soul and paralyse him. I think I am right in saying that, in permitting him to go through these agonies of fear, God had in view the instruction, consolation, and edification of those who should hear of them—more perhaps than the purifying and chastening of His servant. For, by what thought were his fears changed into peace? By the thought that Jesus “had not come to call the just, but sinners” (Matt. ix. 13); that “where sin had abounded, there grace did abound more” (Rom. v. 20).¹

Perhaps some will find this strange. Those, however, who have a deeper knowledge of the nature of holiness, and are acquainted with the details of the death of Saints, will, on the contrary, find in the present case all the characteristics marking the last days of a just man.

Those only who have attained an uncommon degree of spirituality can realise to some extent their own nothingness, and their sinfulness, the abyss separating the creature from the

¹ His feelings cannot be better expressed than in his own words, written in 1836 :—“It is not alone the unworthy who trembles at the hour of death. There is a fear that springs from humility no less than from the consciousness of guilt. His hope was therefore mingled with fear. But it is not the way of that Divine Being who has declared Himself the God of all consolation to leave His faithful servants without comfort in their last trial.”—*Preface to the English translation of Manzoni's “Vindication of Catholic Morality,”* etc. p. 16.

Creator, the total disproportion between what they have done and the heavenly reward they long to receive; and realising this, they are troubled by pangs of sorrow and fear, soothed only by the thought of the infinite mercy of God.

The Church touchingly expresses this feeling, with which the faithful Christian ought to appear before God, when she thus addresses Him in the last prayers for the dying: "Have pity on his sighs, O Lord, have pity on his tears, and admit him to the sacrament of reconciliation, whose only hope is in Thy mercy."

No wonder, then, that we should find in Ambrose Philipps de Lisle what we find in other holy men, and what the Church seems to point out as the chief disposition for obtaining, together with the pardon of our sins, the eternal reward of our humility in heaven.

But fear, though filial, is not the perfection of sanctity; it is only a means for purifying the soul, and helping it to attain that love of which it is said, that it "casteth out fear" (St. John iv. 18). This happy consummation also we had the consolation to witness. For about a week before his death, and till the last end, our dear friend enjoyed the most heavenly peace. Many and many a time, when I asked him if anything troubled him, he replied, "Nothing, thank God, nothing"; and on his last morning, "Nothing can trouble me any more, now." Yes, we all remember how quietly he spoke of his approaching dissolution and with what cheerful interest he gave directions, even to the smallest details, how he was to be buried at Mount St. Bernard's, with solemn ritual, yet simple, to the strains of the plain song he had loved so well in life. At times, even, his playfulness of mind seemed to form an almost unnatural contrast to the sad spectacle before us. The work of purification was evidently over, the preparation was completed, and now he could humbly, yet confidently, long after the sight of his Saviour. And Jesus appeared to him, to use again the words of the Church in the prayers of the dying, "with a mild and cheerful countenance," *Mitis atque festivus*.

Two hours before his death, when I was about to recite once more the prayers for the commendation of the soul, he asked me to pronounce them loudly and distinctly, that he might follow them in his mind. When I had ceased, "How beautiful!" he exclaimed. How near to God must that man be who, in his very agony, bursts out into such a cry! Feeling that his power of speech must soon leave him, he charged his devoted wife, when she should see the flame of life flickering away, to repeat in his stead those last words which our Saviour bequeathed to us from the Cross: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my

spirit." And as these words were being recited, consoled and strengthened by a last absolution, he went to meet his Creator, his Redeemer—and his Love.

LIFE A PILGRIMAGE—HEAVEN OUR HOME¹

"By faith he abode in the land. For he looked for a city that hath foundations whose builder and maker is God."—HEB. xi. 10.

WE are not very long in this world before we get to know that this world is not our home—that we have not here, according to the Apostle's language, "a lasting city." Were it not that death enters unbidden into our houses, and snatches our loved ones away, this truth would come home to us with difficulty so long as we are still young and in the possession of health and strength. Death does not come natural to man; man was never meant by God to die, but to be translated without death to a better country. When, then, we first experience that there is such a thing as death, it shocks us—it fills us with surprise—we can hardly realise it. Faith renders our horror of death somewhat less, but it does not take it away. Even good people do not like to die. Even good people wish, like Ezechias of old, for a few more years. We call this world a vale of tears, and a vale of tears it is. Alas! we have learned too well that that expression is no idle word. Yet still we do not like to quit this vale of tears. Oh! how we cling to life! Cut and maimed in our tenderest affections, we stanch our wounds and live on. We wonder to ourselves, we are ashamed to find that life is not unbearable. But when we have had to part with our treasures one after another as the years go on, we become reconciled to go: we realise at length that life is but a pilgrimage, and that our only true rest, our only true happiness, is on the further shore, in that city whose builder and maker is God.

2. This is the light of faith. The pagans had no idea of a heaven. They knew the transitory nature of earthly grandeur, but they had no hope beyond. The Persian kings at their banquets had a page standing near them, who from time to time reminded them of the shortness of life in these words, "Sire, remember that you are mortal!" In the splendid processional triumphs of the Roman generals, one was placed in the car of the victor who from time to time, as the glorious cavalcade passed onwards, said in the ear of the conqueror, "You are but a man."

¹ Sermon preached at Mount St. Bernard's Abbey Church, by Father Austin, O.C. (Rev. H. Collins), March 9, 1878.

The Egyptians at the time of their great feastings used to have carried round the banquet-chamber—what do you think?—a dead body, a mummy swathed in the clothing of the sepulchre—to remind them of their poor mortality. They knew that their joys were only a bubble, but they had no future hope. We read in Homer that the shade of Achilles said that he would rather be the very meanest drudge upon earth than be king over all in the Elysian fields. The lowest place on earth was thought by them better than the highest happiness of the dead.

Faith has, however, always taught a different lesson. It does not teach Christians only—it taught also the fathers of the Old Testament. St. Paul assures us in his Epistle to the Hebrews that it was on this account they styled themselves pilgrims, as seeking a better and heavenly country. Had they sought only temporal promises, Abraham would have done much better to remain in his own land than go out at the risk of his life many times into strange countries, where he lived in fear and trembling. What did Jacob get by the birthright he so much coveted? Assuredly not the grandeur of earthly success. Whilst Esau was a powerful lord in the towns and fastnesses of Edom—so powerful that his brother was quite afraid of him—Jacob was a pilgrim leading a broken life—a life full of woes and misfortunes, harassment, and distress; and for his end, he died in exile, far from the land of his nativity. The life of Esau was a brilliant career—the life of Jacob a failure. So would it be in men's eyes, but not in God's. God chastises those whom He loves. He keeps them low; He gives them not the success they aim after. They are His pilgrims; their rewards are not in this world but in the next—in that city whose builder and maker is God.

3. One of this pilgrim band is going to be laid in his place of earthly rest within this church to-day, this monastery of his own foundation, amongst those he loved so well. Fifty-four years back a boy of fourteen rode over from Garendon to Leicester to ask the Dominican Fathers there to receive him into the communion of the Catholic Church. Leicester was then the nearest Catholic Chapel to Garendon. The Fathers were astounded at his request, and utterly refused to receive him. They told him he could not know what the doctrines of the Catholic Church were. However, on questioning him, they found him well informed upon all points. They were afraid of him still, especially when they knew his position in life, and they told him he must wait. Soon after he returned to school at Edgbaston, and there he became acquainted with the priest

of St. Peter's Chapel at Birmingham, the Rev. Thomas Macdonnell, and was no long time after received by him into the Church. This was the first grand step of the pilgrim, in risking the goods of earth that he might obtain those of heaven.

At that time conversions to the Church were almost unknown. The Catholic Church was more despised than hated, or, perhaps, thought even beneath contempt. At Leicester the old Catholic Chapel is still to be seen. What is it? It is two small cottages in a sort of yard, not open to the street; the only entrance to it being by a third cottage, where the chapel-keeper lived. This is the memento of the days of persecution.

So great a sensation was created by the conversion of this youth, that the celebrated Protestant minister Dr. Cumming came with a deputation from London to Garendon, uninvited, to see if they could not re-convert him. His mission was fruitless. Far from being re-converted, he afterwards became the instrument under God of the conversion of many others, the first of whom was the great Father Ignatius Spencer, the Passionist. This Father, then a Protestant clergyman, was moved by a pious zeal to make the attempt to bring back his young friend to the Protestant religion. The force of truth was, however, on the youth's side, and Mr. Spencer yielded himself as a convert to the Catholic faith.

That enthusiastic zeal which moved this boy at so early an age to embrace the Catholic religion was the animating spirit of his whole after-life. This made him, up to his power, and beyond his power, spend for God his worldly wealth. In God's cause Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle exerted the influence of his high station, and used his intellect and his pen. He ever strove in his controversies to keep clear of that bitter spirit which tarnishes the weapons of too many. His orthodoxy and loyalty to the faith of the Church shone all the brighter because of the great charity he displayed to his separated brethren, especially those of the Anglican Church.

The ruling passion, they say, is strong in death. It was so in him. Such Protestants as came to see him he earnestly exhorted to examine the claims of the Catholic Church, assuring them that she was the only true Church founded by our Blessed Lord. Like the patriarchs of old, he assembled round his dying bed not only his own family, but also his household. And here again, as some of his servants were Protestants, he forgot not to give them a word of counsel to search out the truth, and having found it, to enter the fold of the true Church of Christ. Through the whole of his life the same dominating principle prevailed. His interests and affections were centred on the

things of God and of heaven. He looked for that city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

4. My brethren, let us do the same. Let us also be pilgrims on the earth, that we may obtain a mansion in that eternal city. Commentators tell us that heaven is called a city for the multitude of its inhabitants; it is likened to a household on account of the intimacy of friendship which the blessed have with each other; to a feast, because of the immense joy.

The vision of God, although the highest happiness of heaven, will not absorb or swallow up all the faculties of the blessed. There will be many joys, as there are many mansions, in that holy city. One of its greatest delights will be the continual companionship of those whom we have so loved on earth—who were so tied, so knit to us as almost to seem part of ourselves—who understood us, and we understood them—to whom we could pour ourselves out, our whole heart and mind, in the most intimate communion. We shall see them again—we shall possess them, and shall be possessed by them. Again that most sweet intercourse shall be renewed which was to us the sunlight of our earthly life, out of which all was dark. It shall be renewed, not as now in the scanty measures of earth, in the fitful changefulness of our earthly tabernacle, but in the full torrent of an eternal river, in the stable security of our home in God. Oh! how delicious will the transports of that gladness be—a great swelling ocean of joy, a boundless ocean, ever the same yet ever changing—ever changing yet ever the same!

There is another link now that ties us to God and heaven. We hope to meet him there who has now been taken from among us. He stands within the gates beckoning to us. On earth we shall never see him any more. But we look one day again to see him, and again to enjoy his delightful companionship. It will be in the mansions of that city whose builder and maker is God.

THE END

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